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Biography

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SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

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SIR LAMINABE TUTU, KCSI, C.I.E.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

BY SIR BAMPFYLDE FULLER

K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE AND SENTIMENT"
"CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES," "THE LAW WITHIN"
"HYPERBO BHEKSHU," AND OTHER WORKS

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CHAPTER I

INDIA FIFTY YEARS AGO

I HAVE had a life of very varied experiences, and my wife begs me to put some of them down on paper before I lapse into unbroken silence. There is no idea that they will be of any practical use. For in these days of sentimental enthusiasms the lessons of actual experience are neglected, and even despised. If they become interesting, it is not until they are too old to be useful: one is wise only "after the event." On returning from India over twenty years ago I wrote a book called *Studies of Indian Life and Sentiments*, which capable critics, Indian as well as English, pronounced to be an excellent account of the country and people. It sold well. In my anxiety to enlighten the public, I had it priced at half the sum it would have commanded. Its effect upon our Indian policy was absolutely nil. Otherwise we should not have abdicated the control which could alone keep peace amongst sectarian animosities, and have committed ourselves to sentimental reforms which have thrown the country into disorder, have involved countless prosecutions and punishments and much loss of life, and have finally lost for England the confidence of Asiatics. Prospects which twenty-five years ago seemed as stable as the course of a canal are now as uncertain as the behaviour of the flooded Ganges.

The apology for these ramblings is, then, simply that they will be of interest to those readers who like to understand human affairs—to get behind the scenes and see something of the energies that actuate them. My reminiscences will be "gossipy" and will lack the dignity of the "historical sense." Relating to my own experiences, they will necessarily be egotistical. But they will aim at being truthful—at setting forth the real, not the sentimental. An Indian would term them "uncooked" (*kacha*), as opposed to the "made-up" dishes which political and journalistic histories provide.

When I passed for the Indian Civil Service in 1873, things were far more arduous than they are at present. The University authorities had not thought of the credit they might obtain by training for the Indian services. During our two years' probation we lived at freedom in lodgings, mostly in Town, and were privately coached by men who specialized in this business. We had no fixed terms of instruction, and could take holidays as we pleased. But much was expected of us, and we worked pretty continuously. I was, however, able to get several weeks' hunting each winter. Riding was one of the accomplishments in which we had to qualify. Before definite appointment, we had to pass three preliminary examinations—at half-yearly intervals—and the final. The examinations were strict, and men were not infrequently thrown out. My final examination included twenty-eight papers of three hours each, and half this number of *viva voces*. Most of us worked very hard. I went out to India with a fair classroom knowledge of Sanskrit, Persian,

Hindustani, and Hindi, some acquaintance with Arabic, and stuffed with law, political economy, and Indian history. Since I passed from Marlborough without cramming, I came fresh to work and was extraordinarily successful, being first of my year throughout all the examinations in every subject, and winning some handsome money prizes. But in India these successes were of no account, and in no way advantaged my promotion. And this is not surprising. No one can win reflected glory from the scholastic successes of his assistant. Nor can it be said that scholarship is, in itself, a qualification for the work of administration. For this requires quickness in profiting from actual experience, whereas the knowledge of the classroom is mostly drawn from the world of thought as opposed to reality, and is, therefore, "bookish." This is particularly so with mathematics, which has, indeed, so little connexion with reality as to be able to treat time as a quality of space. A mathematical training tends to obscure the value of practical experience. I have had two distinguished mathematicians under my orders—one of them a Senior Wrangler. Both had to be "Stellenbosched" for practical incapacity.

But I should confess that I may have owed my success, in a measure, to my exceedingly bad handwriting. Sir Henry Maine was our examiner in law. On the occasion of my final *viva voce* he asked me whether I did not think it curious that my marks in all four examinations were so very nearly the same. I did think so. "The fact is," he explained, "that I had so much difficulty in reading your papers that, having deciphered them in the first exam-

ination, I took them a good deal upon trust in the others."

Our life in London was not always very regular, and hard work was enlivened by modest bursts of inexpensive dissipation. But we acquired knowledge of the world as it really is, and I am bound to say that after long experience of officers who in later years had enjoyed the advantages of residence at a university, I saw no reason whatever to think that from the service point of view they had benefited by it. To be at home in India one must not be too closely wedded to English conventions, and university life adds considerably to a man's stock of prejudices. Moreover, one must be young to assimilate the strange. Many of our most capable administrators of the past arrived in India before they were out of boyhood.

I landed in India full of enthusiasm, and could almost have kissed the soil of my new home. Nor did my enthusiasm evaporate during my sojourn of over thirty years. It is the fashion to speak of India as "The Land of Regrets." In its heat, its insects, and its malaria, it is certainly uncomfortable, and there is a lack of the cultured amenities of home life. But its spells of cold weather are glorious—all the more enjoyable because of their contrast with the summer heats; much of its scenery, especially in the central parts, is exceedingly picturesque; it offers to the poor man opportunities for sport that in England are only enjoyed by the rich; and its people are a most interesting and sympathetic study to those who are not convinced that European civilization—the development of tastes, wants, and amusements,

as contrasted with virtues—is the last word in human progress. And Indian experience is of extraordinary educative value in that it opens the eyes to things as they are, and not as we may sentimentally think them to be. Does not Rudyard Kipling owe very largely to his Indian impressions the *reality* with which his visions of mankind are instinct? Moreover, for those who are engaged in administrative work of any kind, there is the charm of *power* that can change dross into gold. It can infuse energy into the listless, inspire the careless with industry, and render duty more attractive than amusement. The business ■ what is euphemistically called "government" offers no such excitement. For this is very largely an affair of pretension, not of action. Hence you would find far less enthusiasm in the secretariat of a province than amongst its executive officers.

Cawnpore was the first district to which I was posted. The Mutiny had not faded into dim perspective. My chief, the District Magistrate, carried a bullet in his head which he had received when reconnoitring, through a keyhole, the disposition of a crowd of mutineers that had taken refuge in a mosque. His disposition had also suffered in consequence, and had become exceedingly peppery. Men could be pointed out in the bazaar who, according to common report, had a hand in the massacre of Englishwomen that was commanded by the Nana Sahib. Their bodies had been thrown into a well. This had been reconstructed in white marble, overshadowed by the statue of an angel, and the surrounding ground had been converted into a large garden—indeed a park—which no Indians, except

those of the gardening staff, were permitted to enter.

Our victory over the mutineers was an epic, abounding in heroic incidents which appealed to the imagination of both conquered and conquerors. Few incidents of modern warfare can be compared in impressive nobility with the defence and relief of Lucknow and the capture of Delhi. These were the accomplishments of men, not of machinery. The *few conquered the many, not, as in the Great War, the many the few*. In Asia we gained no credit by subduing the Germans. At that time the superiority of the English was unquestioned, and was openly admitted by Indians without any sign of resentment. This seems strange in these self-assertive days when "inferiority complexes"—or jealousies—are so easily aroused, and are held to be the worst of evils. But a feeling of admiring respect for others may be a pleasure. Soldiers can boast of the severity of a colonel whom they admire. To illustrate English prestige: During my first year of service, when in camp, an Indian magistrate, bearing the title of Raja, and decorated for loyal services in the Mutiny, pitched his tents near mine. I sent an orderly to enquire when I could conveniently call on him. He hastened across and informed me, with much emphasis, that an Englishman should never make the first advance in social communication with a native.

The admitted prestige of the English had its evils. I shall not forget my first drive through the streets of Cawnpore, with my Chief cracking his whip at the passers-by who did not hastily obliterate themselves, with language that in its frank personalities had quite

ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT

a nautical flavour. We lived, so to speak, in the energetic atmosphere of a school playground, and irritation was not infrequently vented with schoolboy violence. The tendency was general, and by no means confined to the English. In dealing with dependents, Indian gentlemen were quite as free with their tongues and hands. It suggested measures which, however effective in preserving order, and however well understood by the people, were strongly out of accord with the persuasive methods of democratic politics. The River Ganges was crossed at Cawnpore by a bridge of pontoons. A railway bridge was built, with a subway for cart traffic; and the Government decided to transfer the pontoons to an unbridged crossing on the River Jumna. A body of Cawnpore merchants petitioned against the transfer on the ground that the railway bridge was less convenient; and the Commissioner of the division, a veteran of the Mutiny, arranged to meet the objectors. After gloomily reading the petition, he looked up and, addressing the principal signatory, exclaimed: "I came across your father during the Mutiny: he was one of those who should have been hanged." The man, all of a tremble, disowned his signature—said that it had been obtained by misrepresentation. The other signatories followed suit, and the Commissioner was able to report that the objection was groundless. The result was to the good, for Cawnpore had certainly less need of two bridges than the place on the Jumna of one. But the incident opened my eyes to administrative instruments which, if effective, were decidedly drastic.

Three weeks after my arrival I was sent into camp

by myself to check the work of the village notary staff in maintaining the maps and records of the cadastral survey. I was given a small tent. I provided myself with a horse, and for three months I never saw a European or spoke a word of English. Consequently, at an impressionable age, I came to speak Hindustani as if it were my mother-tongue, gained a real insight into Indian sentiment, and found much to like and admire in the Indian villager. On my return from camp I was initiated into the excitements of pig-sticking, for which the Cawnpore district is a specially good field. It is a curious fact that the horse, quite unnaturally, becomes infected with the passion of its rider. I had a Syrian which, when following a closely ridden pig, would endeavour to grip the beast with its teeth. Hunting ceased with the commencement of the rainy season, towards the end of June, and life became stationary at headquarters.

But the English in India had discovered a remedy for *ennui*. This was the station Club, to which the whole community resorted in the evenings. There was a well-attended bar, a whist room, and a "social" in which one could dance on occasion. But in those days one did not think much of dancing: it was not very *chic*; the officers of some crack regiments "did not dance." There were tennis courts and a polo ground. Polo was just coming into fashion. The game was quite unsophisticated. There were no intervals between chukkers, and we played for three-quarters of an hour or so on end, with a single pony apiece. We amused ourselves greatly by getting up concerts and theatricals for the soldiers and so helping with a great difficulty—

SOCIAL DIVERSIONS

that of keeping the English garrison cheerful during the long hot-weather months. The heat in the theatre was sometimes appalling. In one of our burlesques a lady was to sing "Voici le sabre de mon père," assisted by a chorus of men. At the last moment she fainted from the heat. We restored her with champagne, to find, when she came on, that we had been too liberal. She brandished her weapon about so recklessly that the chorus at first cringed, and then ran for their lives, pursued by her at the sword's point. The audience rocked with laughter : it was as good a five minutes' amusement as could ever have been enjoyed.

The church was even hotter than the theatre. It was built, in memory of the victims of the massacre, by an architect who must have borrowed his inspiration from Italy—with much wall and very little window. The candles with which it was lighted would turn themselves into pothooks under the heat. One evening service, during the sermon, a punkah-puller went to sleep. I slipped outside to rouse him. On seeing me, he took to his heels, and there was nothing for it but to pull the punkah myself for the rest of the service, joyfully watched by the congregation through the open door.

I kept up my Sanskrit by reading with a pundit from the High School, and incidentally learnt from him of the Indian system of gymnastics. Long before the days of Sandow and Müller, the Indians had invented systems of exercising the body—for daily use. The pundit gave me a little treatise on the subject. During fifty years I have practised them with hardly a day's intermission, and, beyond doubt,

I owe to them the excellent preservation of my health and spirits. I was associated with my friend Alexander Monro in introducing them into the schools of the Central Provinces, and in later days I made them an obligatory feature in the school curriculum of Assam. The boys went through them *en masse* twice a week, to the great amusement and satisfaction of their parents, and more advantage to themselves than were their lessons in algebra.

At the full moon of October a great bathing festival is held on the Ganges in the Cawnpore district. People flock in hundreds of thousands, from fifty miles and more around, step down into the river shallows, dip themselves in the water under the blessings of a priest, and obtain analogically a cleansing of the spirit. There is then a fee to be paid to the priest. He belonged to a Brahmin fraternity which, specializing in this ceremony, called itself "Sons of the Ganges." Full moon occurred after sunset, and throughout the first part of the night the river shallows were filled with splashing crowds, sending broad ripples across the river in the moonlight. A force of police was in attendance, partly to regulate the press of bathers, so that they should not trample upon one another in their enthusiasm, and partly to keep an eye upon the "Sons of the Ganges," to prevent their jealousies from materializing into blows. For each priest had his own *clientèle* of bathers, but was not unwilling to add to it by seducing those who belonged to his fellows. Indeed, touts were sent off miles into the country to waylay the cartloads of pilgrims and bring them safely into their proper fold. Their quarrels

SECTARIAN ANIMOSITIES

were apt ■ break into faction fights, in which on past occasions there had been much loss of life.

After ■ year of Cawnpore I was transferred up country to Aligarh. This was a district containing nearly a million people. But the English staff rarely included more than half a dozen officials, and there was little to amuse one in life at headquarters. Having passed my qualifying examinations, I became a full-powered magistrate, capable of inflicting two years' imprisonment, or, in certain cases, the punishment of a whipping, and my experiences became specialized, in the main, to criminal business. The district magisterial staff included four full-powered magistrates, two of whom were Indians, and five or six Indians exercising such limited powers as are enjoyed by English J.P.'s. This may seem a large body to keep within the law less than a million people, mostly engaged in agriculture and to all appearances of orderly habits. But there were explosives below the surface. To begin with, there was the perennial antagonism of the Hindus and Muhammadans. They lived side by side, amicably enough, one would say. But the least thing which gave one party to think that it was slighted by the other would lead to a violent outburst of jealousy.

Muhammadan feelings were outraged if a Hindu procession with music passed by a mosque during the hours of prayer ; and, knowing this, the Hindus were by no means disinclined to time their processions injudiciously. The Muhammadans also had processions in which tinsel shrines were carried aloft, and, knowing that the Hindus objected to the mutilation of

the sacred fig trees (pipal and banyan) that abounded along the roadsides, they would carry their shrines so high as to be obstructed by the lower branches, and then insist upon cutting them. Very serious trouble might arise from a dispute of this kind. But the greatest scandal of all was the insistence of the Muhammadans on killing a cow on the festival which commemorated the sacrifice of Isaac. According to their account, the animal which Abraham substituted for his son was not a ram, but a cow, and the occasion was celebrated as the Festival of the Cow. To kill a cow—or any of its species—is abhorrent to most Hindus, although the animal may be allowed to die of starvation or neglect. Yet, in Central India, there is an annual fair, established in ancient days by a Hindu raja, to which Hindu cultivators bring their worn-out cattle in thousands for slaughter, selling them to Muhammadan hide merchants. A Hindu town council regulates the fair, and makes money by taxing its transactions. When I hinted at the inconsistency, I was given the equivalent of "Business in business!"

But, in sentiment, the Hindu respect for kine is very strong. Its origin is unaccountable, unless it carries us back to far-off days when it was discovered that wild cattle, captured young and petted, could offer man a new source of energy and of nourishment. The sentiment is not peculiar to India. The bull was worshipped in Egypt: the Israelites set up a golden calf when they fell away from Moses. At one time it may have been very widespread; traces ■ it have been found in Ireland. In India it is at its strongest, and it ■ not too much to say that

RURAL VENDETTAS

reverence for the cow is the most distinctive trait of orthodox Hinduism. The feeling is most intense in the north, and may possibly be connected with a curious taboo that is observed by the Mongoloid people of the Himalayas. None of them will touch the fresh products of the cow. But, whatever be its origin and however unreasonable it be, there is hardly a district magistrate in Northern India to whom the Festival of the Cow does not bring some anxiety and much palavering with representatives of the two parties. The line usually taken is to permit the slaughter only to such persons and in such places as have custom in their favour.

Another source of trouble is the jealous rivalry that sometimes sets one village—or part of a village—against another. It is commonly of ancient date, arising from some old boundary dispute, and is transmitted, like a vendetta, from one generation to another. For each village is, in fact, a little state,—resembling the Greek city states, with its own set of village officers, artisans, and servants—and exists independently of its neighbours, and indeed, until modern developments of commerce, independently of the world outside it. With any relaxation of authority these animosities might materialize themselves in action. In one case before me, the men of one village quarter took advantage of their adversaries' absence in the harvest fields to raid their houses and have some of their women violated by the village "untouchables." The police were able to intervene before this outrage could be revenged. I committed the offenders to the Criminal Sessions Court. But the instigators—and real culprits—were

men of some means and were defended by skilled lawyers: the judge acquitted them, convicting only the low-caste menials who were the instruments of their hands. But, as magistrate, I found them guilty of a subsidiary offence, imprisoned them for two years, and personally saw that they had a hard time in jail. This in a measure satisfied justice and appeased the spirit of revenge. It was pitiful to hear the evidence of the women who had been outraged.

Again there were the so-called "criminal tribes"—gipsies who had no means of livelihood of their own and subsisted by proficiency in thieving. They employed the most ingenious ruses: my camp has been robbed by boys who passed amongst my servants in the dusk disguised as dogs, with no apparatus but a piece of sacking and a stick for the tail. So honest is the ordinary countryman that, when an impudent village theft is committed, the police immediately have these gipsy tribes in mind. In later years, when living in the country on an experimental farm, my head servant was robbed: a hole was dug through his house wall and all his money and belongings were abstracted. The police arrested a gang of gipsies that were encamped in the neighbourhood, and kept them confined for some days in a grove of trees hard by my garden gate. Nothing happened, except that I was assailed with cries for mercy when I rode past. I sent for the proprietor of the village in which the farm was situated, and pointed out that it was disgraceful that such a robbery should be committed on his estate. He quite agreed; and then said that if he was allowed to question

the gipsies "in the Hindustani fashion" it would not be surprising if something useful came out. I assented, cautioning him to be moderate. Shortly afterwards I heard a clamour of voices. He returned with a broad smile, and told me that there would be something to see next morning. We assembled. A small gipsy boy appeared who, after quartering the ground dog-fashion, suddenly pointed at a place where the earth had been freshly moved. We dug and found the whole of the stolen property neatly buried there.

I made acquaintance with the head-man of one of these gangs when in prison, and found him exceedingly intelligent. These people had an *argot* of their own and used a curious method of divination in which polished (and highly cherished) grains of wheat foretell whether an intended robbery will be successful or not. In my days all efforts to reclaim them had failed. Their children grew up engrained with the notion that thieving was more reputable than working. But since then, it seems, the Salvation Army has made some successful efforts to reclaim them and settle them down to cultivation.

One of these professional marauders was a "proclaimed offender" in Aligarh—or outlaw. For some months the police had failed to catch him. One day I received from my Chief "for enquiry and report" an anonymous petition stating that the outlaw, with a number of his fellows, had recently met the local sub-inspector of police at a certain village, where it had been arranged between them that, if the man was not arrested during the next year, the sub-inspector would receive a gold necklet

that the gang possessed, and that meanwhile the necklet was to remain in the hands of the village money-lender. To disarm suspicion I waited some days, and then paid the village a sudden visit. On the outskirts I met a man ploughing, got into conversation with him, and asked whether it was one month or two months ago that there was a meeting between the outlaw and the police in his village. He thought it was two months. I told him to follow me, met other men and obtained similar admissions from them, and so arrived at the village with a number of witnesses who had committed themselves to the truth. Confronted with them, the village notables reluctantly admitted the facts. But the money-lender held out. He would not confess to the receipt of the necklet. So I committed him to the police lock-up for the night. By morning he had relented, and gave the thing up.

I reported all this to the District Chief Magistrate, but only received from him a severe rebuke for having confined the man without a formal warrant. No other orders were passed, and the necklet remained in my possession, since the money-lender was now afraid of it. Time required me. Making use of my clue, I had the outlaw very shortly arrested and convicted. Forthwith the gipsies crowded into my Court demanding the return of their pledge, since their compact had been broken. The District Magistrate had left, and his successor, on being informed of the petition, condoned my irregularities, returned the necklet to the gipsies, and asked me to fix my own punishment for the offending sub-inspector. Some months had passed, and it seemed sufficient

INFANTICIDE

to ask that so long as I remained in Aligarh he should work under my orders. I found him devotedly assiduous and honest, and we eventually parted with mutual regret.

Amongst my duties at Aligarh was the prevention of infanticide. It is a disgrace to a girl's father ■ she is not married before 12 or 13. Those who possess sons turn this to great pecuniary advantage, demanding fancy prices for them as bridegrooms. This imposition is avoided by smothering girl babies, or poisoning them with opium. The only means by which the Government could check this practice was by collectively fining a village in which the proportion of female children was exceedingly low. A police post was established in the village, for which the villagers had to pay: they had also to suffer the airs—and exactions—of the police constables. This rough-and-ready remedy appeared to be successful. Morning after morning, in camp, I had to inspect a village, assembling the children and counting them. On one occasion the faces of some children seemed familiar, and next morning I managed to intercept a cart, loaded with little girls, that was following me about to add to the girl population of the village I was next to visit. I had heard of this trick before. It had been played upon no less a personage than the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, who was greatly interested in female education, and delighted to visit girls' schools and examine them. But she was very near-sighted. A pattern girls' school was assembled to follow her about, and present itself at the various villages she visited.

It is only in certain ■ the higher castes that girl

children are such a burden. For the marriage expenditure that they entail depends upon the regulations of the caste. We may, indeed, define caste as the identifying fraternal bond of a peculiar "law" which minutely and rigidly prescribes the routine of domestic and social life. To outsiders its object seems to be the preservation of "purity": hence the Portuguese gave to these Indian fraternities the name of "castas." Their rules may be fantastically meticulous, and as absurd as are some of our fashions in dress. But the distinguishing discipline that is involved in the observance of a peculiar caste law endows a society with a continuity that is lost in the self-expression of individual liberty, or the changing fashions of "public opinion." The Jews, particularized and disciplined by their law, have outlived all nations in recorded history: the Greeks, with their self-expression and self-indulgence, passed away like shadows upon a screen. It may well be that the Indian caste system will be standing when British nationhood has disappeared. This, however, in itself is no recommendation. Continuity is not everything.

Some Indian prejudices were extraordinarily unreasonable. It was held, for instance, that a child, when marked with small-pox, was sealed with the sign of the Mother Goddess, Devi Durga, in token of her favour. Vaccination was, therefore, very unpopular. The Medical Department employed some travelling vaccinators, and I was expected to assist them. It was uphill work, and I complained to an old Raja who was one of my best friends. "It is the women," he said. I reasoned that it was foolish



THE GAME OF LITIGATION

to be influenced by women in a matter of this sort. "Wait until you are married," he rejoined. However, I hit upon a means of overriding the mothers' prejudices. On visiting a large town with the vaccinators, not a child was to be seen in the streets. They had all run home. But I bought up the stock-in-trade of a *laddu* (sweetmeat) seller, and offered a *laddu* to every child who would be vaccinated. In a very short time the vaccinators were full up with work.

I soon discovered that the magisterial courts were not only concerned with the maintenance of order : they were used as an inexpensive and exciting machinery for the obtaining of private revenge. A complaint needed only a shilling stamp, and the vast numbers I received that were patently false showed at once the quarrelsomeness of mankind and the uncertainty of my decisions. For, if I was not often wrong in my judgments, people would not waste their shillings so profusely. One cold, wet evening, when I was in camp, an old woman pressed her way into my tent and in a torrent of tears complained that a man had cruelly assaulted her and broken her arm. It was in fact closely bandaged. On questioning her I found that the man she accused was her next-door neighbour, and I recollected that there had been a bitter quarrel between the two houses in regard to the widening of a doorstep. I asked to see the wound. She protested against undoing the bandage. I insisted. She was suffering from an ulcer, and her relatives had decided that it should not be wasted.

In their villages Indians are very truthful. In

the many thousands of local enquiries I have made I have hardly ever been told a falsehood. But the courts were regarded as instruments for profiting by deceit, and in judicial proceedings the truth is exceedingly difficult to discover. Cross-examination is of little avail. For the prudent litigant has his allegations acted dramatically before his witnesses, so that in testifying to what is false they are still testifying to what they have seen. In these circumstances, it is perhaps hardly a compliment that complainants should prefer an English to an Indian magistrate. Such was undoubtedly the case. I could not dissuade them from presenting to me accusations which could have been adequately dealt with by an Indian magistrate of lower grade. They were at all events sure that the course of luck would not be disturbed by sectarian prejudices. They have insisted upon my trying cases when I could allow the complainant and defendant only five minutes each. This indeed seemed to please them. It brought my court into closer resemblance with a betting machine.

The speculative value of the criminal courts was not without incidental advantages. It made the fortunes of lawyers, and, amongst them, of some English barristers, who gained large incomes by the handling of cases of a kind that, in England, they would not have touched.

The zeal of the police not infrequently led them to fabricate evidence against suspected offenders. I was called to assist in the arrest of a gang of coiners. The house was surrounded at night. We broke in but found no one but a shaky old man. He pro-

tested his innocence. But search revealed some dies for making rupees, with the coins from which they had been impressed. I committed him to the Sessions Court: he was convicted and sentenced. I then received an anonymous petition asking me to compare the years on the dies and on the rupees. I did so and found them to be different. The man was of known bad character. But there was nothing to be done but to offer to pay the costs of an appeal to the High Court. He appealed and was acquitted.

Here I will mention a dramatic incident which shows how strong a faith in personal immortality may be held by those whom one could class as ignorant and degraded. One day in camp I was informed by the watchman of a neighbouring village that a man had just died of poison. He was, I found, an elderly artisan who had been poisoned by his young wife at the instigation of her lover. I committed them to the Sessions Court. They were convicted and sentenced to death. It was the duty of the Civil Surgeon to supervise executions. He was suffering from fever and asked me to take his place. The man and woman were brought out of their solitary cells, and I asked the man whether I could do anything for him before the end. He begged to be allowed to speak to the woman. This was, it seemed, against the rules: but red-tape seemed out of place on the occasion, and I consented. All that he said to her was "Think of the old fig (pipal) tree on the road home." They were hooded, and pinioned on the scaffold, in seemingly complete indifference: I gave the order, and all was over. I asked the Hindu jailer what the confidence meant.

"These foolish people," he replied, "believe that their souls live on after death, and haunt the place which was in thought at the last moment." So they wished to die thinking of the same place. Surely faith was never more substantial. I knew the old tree: its lower branches were hung with little saucers with offerings of curds for its dryads. I often rode past it, but never without looking up and thinking of the two doves on the willow-pattern plate.

Long afterwards at a rather select dinner party in San José (of Costa Rica) I told all this with a most unfortunate effect. The men had agreed each to relate a curious experience. I told my tale. One of the ladies present fainted, and on coming to exclaimed, in a paroxysm of shame, "I never thought I should sit at table with a public executioner!"

After four years' service I had my first experience of an Indian famine. The summer monsoon rains failed, and the crops that depended on them perished. At the time famine relief was not given so promptly and systematically as in later years. A large part of the district was protected by canal irrigation, and this, it was thought, would lighten the people's affliction. But a man can very well starve when his neighbour is well fed, and there was very poignant distress. The grain-dealers naturally raised their prices preposterously high, and the poorer classes in the town came near actual starvation. I found that I could purchase grain in the villages, cart it to the town and sell it at a fair profit at prices very much lower than those ruling in the bazaar. I hired four

empty shops, put some of my clerks in charge and sold grain—not more than 1 lb. daily for each person—to crowds of poor people. But when this came to the notice of the Government, my shops were closed down, and I was cautioned against interfering with the course of private trade. Those were the days of the Manchester school of political economy. As a matter of fact, no evil consequences resulted, and the people seemed unable to show their gratitude too effusively. I was even acclaimed by the public prostitutes when I rode through their quarters in the town.

During the months of distress there was a serious outbreak of brigandage in the district. Villages that had stocks of grain were attacked, looted, and burnt: on one occasion from a point of vantage, I saw three villages alight. The police did their best. But the leaders were men of respectability, and it was exceedingly difficult to procure good evidence against them. In several successive cases the looters were acquitted by the Sessions Judge, and things were rapidly getting out of hand. A case came before me for magisterial enquiry, in which some forty men were accused. The evidence against them was reliable. But I feared the chances of the Sessions Court, and decided to deal with them as juvenile offenders. As such they could be sentenced to whipping. I had thirty stripes administered to each of them, gave them some salt water, and some words of admonition. This entirely calmed the district. The High Court, on learning of the case, gave me a severe reprimand, expressing doubt as to my fitness for the exercise of magisterial powers. About the

same time I received a letter (marked "private") communicating the Lieutenant-Governor's appreciation of my energy. So different are the executive and the judicial points of view! Some months later, riding through a village, I was surrounded by a crowd of smiling men, holding on to my stirrups and bridle and patting my horse. I asked who they were. "Don't you remember us?" they said; "we are the men you had flogged for dacoity." This experience was typical. Only once have I known an Indian bear rancour for a judicial punishment, and in this case the man was half-witted.

At the end of three years I learnt that I had been appointed to the high-titled post of Assistant Director of Land Records and Agriculture. Amongst the charms of Indian life were the enthusiastic attachments of one's Indian friends. They seemed to feel real sorrow at my departure and proffered in abundance keepsakes which I was obliged to decline. Amongst them was a very fine Arab horse. The customary farewell deputations waited upon me in numbers. One of them was from the community of vegetable sellers. I was surprised, for I had dealt somewhat hardly with them. They used to sit on the pavement's edge, obstructing the traffic and getting their vegetables soiled with road dust. The Municipality had funds in hand, so I had built for them a rather stylish loggia market in an open space, close by their customary pitches. They refused to use it, and at last I lost temper and chastised their head-man. They then transferred themselves, and to all appearances were happy and prosperous. I reminded the deputation of my harshness, and asked

what they had to thank me for. "Before you came," they said, "no one even asked if we were there."

A curious link with Aligarh was to endure for many years. One of my Indian clerks had asked permission to name his baby son after me : two children had died in succession and he wished to arrest this run of bad luck. I saw no objection—as he seemed to perceive none—and the boy was named Ram Dayal Fuller. As he grew up, he showed energy and intelligence, abandoned his hereditary clerical work for practical business, amassed riches, became a landholder, and was made an honorary magistrate. He regarded me as his godfather, wrote to me from time to time, and when, more than thirty years later, I revisited Aligarh as a globe-trotter, he organized a grand *fête* in my honour. And when, after two more decades, I visited Aligarh again, I was met at the railway station by a tribe of little ones who were formally presented to me as my "great-grand-children."

CHAPTER II

LAND-RATING AND AGRICULTURE

I OWED my new appointment to a report which I drew up, when at Cawnpore, on the cotton hand-weaving industry of the town. Amongst the troubles of Indian administration were the continued demands for information, on subjects of all kinds, that were made by influential persons at home, and were sponsored by the Home Government. In this case someone in Lancashire was curious, and I was directed to take a hand in satisfying him. It was interesting to study the practical details of this age-long industry.

My report came under the notice of Sir Edward Buck, the Director of Land Records and Agriculture, and he selected me for the post of his assistant. He was a man of uncommon originality, great personal charm, and extraordinary absence of mind. On one occasion he forgot to put on his collar when attending a dinner party at Government House. He borrowed one from the aide-de-camp. But it was much too small for him, and he grew so turgid in the neck and red in the face that the lady of the house, on learning that his collar had been borrowed, begged him to unbutton it. He did so, and continued his meal and his conversation with her without the least embarrassment. But with all his absent-mindedness there went exceedingly quick powers of apprehension. A friend who met him on his way down from Simla

asked him what they were doing there. "The usual thing," he replied, "sucking the brains of those below them, and the b-t-ms of those above them."

The Directorship that he held was of quite recent creation. India, like Egypt, is pre-eminently a country of peasant farmers, and the Government of my province had decided upon the establishment of a department that should be charged with investigating the conditions of its agriculture and the possibilities of improving them. So far little had been done in this direction. One of the Secretaries of the Government of India was connected with agriculture by his title; and a number of skilled Englishmen of the gardener class had been imported for the initiation of model farms. These had led to practically nothing.

The conditions of Indian farming are peculiar, and little could be achieved by imitations of England. Machinery, in so far as it is labour-saving, offered no advantages, for Indian farm holdings are generally so small—from four to five acres—that a cultivator's object is rather to make work for himself than to lessen it. The plough in use was such a simple form of grubber as is still used in Southern Europe and Egypt. It stirs the soil without turning it. But a careful cultivator will prepare his field by twenty ploughings, producing a seed-bed which for fineness would be envied by English farmers. The efficiency of the plough depends upon its size and weight: these depend upon the strength of the cattle that draw it, and these, again, upon the food that is available for the cattle. Millet straw is the most, rice straw the least, nourishing; wheat and barley straw are intermediate. Consequently, in the millet districts the

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cattle are often magnificent animals, in the wheat districts "fair to middling," whereas in the rice districts they are no larger than donkeys. The purchase of cattle food is out of the question, since capital is lacking.

The manure supply is grievously shortened by the universal use of cattle dung for fuel. There seemed to be scope for improvement in the provision of better seed, but the patient ingenuity of the Indian cultivator had produced a vast number of varieties. There were over 300 different sorts of rice in cultivation, scores of different kinds of wheat, and even such recent introductions as maize and tobacco had been very largely differentiated. Agriculture is more of an art than a science. It depends for the most part upon energy, experience, and ingenuity in learning from experience; and the application of theoretical science to it has, so far, borne its most useful fruit in providing employment and salaries for scientific experts.

The difficulty in India is that the factors of success depend very greatly upon caste conventions. Men of the higher castes despise manual labour so greatly that they feel dishonoured if they so much as lay their hands upon the stilt of a plough. Yet they own a very substantial portion of the land. They work it through low-caste servants who have no object in discovering new expedients. On the other hand, some castes are admirable cultivators, and have little or nothing to learn from Europe. Elaborate enquiries were made by the Famine Commission of 1880 under Sir James Caird, and again, ten years later, by Dr. J. A. Voelcker, C.I.E., Consulting Chemist to

the Royal Agricultural Society. They were both astonished by the excellence of the crops which they found here and there, interspersed between stretches of under-cultivated land. The problem was not so much to introduce new methods as to spread the use of what was already known. It was, in fact, political rather than scientific, and this justified the Indian Government in selecting men from the Civil Service for the charge of provincial agricultural departments.

Those were the hopeful days of agricultural chemistry. Having discovered the material elements that entered into plant life, it was inferred that bountiful crops would be obtained by supplying them. In the experimental application of chemistry to agriculture a very prominent part was taken by the farm that had been established at Rothamsted by Sir J. B. Lawes—a wealthy and intelligent manufacturer of chemical manures. I visited it during short leave in England, and followed its lines in establishing an experimental farm at Cawnpore. It was the first of its kind in India, and attracted some attention. It is still in existence, but its results have fallen short of anticipation.

There ■ little advantage in demonstrating that certain manures will increase the out-turn of land if they are too costly for use in a poor country, where the money value of produce is far below the European level. The more skilful of cultivators had discovered the various methods of manuring that were within their possibilities, and used them freely. They were aware, for instance, from long past, of the fertilizing value of leguminous crops, and on the poorer soils invigorated their grain and cotton crops by sowing

peas and beans of various sorts in admixture with them.

At the time of which I am writing the scientific world was agitated by a dispute on this subject. Sir William Crookes, in his book on *Artificial Manures*, asserted that leguminous plants possessed the peculiar virtue of annexing nitrogen from the atmosphere. This was strenuously denied by the Rothamsted authorities. Ultimately a reconciliation was found in the nodules which leguminous plants grow on their roots under the influence of certain microbes. These, it was agreed, could fix atmospheric nitrogen. The difference was that between an essential and an essential accident—between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The fact remained as known to the Indian cultivator.

Careful experiments were made with different kinds of ploughs, water-lifts, and with agricultural machines generally—testing the utility of those in local use, as well as of importations from England and America. With the assistance of an ingenious Indian mechanic, a light plough was devised which followed the general lines of the Indian plough, but turned the soil over as well as stirring it. Some hundreds were sold. But it failed to make a real impression.

In respect to water-lifts it was found that those in Indian use were generally surprisingly effective. In details of construction they varied inexplicably from one tract to another, offering some ground for the inference that their ranges corresponded with those of ancient Indian kingdoms or principalities, and owed their adoption to such authority as Mustapha

VILLAGE LAND RECORDS

Kamil Pasha has used to substitute Latin for Arabic letters in the writing of Turkish. Windmills were unknown. I imported one from California. But its water-raising capacity was too low for irrigational purposes, and during a dust storm it was uprooted and blown half a mile across country. The one new machine that gained a hold was an iron roller for extracting the juice from sugar-cane. But this was the invention of an English indigo planter.

From a practical point of view the most important of our functions was the maintenance of the village land records—that is to say, of the maps, field catalogues, and rent-rolls of the cadastral survey which had been effected when the land revenue was last revised. Hitherto—every thirty years—at each resettlement of the land revenue a special survey had been required, since, during the currency of the settlement term, its maps and records had been allowed to fall out of date. ■ was Sir Edward Buck's idea to maintain them in current accuracy by annual revisions, effected by the village notaries who are amongst the customary staff of the Indian village officials. Not only would the formidable expense, and not less formidable harassments, of an entirely new cadastral survey be avoided, but the maps and roads would be invaluable as evidence between landlords and tenants in the civil courts.

The number of these village notaries had been reduced by the amalgamation of small villages into circles, but it still ran into tens of thousands. There was a staff ■ Indian inspectors. But close personal supervision and check were required, and we had to spend a large portion of the year on tour—some

four or five months under canvas, and two months in travel by railway and mailcart. As compensation, we enjoyed the privilege of spending two months of office work in the Hills. My tours made me acquainted with every corner of the province, and enabled me to learn a great deal of its agricultural methods. A mass of information on this subject was scattered over the district reports of the last preceding land revenue settlement. I compiled it, and—assisted in purely botanical matters by Mr. J. F. Duthie, the Government Botanist—I produced a book on the *Field and Garden Crops* of the province. It was pigeon-holed; but I learnt, some years afterwards, that in the neighbouring province of the Punjab it had been adopted as a text-book for the examination of junior officers. At the same time I wrote a little school *Primer of Agriculture* which was very favourably reviewed by Professor Church in the pages of *Nature*. It was submitted to the provincial Department of Education, but was also pigeon-holed. Educational officers profited a good deal from royalties upon school books, and vested interests are not lightly disturbed. Some twenty years later, however, I learnt that it had been translated, and adopted as a school book, by receiving a telegram from a publishing firm of Lucknow offering me a royalty if I would give them a monopoly of publication. In the circumstances, it seemed proper to waive my rights of authorship.

I had at this time an experience which brought home to me one of the most curious features of Indian domestic life. The Superintendent of our office was a Bengali Brahmin—a well-educated,

CHILD MARRIAGE

intelligent man of about forty, who in later years was brought on to the staff of the Imperial Institute in London. He came to me, one day, in tears to tell me that he had just heard of his wife's death. I felt very sorry for him and forthwith gave him a month's leave, undertaking his duties in addition to my own. A few months after his return, he came and asked me for leave of absence again. I strongly objected, and asked the reason. It was, he told me shamefacedly, in order to get married. I enquired who the lady was. It was a child five years old.

No long time after my appointment Sir Edward Buck was translated to the Government of India as Secretary for Revenue and Agriculture. My new chief was Mr. W. C. Benett, one of the finest characters I have ever met. He had spent his service in Oudh in the most intimate relations with the people, and what he did not know about them was not worth knowing. Indians greatly appreciated his nobility of character, and his influence over them was extraordinary. He had his eccentricities. He was soaked in German philosophy. He was also rather hot-tempered, and, in contrast with this disposition, was devoted to a little Maltese terrier, named "Abinadab," or "Beeny" for short. On one occasion we were to meet Buck at a roadside railway station—twelve hours rail from Cawnpore—and drive some twenty miles with him to a conference. Benett, as usual, was late in getting off, and, when we reached the station, our train was moving. We caught it on the run, to find ourselves without servants, money, tickets, luggage, or wraps, and with a bitterly cold

night journey before us. We had Beeny—that was all. On reaching our destination next morning, we found no carriage there. The stationmaster, taking it very ill that we had no tickets, briefly informed us that Sir Edward Buck had arrived from the contrary direction half an hour earlier, taken the carriage, and had driven off. There was no prospect of breakfast. We started off on foot, carrying Beeny in turn. Bennett was rather lame, and it was perhaps excusable that, meeting a man in a pony trap, we commandeered it, and spent our time in devising reproaches for our faithless friend. They were useless. He greeted us with so cheery a smile, and was evidently so unconscious of guilt, that we were completely disarmed.

It was at this time that I experienced my first great official disappointment. I have mentioned the failure of rain that occurred in 1881. It was particularly disastrous in the Muttra district, and Bennett sent me there to enquire into agricultural conditions. They were deplorable. Thousands of cultivators had left the district in despair: some villages had lost more than half their numbers: wide stretches of land assessed as wheat-growing had relapsed into grass-covered waste. Yet the Government was attempting to realize its full land revenue, and was auctioning on the threshing-floors such crops as were being gathered. I reported the facts, and Bennett strongly recommended a temporary reduction in the revenue demand. The provincial Revenue Board refused to sanction it. In those days the land revenue was regarded as sacrosanct: during the term of settlement it was as preposterous to

THE CENTRAL PROVINCES

diminish as to increase it. I was greatly impressed by the hardships I witnessed ; and thirty years later, when I had power to do so, I introduced a reform under which such sufferings would be immediately alleviated by suspensions or reductions of taxation.

In the seventh year of my service I was transferred to the Central Provinces as the Director of a department of my own. I owed this promotion to peculiar circumstances. The Chief Commissioner of these provinces wished to make Mr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Fraser his Chief Secretary. Mr. Fraser had been quite recently appointed to the Directorship of the provincial agricultural department, and in the judgment of the Government of India it was too soon to transfer him. But consent was given on the understanding that I was accepted as his successor. During the next fourteen years the Central Provinces became my home.

They were in extraordinary contrast with the provinces I had left. Instead of the flat alluvial Ganges plain—a sea of crops during eight months of the year, and for the rest a sun-scorched desert—there were always forested hills, and even mountains, on the horizon or around one. For the most part they were flat-topped—rising in tiers one above the other—solidified floors of basalt which in ancient days had welled out across the country. But here and there, masses of sandstone, or crystalline rock, had over-topped the deluge, and stood out in rugged outlines above the plateaux. They were better timbered than the basaltic hills. Nested in one of these sandstone outliers lay Pachmarhi, one of the most charming places in the world, to which I shall

revert hereafter. The mountains descended north and south into level cultivated plains, the valley of the Narbada River on the one, the Nagpur country on the other side—both with a characteristic black friable soil, derived from the disintegration of basaltic rock, similar to that of Egypt, where, however, the parent basalt lies far to the south, in Abyssinia.

The population of the provinces was exceedingly diverse. At least six different languages were in use. The mountainous country sheltered dark-skinned aboriginal tribes—here not extirpated by immigrants like the American Redskins, but reduced to insignificance and generally driven into the hills. The most notable of them were the Gonds, with a history that illustrated very strikingly the vicissitudes of human fortunes. At one time, not three centuries back, they had dominated the country and given to it the name of "Gondwana." Nor was their civilization of a merely rustic type. In the depths of a forest, one is suddenly confronted with the high red-sandstone walls of an abandoned city—an Indian uninhabited Carcassonne. The walls extend for nearly six miles around. They are well built and well preserved, regularly crenellated, with arched gateways, over which is the Gond crest, the sculptured figure of an elephant treading down a tiger. Within them there is nothing but scrub jungle, through which sometimes, as in mockery, the tiger roves supreme. Under foreign conquest these people have reverted to the condition of a "hill-tribe," or, when they kept to the plains, have descended to the humblest grade of manual labour. They were conquered and degraded by the Mahrattas—a Hindu

clan whose home ■ on the arid uplands that are the hinterland of the Bombay coast.

The Mahratta kingdom of Nagpur came under British rule, not by conquest, but by escheat in the time of Lord Dalhousie, and consequently the Mahrattas of Nagpur, or at least their leading men, have always viewed British control with feelings of resentment, which renders the present political situation more difficult than it need be. The northern plain—the valley of the Narbada—is populated by Hindus of various castes that have emigrated from northern India. It may be compared, so far, with western Canada. The immigrants left their gods behind them : one sees few of the white temples that stand out in such numbers above the mud houses of northern Indian villages. The Brahmins have power, but are not infrequently ridiculed. If, however, the settlers have lost something by escaping from convention, they have also gained a good deal. I have never in my travels come across a more law-abiding people, or one more respectable in their hard-working contentment.

In the east of the provinces towards the Bengal coast, there is an extensive, almost treeless plain, entirely surrounded by jungle—an *enclave* in which Hinduism escaped from the spreading conquests of the Muhammadans. The people were of rustic simplicity, and maintained some curious archaic customs. The village lands were, for instance, periodically redistributed amongst the villagers—very much as was the fashion in early English days. There were no towns, and their Rajas, having no temptation to spend money and no subsidies to pay, did not seek to obtain

cash revenue through taxation. The country was included in the Mahratta conquest and became liable to their exactions. But when taken over by the British Government, its land revenue was extraordinarily low, running at no more than a few pence to the cultivated acre.

A peculiarity of Central India was the use of trotting bullocks in place of horses as a means of transport. There is a special breed for this purpose, and one can generally rely upon a pace of six or seven miles an hour. It was in a bullock "tonga" that I was carried over the thirty-odd miles that separated the railway from Pachmarhi, where the Chief Commissioner was at the time. We mounted the hills by a road which skirted the edges of deep, precipitous ravines, overhung by forest, until, at 3,500 feet, we emerged upon a grassy plateau, dotted with fine trees and overlooked by rocky hills which stood sentinels around it. We passed an Englishman walking along the road. The driver whispered to me, "That is the Chief Commissioner." I jumped out and presented myself. He was Sir John Morris, a strong, fresh-coloured, handsome man. He looked me up and down rather doubtfully, and then asked abruptly, "Can you dance?" My answer reassured him, and he explained that his wife was giving a party, and that dancing men were scarce.

I stayed in Pachmarhi a couple of weeks, assisting in Secretariat work, and soon discovered that the Chief Commissioner troubled himself very little over details. My drafts came back so speedily that I doubted whether he read them before signing;

OFFICIAL ECCENTRICITIES

and was assured on the point by finding that two pages that had stuck together came back to me undetached. But it would have been wrong to judge him by this. He had been many years in the provinces, knew the people well, and was well known to them and liked by them. I saw rows of them in tears at his farewell *darbar*. He was a great sportsman, and this made its appeal. And he *governed*. His present-day successors bear a higher title—they are “Excellencies”—and draw a more liberal salary. But they are not so much “governors” as the lubricators of a political machine.

The Central Provinces were at this time in the condition that is commonly known as “backward.” Most of the districts were remote from English social influences, and the district officers—leading very lonely lives—might develop a great deal of inconvenient eccentricity. I was riding with Sir John Morris one morning when a telegram was brought him. He read it, uttered a forcible ejaculation, and handed it to me for investigation. It was from an Indian attorney complaining that he had been confined in a cattle pound by order of the District Magistrate. I made enquiries. The magistrate expressed his regret. The man, he said, had persisted in making a long speech in Court after having been told “that only an ass would do so,” and had accordingly been sent to the pound. He had been immediately released by his friends on payment of a few pence as the pound fee. “In the circumstances,” the explanation added, “I thought it right to forgo the usual charge for forage.” Arbitrary exuberances of this kind were, however, soon to become smothered

by the increasing pressure of regularized administration.

I left Pachmarhi on a tour—the first loop in a network of inspection that occupied more than half of every year. During the rainy season one could only travel by railway or road, and inspection was practically limited to district headquarters. The road journeys were by bullock tonga, with exciting interludes when one was ferried across flooded rivers in a couple of “dug-out” canoes lashed together. But, during the five months November to March, one toured by camping—that is to say, with tents. I had two tents, with smaller ones for my clerk and servants. One went on in the very early morning—some twelve miles—to the next camping ground, where it was pitched by the time of my arrival, and housed me that day and during the following night. It was taken down when I left at sunrise, followed me on to the new camping ground, and went on in its turn the next morning. I seldom halted except when reaching a district headquarters, and, since my track was generally across country, cart-transport was out of the question, and I used camels, hired for the season.

In the course of the morning ride from one camp to the other I ordinarily inspected three or four villages, examining and checking the field maps and roads, and having a talk with the leading villagers. This brought me to the next camping ground about ten o'clock, and thence onward to dinner-time I was ordinarily engaged in office work. I often took a late afternoon—and sometimes a whole day—for shooting. But I generally put in six or seven hours

VARIED ACTIVITIES

at the office table. My papers reached me by special lines of runners which were allowed me by the Post Office. Generally I received two mail bags full each day. There were interruptions to this routine. But I covered about 1,400 miles each season, and became personally known to a large proportion of the inhabitants of the province.

The field maps and records of the Central Provinces had been made hurriedly and often inaccurately, and had, moreover, never been brought up to date. There had been very little supervision of the village notaries, who had commonly become absentees, or pluralists, and had, indeed, sometimes mortgaged their offices and emoluments. There was consequently a great deal of reorganization to be done, and I had to do most of it myself. The district officers could not be expected to take kindly to an addition to their current duties. My tours made me acquainted with the various crops and methods of cultivation, and I established at Nagpur an experimental farm on the lines of the Cawnpore farm. I was fortunate in obtaining from the Poona College of Science a young Parsee who worked admirably as its superintendent. The results of the experiments, however interesting, were not of much practical value. In connexion with the farm, an agricultural school was established, with a two years' course. It offered a very useful training for the staff of young men who were appointed to supervise the village notaries. But I cannot flatter myself that it added to the agricultural output of the province.

In the neighbourhood of the farm was an old garden—a heritage from the Rajas of Nagpur—that

LAND-RATING AND AGRICULTURE

was committed to my care. It became a popular resort for both Indians and Europeans, especially when I added a menagerie to its attractions. We had a fine tiger and tigress, bears, leopards, and a large herd of deer of various kinds, besides birds and smaller animals. The tigress, "Mab," had been brought up as a cub by an English girl, and never lost her affection for the English. She would begin to purr, and turn over on her back to be scratched, ■ an English lady approached her cage. We mated her with the tiger, and in due course I received a telegram from the Superintendent: "Mab gave birth to two cubs this morning." I wired back: "Separate her from Caesar." The reply was: "Regret too late: Caesar has eaten one and Mab the other." I was, naturally, criticized for keeping wild animals in confinement, but was vindicated by one of the tigers, who, having escaped into the garden, returned to his cage after an hour's liberty. It is a greater thing to be fed regularly than to be free.

A measure which was of real service in encouraging the making of irrigation tanks and wells was the grant of formal certificates assuring the constructors that, at the next revision of land revenue, no account would be taken of their improvements in assessing the value of their land. Under rules in force improvements were already entitled to this exemption. But a tenant, if he was aware of the rule, regarded it as a shadowy protection. The possession of a certificate gave security and was, moreover, a source of pride. I owed this suggestion to Colonel Scott, one of the district magistrates of the province.

THE CADASTRAL SURVEY

The period of the current settlement of the land revenue was running out, and it was fortunate for the occasion that the Chief Commissioner of the time was Sir Charles Crosthwaite, an officer of great settlement experience. A new field survey was admittedly required. The Government of India was inclined to employ the Imperial Survey Department in this business. This would have involved a very large expenditure, and the harassment of the villagers by a host of foreign subordinates, who would, moreover, be unfamiliar with the local land tenures, and liable to make mistakes in recording them. I held that if professional surveyors made skeleton village maps with the theodolite and chain, the staff of village notaries could be trained to fill in the field details. Sir Charles Crosthwaite accepted this view, and its discussion with the Supreme Government was ended by our visit to Simla, where I learnt how rapidly a long argument on paper could be decided by a little verbal explanation.

Our conclusions were accepted—almost off-hand—and it was agreed that I should be appointed Settlement Commissioner and placed in charge, not only of the resurvey, but of the new land revenue settlement that was to be based upon it. The objection was raised that I was too young for this important charge. It was met by Sir Charles Crosthwaite's assurance that he would keep a close eye upon my proceedings—and by allotting me a salary which was small in proportion to the responsibilities I was to undertake. I was to act as his secretary for Revenue business as well as the head of a department. This was to limit my authority. But, in fact, it

increased it : my dual capacity armed me, as it were, with a double-barrelled gun. And one of the conditions upon which I was appointed was very imperfectly fulfilled. For Sir Charles Crosthwaite very shortly afterwards was transferred to Burma.

We will follow him there for a few moments. His task was to pacify the country. Upper Burma had recently been annexed, after the deposition of King Theebaw. But it had been annexed only in name, and the country was, in fact, dominated by bands of dacoits—resembling in kind the *kamitadjis* of Macedonia—who manifested their dislike of foreign rule by looting, mutilating, and killing fellow-countrymen who lived in villages other than their own. The province was infested by bands of proclaimed outlaws who defied capture. Endeavours were made to control them by the establishment of numerous small military outposts, with British subalterns in charge. Rudyard Kipling introduces us to their prowess in his "Conference of the Powers." But the dacoits had on their side the romance which made so much of Robin Hood. Young men who "joined up" were garlanded by the village maidens.

Sir Charles Crosthwaite decided to strike at the root of the trouble by enlisting family apprehensions on his side ; he would show how inconvenient it was to have a bandit in the family by removing from their homes to an island on the Irrawaddy the near relations of proclaimed offenders. Before acting, he privately consulted the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin. The Viceroy, in his reply, carefully evaded any such direct assent as would have involved him in responsibility : he confined himself to appreciative generali-

LAND RENTAL VALUATION

ties. Sir Charles carried out his plan, with the result that parents and elders severely repressed adventurous spirits in their families, and peace was rapidly restored. The pacification of Burma was one of the greatest accomplishments that the Indian Civil Service can take to its credit. But less honour was given it than is nowadays attracted by a dexterously persuasive speech in the Legislative Assembly.

There ■ no great interest in the labour that was involved in recognizing the staff of village notaries, training it, so that each man might make the resurvey of his own villages, and in supervising and checking their work. Suffice it to say that in ten years an area of nearly the size of England was mapped, field by field, on the scale of 16 inches to the mile, at a cost which was found by a Financial Commission to be extraordinarily low. The fields were classified according to fertility as well as surveyed. It had been generally the practice to classify land on pseudo-scientific lines—taking into account such material elements as depth and apparent texture of soil, and using terms that were strange to the villagers. We adopted a different line. We ascertained the terms that were used in each district to signify different grades of fertility and special advantages or disadvantages, and made use of these terms in ■lassifying the fields. The villagers could, themselves, check the accuracy of the record.

A new system was adopted for calculating the rental value of each field. In place of acreage rates, varying with soil classes, the "soil unit" was adopted as the basis of calculation—the number of units in each field being ascertained by multiplying the area

by a figure which represented its relative productiveness. This enabled one to discover the real incidence of existing payments, which must be always the first step towards their revision. Having ascertained this incidence for the village as a whole, a unit-rate for reassessment could be adopted which, while based upon the general considerations that warranted enhancement, and the unit-incidences of neighbouring villages, would not exceed the existing unit-incidence of the village by more than could be paid without hardship and a lowering of the standard of comfort. A similar process of comparison and mitigation was adopted in fixing the new assessments of individual tenants. The system, in fact, compelled the assessing officer to balance human nature against his theoretical considerations. To this it owed its success. For the revised rents, even when they involved substantial enhancements, were generally accepted by the tenants without apparent discontent or the need of persuasion.

But these innovations did not win their way without struggles. One of the gravest was over the question whether individual tenants should be called upon to pay the rents adopted by the Settlement Officer as they stood, or whether his new rental assessment should be accepted merely for each village as a whole, and its distribution amongst the tenants should be left to be decided by a process of wrangling negotiation between them and their landlords. I was strongly in favour of the former alternative, since the use of the latter at the last preceding settlement had resulted (as was indeed to be expected) in very gross inequalities owing to favouri-

THE STATE-FIXATION OF RENTS

tism and prejudice. The Chief Commissioner, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick (although generally most sympathetic and appreciative), inclined to a contrary opinion. He permitted me to make an experiment. After having fixed rents in some villages authoritatively, according to my views, other villages were left to distribute the new assessments themselves. The results were conclusive. The tenants clamoured for authoritative distribution. The Settlement Officers' rents were no doubt far from perfect. But they were very much more acceptable than rents which were fixed in a way that gave rise to jealousy and suspicion.

But the Chief Commissioner was not convinced, and gave me final orders to leave the distribution of the enhanced village rentals to the people themselves. At the time, however, it was known that his transfer to another province was imminent, and I took the risky step of deferring the issue of his orders for a couple of months. I showed them to his successor, Sir Alexander Mackenzie. He read them and said, "It is lucky for you that I am on your side." He warmly supported the new settlement proceedings, and it is only natural that I should hold him to be the most intelligent of the chiefs under whom I have served. In intellectual ability he was quite equal to Lord Curzon, with perhaps a clearer perception of the difference between the really useful and the mentally attractive. But he lacked Lord Curzon's indomitable energy and catholicity of taste.

These "settlement" details may be interesting, because they relate to an undertaking which was on a very large scale and was conspicuously successful.

LAND-RATING AND AGRICULTURE

A considerable proportion of the tenants were entitled to have their rents fixed by the State. But the larger number were tenants-at-will, paying rent at their landlords' discretion. Nevertheless, we fixed their rents along with those of the protected classes, and our decisions were accepted by the landlords with very little demur. This was the more surprising, since, over certain areas, we reduced the existing rents of tenants-at-will very greatly indeed. The development of the export trade in wheat had made it to the interest of landlords to get hold of as much wheat as they could, and this was contrived by enhancing the rents of tenants-at-will to impossibly high figures, so that they would always be in arrears and their crops could be taken in distraint.

The State was entitled to take as its revenue a certain share of the rental, but if this share was demanded of an impossibly high rental the landlords would be ruined by its payment. One might have met the situation by reducing the State's proportionate share. But this would have left the tenants in a condition of serfdom ; and the idea occurred to me that one might reduce very high rents, in default of legal powers, by the landlords' consent. For one who might be disposed to stickle upon his legal rights could hardly resist the argument that it was better to accept a nominal loss of income than to be assessed upon one that was unrealizable. This somewhat arbitrary measure was a new departure, and I was fortunate in having Sir Alexander Mackenzie as its judge. It was put into effect and carried through with remarkable success. A few landlords refused to accept the compromise, and were ruined. This

THE SERIO-COMIC IN LEGISLATION

was the price of a measure which set many thousands of tenants upon their feet.

In interfering with the rents of tenants-at-will our action went beyond the law, and it was necessary to confirm it by legislation. A Bill to amend the Tenancy Act in this and some other respects was introduced into the Supreme Legislative Council, and I was appointed to the Council and sent up to Simla to see it through. It was notable that there was absolutely no opposition to this extension of the State's power of interference: the landlords' Indian representative on the Council accepted it without question. There were, however, some other amendments to which he was strongly opposed. The occasion recalls an unpleasant memory. We were in Select Committee. The Indian member was urging his points very earnestly. I looked round to note the effect of his words. The President—the Legislative member of the Viceroy's Council—was sitting with his chair tipped back, and his feet on the edge of the table. Next him was the Home Member of Council. He was teaching his wife's little dog to sit up on the table. The other English member had his eyes closed and seemed to be asleep. I felt very sorry for the Indian, and on leaving the Council Chamber I put my hand on his shoulder and told him that I would endeavour by redrafting to meet some of his wishes. I was repaid by his look of gratitude.

I have said that the new rental and revenue assessments were generally accepted without demur. But there was an exception to this in the remote district of Sambalpur, lying in the extreme east

and inhabited by people akin to those on the coast of Bengal. The Settlement Officer, Nethersole, was a most conscientious and painstaking man, but diffident of his authority; and reports had reached me of very insolent behaviour on the part of some villagers. On one occasion they had actually cut his tent-ropes. On returning from short leave, his horse fell with him: his forehead was pierced by a sharp stone, and he lay dead on the road for some hours before his body was discovered by a passer-by. I started for the district at once. To reach it one had (after a long railway journey) to cover 130 miles ■ road—mostly through dense forest—by bullock tonga and palanquin. During the night, at places where the palanquin bearers were changed, I heard rumours that trouble was before me. As the sun rose, we emerged from the forest into the plain at a very large village. I had the palanquin set down and made a cup of tea. The villagers streamed out like a swarm of bees, and I had many hundreds of them before me, shouting that the Settlement Officer had reduced them and their families to starvation, and slapping their stomachs to prove their emptiness. Things looked awkward. I went to meet them, making a curious figure in pyjamas and slippers and a large sun-hat. The shouting increased. I pointed out that I could not argue with a crowd: let them select a spokesman. I noted with pleasure that they put forward a Brahmin, for I knew that in many cases Brahmins had been paying very heavily in the past, and that their new assessments were actually lower than the old. He began to declaim against the settlement. I asked how it had touched

him personally. He seemed confused, and, on getting hold of the village rent-roll, I found that his assessment had been reduced. I shook him soundly, boxed his ears, and told the people that by the evening a tent would have come for me, and that I would hear their appeals at six o'clock. There was a murmur. I asked the reason. "That," they said, "is our dinner-hour." I explained that, as no food had been left for them, this was a point of no importance, and that a bell would be rung when I was ready. It was rung, but not a soul appeared. Next morning, as I rode through the village, a crowd again attended me. But of a very different temper. Everyone was on the smile, and men pushed one another aside to pat my horse, or take hold of my bridle and stirrups. The trouble was over. But it might well have been serious. No very long time before it had been necessary to send troops to quiet an insurrection.

When there is smoke there is generally some fire, and I discovered that there was a real ground for complaint. The Settlement Officer's soil rates pressed rather unfairly on the poorer land. This aroused jealousies which were felt more keenly than hardships. With my assistant, T. C. Wilson, I spent a fortnight's labour altering the new rent-rolls in detail to correct this error.

I may mention here an interesting experiment in colonization which was effected by the Settlement Department. At the last preceding settlement between 300 and 400 square miles of rough scrub jungle in the Narbada Valley had been declared to be Government forest and had been reserved

from cultivation. It was turned to no account, except by a band of dacoits, who terrorized the countryside and found refuge from the police in its recesses. The Government decided to throw it open to cultivation. It was marked off into some 200 village areas, each of which was cut up into demarcated fields, bearing a defined but very moderate revenue assessment. Colonists were then invited, and it was most interesting to observe the character of the crowds that presented themselves, seeking hope in relief of hopelessness, labourers and bankrupt tenants who had contrived to beg or borrow a pair of starveling bullocks. The scheme proved very successful, and some fifteen years later I had the pleasure of riding over undulating expanses of cultivation, with prosperous villages—and even village schools—which I could remember as a pathless tangle of coarse grass, thorn brake, and scrub.

But Nature exacted a price for this interference. During the first years of colonization the settlers suffered terribly from malarial fever. In some villages nearly half of them died. The fever was most virulent during the hot-weather months when mosquitoes were not in evidence. It is the general belief in India that fever follows the breaking up of waste land, and that it is associated with certain kinds of jungle growth. And, after all is said, the mosquitoes that carry the virus must, it seems, become infected with it by something—apart from man—that is outside themselves.

The dacoits that found shelter in this tract were headed by one Tantia Bhil—an outlaw with some of the qualities of Robin Hood, but of remorseless

cruelty. I had an arresting experience when visiting a neighbouring village. The group of villagers that met me was led by a woman—the widow of the late proprietor. She was closely hooded. This was unusual with the caste to which she belonged, and I chaffingly asked the reason. She threw back her hood. She was a good-looking girl. But her nose had been sliced off. Tantia's gang, she told me, had raided the village, and had mutilated her because she would not say where her husband's money was hidden. I was greatly moved, and swore that I would do all that I could to assist the police in bringing the man to justice. Remembering an Indian fable, we endeavoured not to catch the rat, but to find the rat's hole. We found that his "fence" was a well-to-do man across the river in native territory. With the assistance of the Political Agent, we got him removed in custody. Tantia was left resourceless, and was shortly captured. He had been guilty of several murders and was sentenced to death. It is an interesting fact that a petition, strongly supported by the Indian local Bar, urged the mitigation of his sentence on the ground that his crimes manifested, in a way, feelings of laudable patriotism.

It goes without saying that all these large undertakings would have been impossible had I not been loyally served by an efficient staff. Eight men of my own service took up, at various times, the onerous duties of Settlement Officer. Two of them—Sir Reginald Craddock and Sir Frank Sly—subsequently rose to be Governors of provinces. The Civil Service could not provide all the officers that were required ;

and I was permitted to make a new departure and to select two Indians for appointment as Settlement Officers—a Muhammadan and a Hindu. Both acquitted themselves admirably, without the shadow of a suspicion of being influenced by money or prejudice. There was a large staff of Assistant Settlement Officers—nearly all Indians—of whose work one can hardly speak too highly. The Settlement Department became a peculiar service, with a strong *esprit de corps*, and manners of its own.

Settlement operations were well on their way when Sir Alexander Mackenzie left the province on promotion. His successor, Sir Antony Macdonnell, was also a Bengal man. But the relations between the two were the reverse of affectionate. Shortly after his arrival, Sir Antony Macdonnell fiercely attacked the assessment proposals of one of my Settlement Officers. His Minute was full of arithmetical mistakes, and I asked permission to correct them, and have the Minute reprinted, before replying to it. This was done, and I defended the assessment. I was summoned to a personal interview and found that the Government of India had been drawn into the quarrel, and that Sir Edward Buck had arrived as their delegate. There was a rather stormy discussion, during which Buck, I noticed, kept himself in hand by drawing pretty girls' faces on his blotting pad—a favourite safety-valve with him. Sir Antony Macdonnell was exceedingly rough in his language to me, and at last I made bold to tell him that he was the fifth Chief Commissioner I had had the honour of serving, but the first who had thought fit to address me in such terms. The discussion

languished and the meeting broke up. The Chief Commissioner called me back, and asked abruptly if I would like the decoration of C.I.E. I was too disturbed to appreciate the offer with proper gratitude, and I hesitated.

"I suppose," he said, "that you are sticking out for a C.S.I., but you've no chance of this."

I replied that I had no such thoughts, and begged that I might be allowed to think over his kind offer. In the course of the day I wrote saying that I should gratefully accept the decoration, since it would give my mother much pleasure. My first decoration, then, came to me, not as a reward of merit, but as an apology for injustice.

It was through Sir Antony Macdonnell that I first came into close relations with a Viceroy. He had been one of Lord Lansdowne's Secretaries, and arranged a week's shooting for him in the tiger-haunted forests behind Pachmarhi. I was invited—or rather ordered—to join the party, as he had an idea that I might be useful in organizing the shoot. It began badly: the first day's drives yielded nothing. I ventured to criticize the arrangements, and provoked the obvious retort that I should try to do better myself. During three days of fierce heat I scrambled through the jungle in charge of the beaters. I had an unforgettable experience of the power of thirst. I had climbed a steep, stony slope, and suddenly felt that life was being dried out of me. A beater passed by, carrying a gourd full of slime and water that he had scraped out of a buffalo wallow. "My brother," I said, "give me half." He offered it—thick, black, with an iridescent scum.

I drank off my share, and, wonderful to say, kept it down. It refreshed me forthwith, and I went on with the beat. We gave the Viceroy some good sport, but made a ludicrous bungle over one tiger. It was in a ravine, at the head of which two tree platforms had been run up, one for the Viceroy, and the other for the Chief Commissioner. We beat up the ravine from below, and I was passing along the "stops" that were posted to prevent the tiger from breaking out at the side when there was suddenly a loud crashing in front and the tiger bolted out across close by me. We returned to camp in great disappointment. One of the Viceroy's staff was on an elephant with me.

"You've a curious Chief Commissioner," he said.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"I was posted with him on his *machán* (platform), and the beat had just begun when he discovered that we were too near the ground to be perfectly safe, and insisted upon climbing higher up the tree. He put his head into a red ants' nest and came crashing down with a noise to wake the dead."

Lord Lansdowne was the finest gentleman I have ever met—courageous, painstaking, and the soul of honour. He had a real desire to make himself acquainted with the country. I was supposed to be an authority on Indian village life, and one afternoon he sent for me and spent a couple of hours in putting questions and taking notes of my replies. Other Viceroys were less anxious to understand. Lord Dufferin never mastered the distinction between the two widely different provinces of Bihar and Berar. It was during Lord Elgin's viceroyalty that I was

on the Legislative Council in charge of the Central Provinces Tenancy Bill. The day before the meeting, he sent for me and asked for some explanations. I did my best to make them interesting. He thanked me for an amusing hour's talk, but ended by saying that he felt very little better informed about the matter than when I came into the room, that it was not really necessary for the Viceroy to understand such details, and that he relied upon me to speak in defence of the Bill if he signed to me to do so.

It was in my twentieth year of service when Sir Charles Crosthwaite, who had become Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, offered me a post as one of his secretaries. I accepted it and was given a year's furlough before I joined up. The prospects of a change were exciting. But I was very sorry to leave the Central Provinces. I was known to the people of almost every village; I had enjoyed much good sport; and above all was my affection for Pachmarhi, where I had spent some ten weeks of each year during the months when out-of-door work was impossible in the plains. It is certainly one of the most picturesque places in the world. An undulating plateau of park-like grass land, some 3,500 feet above sea-level, fringed and embossed with clumps of noble trees, stands within a circle of strangely shaped hills—or even mountains—which overlook it with precipices of rose-tinged rock, forest crowned, and, in a measure, forest-clad. On the edge of the plateau one finds an extraordinary contrast. Deep cañons, precipitously scarped, separate it from the encircling mountains and run out between them towards the plains. In their depths

LAND-BATING AND AGRICULTURE

they carry streams of clear water, overhung by tree ferns, and haunted by a water ouzel—known as the “idle schoolboy”—whose thrush-like notes can be heard of mornings and evenings from the edges of the precipice above. Nowhere in the world can two striking types of the picturesque be more harmoniously combined.



TACHMATH—AN ENCHILING FAVINE

CHAPTER III

INDIA AND EGYPT

My furlough dated from October, so we decided to spend the winter months in a tour through the inner Himalayas behind Darjeeling, and in seeing something of Burma, the Madras Presidency, and Ceylon.

In Burma we stayed at Mandalay with my old chief, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Government House was an old Burmese palace surrounded by a moat, and the mosquitoes were such a nuisance that we ate our Christmas dinner with our feet in muslin bags, or jack-boots, and had to retire early to bed within the shelter of mosquito curtains. I learnt a lesson here in the art of breaking down a trade monopoly. The rice-husking mills at Rangoon, which commanded the export trade, had formed a ring and were offering the cultivators an unfair and inadequate price for the rice that was brought them. The Lieutenant-Governor found that an old and almost derelict mill, owned by a Chinaman, could be purchased. He bought it, installed a staff of engineers, and entered into competition with the other mills, offering the cultivators a fair price. There was, of course, a rush to the mill, and in a few weeks the other mill-owners "came in" and raised their prices to the same level. The expedient was far more successful than legislative interference would have been. It followed lines that

are now called "socialistic." But could a Socialist Government have counted upon the administrative efficiency that was a *sine quâ non* of success ?

We reached Madras just before the annual meeting of the Indian National Congress. I was anxious to attend it, but had difficulty in finding a companion, since the Government did not look kindly on anything that might seem to give official countenance to its proceedings. Stuart, the Director of Public Instruction, consented, however, to come with me. We were to slip in unnoticed in the crowd. But he was immediately recognized by some of the stewards, who were for the most part young collegians, and we were *volens volens* carried up on to the dais, and placed just behind the President's chair. He was an Englishman—an M.P., I think—of very undistinguished appearance. There were reasons for expecting some trouble. A very prominent Congressman of Madras was a Mr. Eardly Norton, a skilful and eloquent barrister, who had made a considerable fortune at the Indian Bar—aided in some measure by his close connexion with the country. For he was Indian born. Some three years before, he had run away with the young and attractive wife of a coffee planter. I happened to be on board the ship of their elopement: we were all much embarrassed by the audacity of their love-making. The husband had refused to divorce her, and the two were consequently living "in open sin." Congressmen from other parts of India, and in particular those from Calcutta, were scandalized that their champion in Madras should be one who defied convention in this manner. But the Nationalists of Madras were altogether in his favour.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

The meeting was held in a huge tent. There were thousands present. The first speaker was a Muhammadan, and addressed us in Hindustani. He was, of course, against the Government, but his criticisms were good-natured and amusing. Then Mr. Eardly Norton got up. Elegantly frock-coated, with a large buttonhole of violets, he reminded me irresistibly of the master of a circus ring. His lady was by his side. He had spoken a few words when I became aware of a commotion behind me, and, turning round, saw a little woman, a Miss Müller of the Zenana Mission, who was trying to push her way to the front of the dais. I made room for her. She stepped in front of the President's table, and, holding up a hand, protested against Mr. Norton's being given a hearing. A deafening clamour arose, and I heard the most opprobrious epithets hurled at her. The President took hold of her arm to pull her back, but Stuart and I protested. She remained with hand uplifted some minutes, saying nothing, for the noise was too great. She then withdrew and Mr. Norton continued his speech. All the Bengal delegates then arose and left the hall in protest. They agreed with her, but had lacked the courage to open fire. She wrote an account of the incident for the next morning's paper, and we were horrified to find ourselves named as two "noble-minded" (or was it "lion-hearted?") Englishmen who had stood by her in her conflict with the powers of evil. It was some years before the Congress recovered from this breach between Calcutta and Madras.

Here may be permitted a brief digression as to the origin of the Congress. It may, no doubt, be argued

that collective antagonism to British rule was bound to come. But, as a matter of fact, the movement owed its birth to a disgruntled English official, Mr. A. O. Hume. During the Mutiny he was District Magistrate at Etawah, and acquitted himself so well as to earn a C.B.—a far greater prize in those days than at present. He had great abilities and considerable private means, and was promoted to be Secretary to the Government of India for Agriculture and Commerce. But he paid little attention to his duties, being absorbed in the pursuit of ornithology, on which he was an acknowledged authority. In 1881 the Government disembarrassed itself of his services by abolishing his appointment, but revived it immediately he was pensioned, and gave it to Sir Edward Buck. He was, not unnaturally, bitterly hurt. He continued to live at Simla, where he had an exceedingly fine house, and devoted his time and his money to energizing the non-official intelligentsia of India with political hostility to the State. It was currently reported that he spent no less than £20,000 on the movement. He was a man of strong character, and, when his Congress meetings were disturbed by rival bickerings, there were no mincing of words in the expression of his opinions. His steps were followed by other discontented English ex-officials, and it is not too much to say that the idea of Indian nationality was named and baptized under the sponsorship of the Indian Civil Service.

On my arrival in England I was offered the post of Director of Agriculture in Egypt. The offer was made me by Sir Elwyn Palmer, Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, on behalf of Nubar

SERVICE IN EGYPT

Pasha, the Prime Minister of the day. I represented that my experience of official endeavours in improving agriculture had not been encouraging, and that it was doubtful whether the Directorship would be worth its cost. He then asked me whether I would come for a year as Agricultural Adviser. I agreed, and arranged to take an extension of furlough for the purpose.

So came about my entry into an official "side-show" which gave me some interesting experiences. They began with my presentation to the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, by Lord Cromer. I was admonished not to unbutton my coat or cross my legs, since, according to Turkish ideas, these relaxations were disrespectful. I have never seen a man more awkwardly nervous than was the Khedive in Lord Cromer's presence. Lord Cromer was, in fact, an alarming personality. As Major Baring, he had been Lord Ripon's Private Secretary in India, and was commonly known then as "Major Overbaring." He was emphatically a "strong man," well fitted to control the fractious elements with which Egyptian politics abounded.

Very different was the atmosphere of my interviews with Nubar Pasha. He was an Armenian, a handsome old man of most cordial—indeed affectionate—manners, who, with his hand on my shoulder, expatiated enthusiastically upon Egypt's future. (Curiously enough, many years afterwards I accidentally made the acquaintance of his nephew in California and travelled with him some days.)

Every facility was given me for acquainting myself with the agricultural conditions of the country.

I had my own little steamboat on the Nile, and an exceedingly nice young Turk—a cousin of the Khedive's—was attached to me as private secretary. He fitted himself into our life as easily as a young Englishman would have done. There is, indeed, a curious similarity between the English and Turkish characters, which explains the ease with which they get on together. I became well acquainted with some of the Turkish district magistrates (or *mudirs*) up the river. We exchanged dinners in the most friendly fashion, and I found them generally most amusing companions. No doubt some of them were amenable to bribes. But so have been Englishmen. The point of contact is perhaps a sense of humour. The Khedive could make fun of the shortcomings of his own administration, and his predecessor, Tewfik Pasha, had a fine appreciation of a joke. One of the English inspectors of irrigation, Colonel Brown, having to present himself at the New Year's levée, borrowed from a friend the buttoned-up "Stambulin" frock-coat which was *de rigueur*. His friend held the Star of the Medjidie, and the coat bore a small loop for it. The Khedive noticed it at once, and pointing to it said, "I see, Colonel Brown, that you are versed in prophecy as well as irrigation." Colonel Brown, very red in the face, explained that the coat belonged to a friend. But the Khedive sent the star on to him next morning.

And a good story is told of Ismail Pasha, Tewfik Pasha's predecessor. The Egyptian Navy consisted of little more than one ship of war. But there was a Naval Department with an English officer, Admiral Blomfield, at the head of it. Money was

scarce—indeed the State was practically bankrupt—and every year there was such difficulty in getting funds for overhauling the vessel that the Admiral had to demand it in person. The Khedive explained that he could do nothing but refuse. The Admiral drew forth his formal resignation and tendered it. The Khedive laughed, pushed it back, and said that he would see what could be done. On the third or fourth repetition of this demonstration Ismail Pasha begged the Admiral to get his resignation recopied, "For," he said, "the thing has become quite dirty from constant use."

As for the fellahin, the natives of Egypt, the first thing one notices is their extraordinary strength. No one who has disembarked at Port Said but has noticed the enormous piles of luggage the porters can carry. They are exceedingly industrious. The men who raise water from the Nile by the lever lift (*shaduf*) work from sunrise to sunset. They lack the spirit of the Turkish peasant. But they are far more emotional, and are easily moved to reasonless excitement. My own experience of them was that they are exceedingly polite. From my halting places on the Nile I used to make excursions around the villages on donkey back. Immediately I reached a village I was hauled off my donkey by a couple of stalwarts, and carried rather than escorted to the house of the village head-man, where coffee was served with great formality. I picked up a working acquaintance with colloquial Arabic, and this was sufficient to put me on good terms with everyone.

The fellahin are excellent cultivators. They have discovered, or developed, a species of clover (*bersim*)

INDIA AND EGYPT

which, with irrigation, will yield half a dozen cuttings each season, and, as a leguminous plant, enriches the soil for a following crop of cotton. They are well aware of the fertilizing effect of nitrates, and have found at some places in the desert some deposits which are effective, if impure, and supply a considerable boat traffic. The annual produce of an acre of irrigated land was commonly as much as £20. Cultivators so industrious and experienced need look to the Government for little except security in their holdings and facilities for applying the Nile water to their fields. The latter were being most efficiently promoted by the irrigation engineers whose services had been obtained from the Indian Government.

There was an Agricultural School at Cairo which I reorganized on a more practical basis. I also endeavoured to infuse some reality into the School of Engineering, where there were, I think, twenty-seven professors for seventeen students. But the fact which struck me most strongly was the confusion and insecurity of land tenures that resulted from the absence of any field maps. Their need was emphasized by proceedings that were in progress for the correction of gross inequalities in the land revenue assessment. These operations were based upon areas roughly calculated from unmapped measurements, and therefore took large blocks of land, and not individual holdings, as their units. With the permission of the Egyptian authorities, I started field-survey operations on the Indian model and made cadastral maps and records for some twenty-five villages. They found much favour with

TRYING ONE'S LUCK

the people, and were carried on after my departure, at first by a surveyor who was deputed from my Indian staff, but later on under the more efficient control of Colonel (now Sir Henry) Lyons.

It ■ amusing to realize how often large events are determined by little accidents. My idea of a field survey was opposed in some official quarters on the ground that in the deeply inundated lands of Egypt field boundaries could not be permanent, and must fluctuate like the waves of the sea. I knew, of course, that this was not so, and that cultivators were well aware of their own boundaries. Indeed, I had learnt that in some cases field corners were actually marked by small stones that were sunk in the ground. A committee, presided over by Sir Elwyn Palmer, assembled to consider the question. We walked through the fields, comparing them with the map, when the objection was raised that in the year following all would be changed. I determined to try my luck, and at the field corner where we were standing asked the cultivator whether he had a stone there.

"Assuredly," he said, and, scraping away some earth, brought it to light.

Sir Elwyn Palmer turned to me and said, "That will do for us." And the survey was accordingly carried through.

The Government of Egypt at that time was of a very hybrid kind. The Khedive had a Cabinet of Turkish or Egyptian, Ministers, which was nominally the head of the State. But all the principal departments of Government were in the charge of Englishmen—in some cases of Frenchmen—and the Ministers

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themselves were shepherded by English advisers. The Irrigation Department was exceedingly well run. A number of irrigation engineers had been deputed to Egypt from the Indian staff, four of whom, Justin Ross, Willcocks, Garstin, and Forster, accomplished changes which would prevent their names from ever being forgotten, if gratitude had not its limits.

It was mainly to Willcocks that the country people owed their deliverance from the forced labour (*corvée*) which drew thousands of men from their homes for the annual clearance of the canals. He maintained that this could be effected, at no very great expense, by machine-dredging on contract terms. His views were accepted and the new system introduced. Unluckily the Nile was late in rising that year: the canals remained long unfilled, and the people angrily clamoured against the Government for leaving their channels only partially cleared. Willcocks "faced the music," and went out along his canals: there were at one time fears that he had been maltreated by an infuriated peasantry, and some talk of sending troops to rescue him. Luckily the Nile rose, and rose well; difficulties vanished, and the dredging system was definitely adopted. It was Willcocks (now Sir William Willcocks) who drew up the original project for the Great Nile Dam at Assouan. A monumental stone on the dam commemorates the persons who were connected with its construction. In large capitals are set forth the names of the Khedive and his Ministers, Lord Cromer, and others whose contributions were of the most subsidiary kind. Sir William

KITCHENER PASHA

Willcocks' name is writ small, low down in a corner, like the stone-carver's name on a cemetery tombstone.

The Army was, again, most efficiently directed by Kitchener Pasha, as he then was. He had no interests outside his duties, and set an example of unremitting industry. There was much talk of the reconquest of the Soudan. The power of the Khalifa was a standing menace to Egypt. But this was not enough. It was asserted that the annexation of the Soudan would be economically profitable. I discussed this question one day with an uncle of the Khedive's—a Turk who might have been taken for a French marquis. "There's a proverb," he said, "that God laughed when He made the Soudan."

It cannot be claimed that all the English departmental chiefs were as efficient. Some of them notoriously neglected their duties. But the official *moral* of the country was generally slack, and public opinion did not condemn them. The wastage of public money was a joke rather than a scandal. I calculated that, per head of population, the Government expenditure was seven-fold that of India. The public offices were closed down at one o'clock. And in those days the people accepted the lead of the English with every appearance of loyalty and even of liking. They had, I think, been greatly impressed by the "self-denying ordinance" of some years back. The country was in great financial straits, and English officials had reduced their own salaries, and had fixed a very moderate maximum. Mankind is impressed far more than may be supposed

by the practice of some asceticism on the part of their rulers.

Lord Cromer bestrode us all "like a Colossus." His difficulties were very great, not merely in regularizing the administration, but in countering the impatient antagonism of the French. Their jealousy was carried to absurd limits. There was a very nice Frenchman in the Bureau des Finances on the substantial salary of £1,950 a year. He had served long in Egypt, was entitled to a pension, and anxious to retire on it. The occasion was taken of reorganizing the office and of abolishing his post. The French authorities, on learning this, insisted upon his retention in order to maintain what they considered to be a proper proportion of Frenchmen in the Government, and the unfortunate man had to stay on. A small office room was allotted to him. But he had no duties to perform, and I found him occupying his time in translating Lord Milner's book on Egypt into French—"and as I know hardly any English, my friend, it will keep me employed for some time."

There was some silly, but irritating, friction over school books. An English school was maintained at Cairo as well as a French *lycée*, and the English residents subscribed some money to provide prizes for the boys. The French Government immediately came forward with a far larger grant, from the French revenues, for their *lycée*. Lord Cromer compromised on the agreement that no prizes should be given in either case. The English books had actually been purchased, and were kept lying unpacked in a Government store-room.

LORD CROMER

With men who were under his orders, Lord Cromer could be exceedingly harsh. Some English officers had been appointed for the inspection of the Egyptian tribunals. The judges were naturally restive, especially as some of the Inspectors had no legal training or experience. One of them, a Maltese, refused to recognize the Inspector on his visit to the court, or to offer him a chair. For this he was incontinently dismissed from the service.

Lord Cromer manifested power by his personality rather than by any detailed industry. He could have had little sympathy with the people. For, during his long stay in Egypt, he never learnt to speak Arabic. Yet there is no surer passport to the heart of Orientals than the compliment one pays them in learning their language. On one occasion I was taken to call upon Riaz Pasha, the predecessor of Nubar Pasha in the office of Prime Minister—supposed to be strongly anti-English. We came across the old gentleman in his garden, mounted on donkey back and carrying a large umbrella. He received me very coldly, and, feeling rather annoyed, I fell back and exchanged some words with a gardener who was planting flowers. He pulled up, turned round, and asked me, "Do you speak Arabic?" I explained that I knew a little. He dismounted, put his hand on my shoulder, and drew me into his house for a talk and a cup of coffee.

An instructive episode in which Riaz Pasha took a part was the shooting of a telegraph messenger by a young English irrigation officer. The messenger brought him a telegram when he was on his Nile boat and demanded a receipt. The Englishman,

who was at all times eccentric and seems to have been off his head at the time, refused to give the receipt, and threatened to shoot the man unless he cleared off. The man persisted and was shot. This was terrible news for Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, who was at the time initiating the control of Egyptian irrigation. Our occupation of the country was in its early days, and naturally encountered much Turkish opposition. He went to Riaz Pasha, the Prime Minister of the day, to make such explanations as he could. Riaz let himself go on the impossibility of a situation in which Englishmen could open fire upon unoffending Egyptians.

"Yes, yes," Sir Colin replied. "But we have done what we could. The young man has been dismissed the service and sent home."

"What?" Riaz exclaimed. "You've *dismissed* him. Surely not? I had a reprimand in mind."

The Turks set no great value on the life or limb of an Egyptian fellah.

The position of the Khedive was very unsatisfactory. English society was set against him. His private secretary, an Englishman, had unfortunately married a lady whom the Englishwomen of Cairo refused to meet. The Khedive was reputed to be avaricious. But I am bound to say that he gave entertainments which belied this report. On the marriage of a sister (I think) the whole of the European society of Cairo was bidden to his palace, and was entertained in most sumptuous fashion. The Khedivah *mère*, his mother, held a separate reception for the English and French ladies. She stood on a dais, and showered upon them handfuls of little gold 5-franc pieces, and

was, no doubt, delighted to see her European guests on their knees before her. In the special train that took us back, I asked the lady next me—of very well developed proportions—whether she had secured any. "I couldn't catch any," she whispered, "but I think that two or three have slipped down inside my dress."

The Khedive was beyond doubt refractory and obstructive. But more might have been done to conciliate him. He was devoted to farming, and one day, when taking me round his estate, he complained that it was most inconveniently broken up into two by some fields that were owned by a Greek merchant. I suggested to Sir Elwyn Palmer that they should be acquired by the State, on payment of compensation, and be made over to him. The suggestion was very acidly repudiated. Yet the Indian Government would assuredly have made such a concession in a similar case. In the course of a conversation, the Khedive once asked me what I thought of the Egyptian Government. I told him that in some ways it reminded me of an *opéra bouffe*, for his Inspector-General of Civil Justice, for instance, was obsessed by a search for emeralds on the Red Sea coast, and his Inspector-General of Telegraphs had little thought except for the manufacture of artificial manures. He shouted with laughter. On the eve of my departure from the country he asked me to spend a day with him at his palace near Alexandria. I was surprised to find him surrounded by a coterie of Europeans, manifestly of a very "second-rate" class. After lunch he took me apart, and told me that he had granted me the Second Class of the

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Medjidie. Ribbons touch the hearts of young men, and I was very grateful. But Lord Salisbury would not permit me to accept the honour. In those days officers in political or civil employ were barred from foreign decorations. How things have changed !

CHAPTER IV

FAMINES AND THEIR RELIEF

ON leaving Egypt I had three months' holiday before returning to India. Sir Charles Crosthwaite had been brought home to take a seat on the India Council, and I could not expect Sir Antony Macdonnell, his successor as Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, to accept his selection of me for the post of Secretary. I should, then, return to my old province "in the line"—that is to say, as a district magistrate—and, as I had but little experience in this capacity, I asked to be posted to a small district. I was greatly "sold," for I was appointed to the charge of Allahabad, one of the largest in India, at a time, moreover, when it was stricken by famine. I spent nine months there, and my recollections of them are those of a nightmare.

A month or so before my arrival the scarcity of food had manifested itself in a number of beggars. They congregated at a country station on the railway from Bombay, and during train-halts they crowded to the carriage windows. A "poorhouse" had consequently been established, where they would be confined and fed. It was strongly constructed of timber and bamboos. One of my first experiences was the receipt of a telegram stating that the place was on fire. I caught a luggage train, and hastened down to find the enclosure in ashes. Most of the

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inmates had managed to escape. But about 100 unfortunates had been trapped by the flames, and, huddled together in the centre of the enclosure, had been slowly roasted. Over eighty of them were dead, their bodies having in some cases actually been burst asunder by the heat. Night was coming on, and I had no medical assistance. But, fortunately, the proprietor of the village, a local Raja, gave me every possible aid. We carried the living up to some stables of his and laid them out on straw. They were in dreadful pain and screamed incessantly. All that I could do was to mix opium with warm milk, and quiet them with draughts of it until a doctor arrived next morning. For the dead we had to dig a large rectangular pit and lay them in lines, one above the other. It was a horrible funeral.

At that time famine relief was not organized so comprehensively as in later years. The only famine employment was road-work, and the only means of excluding the undeserving was the exaction of a daily task. But at the outset it was impossible to measure in detail the work of the thousands who demanded it, or, indeed, to provide them with implements for digging, and one was brought face to face with the most confusing situations. To give an instance. Hearing reports of trouble, I rode out to a work in the country and found a vast crowd assembled, and being paid there, in complete idleness. It was impossible even to check the accounts by counting their numbers. But my Herodotus came to mind, and, finding a small mud-walled enclosure, I filled it with men, counted them, and passed the

RELIEF WORKS

remainder of the multitude through it. There were between seven and eight thousand. In time implements were provided, and a supervising and measuring staff organized. But at the beginning prospects appeared well-nigh hopeless. When the famine was at its height, during the following spring, there were 250,000 on relief in my district alone.

It was worse than useless to make roads which would never be kept up, and the idea occurred to me of employing famine labour in the cleaning, deepening, and enlarging of village ponds and tanks. This found favour with the authorities. It had the additional advantage of breaking up the hosts of relief workers into manageable groups, and of checking the spread of outbreaks of cholera. The immediate control of the relief-works lay with officers of the Public Works Department. But an indefinite general responsibility lay with the District Magistrate, and it was an immense relief to note the rapid improvement of the work-system. But it was alarming to be informed, two months after I had taken charge, that the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, proposed to visit a relief work in my district. It lay near a roadside railway station, at which he was to descend early one morning. We anxiously arranged to show him our best side. I spent the night before his arrival in the station ticket-office, and on going out early next morning to have a final look round, I was startled to find a corpse lying on the road close to the place where the Viceroy was to enter his carriage. During the night a starving wanderer had lain down and died. I could get no one to touch the body, and all that could be done was to cut down some

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tree branches and hide it as best might be. It escaped notice; and the Viceroy, after driving down the road between the crowds of workers, was pleased to smile his approval.

Famine relief was not, of course, limited to the able-bodied workers. Money was distributed in the villages to those who were listed as indigent and helpless—a form of relief which naturally required careful supervision. And for destitute wanderers, poorhouses were opened. There were eight in my district, each sheltering from 1,000 to 2,000 incapables. Sad to relate, little children were not uncommonly abandoned by their mothers: love cannot always withstand starvation. I had over 400 of these waifs in a set of “nursery” sheds, and large numbers were sold by their parents to the representatives of missionary societies at about 6d. each. Many of the children were afflicted by a dreadful cancer of the mouth, which in some cases actually wore open holes through their cheeks.

To all this was added a severe outbreak of cholera. One could never forget it. One morning I found a man dying of it on the door-step of my Court room, and it was some time before I could find a man of sufficiently low caste to help me move him. The people were terrified, and, by migrating from one work to another, spread the infection far and wide. A tank work which I visited was deserted except for some 150 bodies that were lying on the floor of the excavation, mostly dead. I carried brandy and chlorodyne with me and did my best for the living. The disease invaded the poorhouses, and, worst of all, the children’s home. Morning after morning we

CHOLERA

buried three or four of them, and, on one occasion, two of their female attendants as well.

And, as ■ this were not enough, I woke up one morning to the news that the machinery of the waterworks had broken down. They supplied the city of Allahabad with water from the River Jumna. There was a month—and a month of hot weather—before they could be restored. In days before their construction the inhabitants supplied themselves from wells. These still existed, but were generally in disrepair and foul from disuse. A useful brain-wave came to me. I went to the General (General Money) and begged him to depute men from the British Regiment to clean out the wells. He rose enthusiastically to the idea, and in two or three days we had all the public wells in order. Each was equipped with a number of drawing vessels and cords, for the people no longer had them. We went through the trial splendidly, and at its end the City Council passed a resolution stating that the health of the people had never been better. But throughout the month I was haunted by the fear of fire: a telephone stood at my bedside and a horse was ready in the stable.

In those days there was an idea that Condry's Fluid (permanganate of potash) was a cholera disinfectant. I believe this is now out of date. But it led to some curious demonstrations of the practical effect of faith. I went to a large cholera-stricken village, and, assembling the people, disinfected with the crystals the principal well. When I drew up the crimsoned water there was a groan: "The water has been changed into blood." I told them that by the next

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morning it would become water again. They accepted this, found that it was true, and, with their amazement, the cholera abated. So popular did this treatment become that I had to start an instruction class in my garden, constables drawn from the various police outposts being shown practically the process of well disinfection. One old Raja was so assured that I had saved the lives of himself and his family that he wrote me a Christmas letter every year until he died.

And, through all these harassments, there were social duties to be performed—dinner parties to be given every week or so, which I can remember only as dreams. We had a large garden, and in May we decided to give a "night" garden party to such of the English society of Allahabad as had not fled to the Hills. Some of my Indian friends, on hearing of the idea, were enchanted with it, and begged leave to help me with it. They hung the trees with lanterns, cunningly devised as many-coloured fruits: they dressed up my servants, and a crowd of hand-punkah coolies, in fancy costumes taken from the wardrobe of the annual "Ram Lila" miracle play. It was a great success. Music, whist, supper—and even dancing on the lawn. I got to bed at last—also on the lawn—but was roused before daybreak by my servant. "Urgent," he said. I stumbled into my office room, where a light was burning, and found an elderly Brahmin sitting there in tears. His only son, he said, had just poisoned himself. He had left a pencil note:

"Dear Father, I cannot endure the disgrace of having failed in my examination for the Calcutta

THE CENTRAL PROVINCES AGAIN

University. I have put all of you to shame. I am therefore taking some very deadly poison. Farewell." A postscript was added: "Please excuse bad handwriting: I write by moonlight." The father's object was to be spared the disgrace of a public inquest. I spared him it.

Meanwhile, unknown to me, the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Sir Charles Lyell, had been urging the Viceroy to transfer me back to a province where my local knowledge and influence would be of use. The Commissioner of Jabalpur in the Central Provinces had died of cholera, and I was required to take his place. Sir Antony Macdonnell objected, but could do no more than delay my transfer for a couple of months. In June I left Allahabad for Jabalpur. I had an illustration of the warm feelings of the East. The large railway station was packed with crowds that had come to see me off, and the train had started before the last deputation had succeeded in bidding me God-speed. But through all this I can recollect the unendurable heat of that evening.

My next morning was one of the happiest in my life. Sitting on the verandah over a cup of tea, I was positively invigorated by the monsoon wind that was so exhausting in Allahabad. For Jabalpur lies over 1,300 feet above sea-level, and is gifted by surrounding hills with a picturesqueness which is denied to the Ganges plain. But there was little time for introspective enjoyment. Famine was as acute in the Central Provinces as in the country round Allahabad, with the added difficulty of a much more scattered population. The first thing that

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struck me was the miserable condition of the poorer-class children. Special cash allowances for their children were given to mothers, whether employed on relief works or maintained gratuitously in their villages. But it was quite clear that the little ones were defrauded, and I decided to open "kitchens" for them, and feed them directly. Uniformity and simplicity were essential. I prescribed a recipe for a porridge of boiled rice¹ and pulse which could be very easily cooked and could with some salt and spice be made palatable for the children. I fixed the size of a measure that would suffice for the smallest child that would attend, and the multiples that would be the rations of higher-age classes. Measures were made for distribution, and some simple instructions and account forms drafted, and I ordered the opening of kitchens on all relief works, at schools, police stations, and outposts, and invited landed proprietors to establish kitchens in their villages on behalf of the Government.

There was an immediate response, and in a short time there were some 25,000 children on the kitchen lists of the Jabalpur Division. The system was extended throughout the Central Provinces, and into other provinces. It was regarded by the people in a religious light, and there was little or no peculation. And they were influenced by a Sanskrit text that

¹ My scheme had naturally to run the gauntlet of some medical criticism. It provided for but one meal a day. But more could not be expected from those who opened kitchens; and the children could always keep some of their ration until the evening. The diet included no fresh vegetables. But these are unprocureable in time of famine. And the children seemed to make shift without "vitamins" surprisingly well.

CHILDREN'S RELIEF KITCHENS

"the offering of cooked food brings down rain." Children were generally supposed to "have no caste," so that they could eat food that was cooked in common. But there were scruples, nevertheless. I have seen underfed children that were brought to a kitchen turn from their porridge with tears, although encouraged by their mothers to eat it. But after some minutes Nature prevailed. They would begin furtively to taste it with a finger, and, while crying bitterly, had no choice but to finish it. The children made ingenious cup-platters for themselves out of broad leaves, which they wore on their heads as caps on their way to meals. Each had a tin disc with identification marks hung round its neck, and a group of them so accoutred—and wearing little else—was a sight to see.

Two years later, visiting a remote village, I was surprised at the number of children that came out to meet me. "They are yours," the head-man said. "Had it not been for the kitchens they would all have died." One incident struck me greatly. I was inspecting a school kitchen. The children sat in lines—some 300 of them: the porridge was on their platters, but none touched it. The schoolmaster raised his hand. All stood up and cried, "Maharáni Bictoria ki jai!" ("Hurrah, for Queen Victoria!"). and then sat down and fell to. This recalls another experience. One afternoon in later days, we were entertaining the European and Eurasian children of the civil station and garrison of Jabalpur. Their "grown-ups" were also invited, and there was quite a large gathering. There were children of several religious denominations, and the tea-tables were

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disposed in star-fashion—a table for each kind. The tea was poured out, but no one began upon it. I felt at sea, and asked a young lady, a Sunday-school teacher, who was helping to wait upon the children, what was amiss.

"I think," she said, "they are waiting for grace."

I hesitated. There were several ministers of religion present, but I dared not ask one of them to act for the whole, and was about to say grace myself when the young lady hastened back.

"It is all right," she whispered, "it is only that the tea is so *very* hot."

I was struck by the ineffectiveness of the work-test as a means of eliminating the undeserving. If a village was near a relief-work, half of its population at least would be on the hands of the State. A distance of four or five miles would reduce the proportion to 10 per cent. without signs of hardship. I utilized the staff of village notaries in listing the families who were resourceless, and limited admission to those who were listed. I was able to introduce this and other expedients into the General Famine Code for India, since its drafting fell to me when I became Lord Curzon's Secretary. But the proper enforcement of this and other safeguards requires energetic personal control, and it is doubtful whether this could be secured under a democratic constitution.

In relieving famine distress, one is fighting with Nature, and one can only hope for a partial victory. In spite of everything, the mortality was very high. The Census of 1901 showed that during the ten years that included the famine, the population of the Central Provinces had fallen by about 8 per cent.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Sir Charles Lyall, who had spent most of his official life in secretariats, had much respect for statistics, and stressed the importance of recording all deaths from famine as they occurred. Their numbers aroused some alarm in Parliament, and, to his great sorrow, he was recalled to a post in the India office, the high salary of which could not console him. Sir Antony Macdonnell won the G.C.S.I. The mortality that occurred in his famine-stricken districts was comparatively—and creditably—low. But this success was in great measure only upon paper. For in the United Provinces deaths were incompletely reported at the time. Under his orders each death from famine was to be investigated by special local enquiry, and overburdened officials could not be expected to add to their more substantial duties by statistical enthusiasm. The Census disclosed the truth. In Allahabad and the neighbouring famine-stricken districts the population had decreased by as much as 6½ per cent. It is often advantageous that the announcement of truths should be delayed.

But, however much its death-rates may be lightened, famine leaves a host of evils behind it. The Central Provinces had been particularly hard hit. The famine of 1896-7 was the culminating point of a succession of bad seasons, and a terrible legacy remained in the hopeless indebtedness of the cultivating classes. It had always been the duty, and the privilege, of their landlords to advance them their seed grain—at a profit of from 25 to 50 per cent. : these advances had for some years been generally left unpaid, and at compound interest had swelled immensely. The Indian cultivator is extravagant in

ceremonial expenses—on marriages and the like—and hopelessly large sums were owed to money-lenders on this account. And, in addition, the State had claims for arrears of land revenue and unrepaid advances that were very considerable, although but a drop in the ocean of debt. The cultivating community was, in fact, bankrupt. Riding through the villages, one noticed depression everywhere: the fields were under-cultivated and were going out of cultivation. The people had lost all spirit: man is not energized by ambition when there is no hope of success.

I was in camp with Edmund Blakesley, the District Magistrate of Damoh, when the idea flashed across me that it might be possible to infuse fresh hope into the people by informal bankruptcy proceedings of a kind; that village arbitration, or conciliation, boards might be able to reduce outstanding debts to amounts that might be paid off within a period of seven years, and to apportion them between various creditors, if the Government would consent to throw its own claims into the pool, and submit them also to this arbitration. We should in fact be imitating the *Σειράχθεια* of Solon. I referred the point to the Chief Commissioner, Sir Denzil Ibbetson. With some hesitation he sanctioned the experiment. The proceedings were to begin in the Damoh District.

Blakesley threw himself into them with an enthusiasm that made up for lack of funds. For we had no money grant, and the services of the conciliators were entirely unpaid. We decided to make no attempt to influence the course of the proceedings in detail. But we trained an active and intelligent

LIBERATION FROM DEBT

Indian official (Mr. Anand Lal) to act as "guide, philosopher, and friend" in constituting the village boards and in regulating their procedure. The scheme was a very great success. Its proceedings were, of course, "outside the law." But they were subsequently legalized by special enactment. The people were set on their feet again and could hardly do too much to show their gratitude. I enjoyed a novel experience. When I visited a village the women would form a lane for me, greeting me with the shrill rhythmic cries that are a Raja's traditional salute. Sixteen years later, when passing through the district by train, I was recognized at the railway station, and there was immediately a crowd at my carriage.

The operations were extended to other districts in the division, and I was asked by the Chief Commissioner of the day, Sir Andrew Fraser, to assist in extending it to other divisions. Four years later, when I was in Assam, he announced their completion, and the really enormous amount of the debts that had been extinguished, in a public speech that aroused much attention. He was honoured by receiving the thanks of Parliament.

Like so many things, the scheme owed success to a point of detail. When men were clearly bankrupt, the enquiries were limited to ascertaining how much they could be expected to pay off within a reasonable period, and made no attempt to determine the precise amount of their liabilities. This would have led to endless wrangling between them and their creditors. The compositions that were made were, of course, generally guided by "business" principles :

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a man would, for instance, be called upon to surrender some of his fields—especially outlying fields—in order to save the remainder. But sentiment played a very important part. There were cases in which creditors relinquished their claims on condition that their debtors set free a heifer in their name, or that they would bring water from the Ganges and pour it over the image of a god. And the idea of self-sacrifice, which in Europe (except perhaps in Italy) is almost outworn, is still of compelling force in the East. It enters into the spirit of asceticism which in India commands such respect as it enjoyed in Europe five centuries ago, and manifests itself in signs that are very impressive to those that can read them.

Jabalpur lies close to the Narbada, one of India's sacred rivers, and ascetics are commonly to be seen in its streets. They lead a life which, judged by the "comfortable" standards of Europe, is of impossible hardship. Some of them mortify the flesh by making the circuit of the river on foot—starting from its mouth on the Bombay sea-coast, walking to its source, at least 800 miles distant, and returning along the opposite bank. Its stream rises in a remote hill-top basin, which has been improved into a rectangular masonry reservoir, with steps down to the water, and small temples set around. One evening my wife took a photograph of a group of ascetics, sitting on the steps, clothed in little but Nature's own wear. One of them walked round to her.

"I am afraid, Madam," he said, "that the man next me moved."

I asked what he knew about it.

"During five years," he replied, "I was a photographer's assistant in Calcutta."

I have known two well-educated men—graduates of a University—who devoted several years of their prime to the task of visiting on foot, almost naked, the most notable Indian shrines, from the snows of the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. They returned disaillusioned, perhaps, but not disappointed. After all, self-conquest is the greatest of victories, and must appeal to all those for whom success is a reality and not merely an instrument for gaining the plaudits of others.

I was able to introduce, and place on an established footing, another measure for the relief of agricultural distress. The land revenue, being based upon average income over a term of years, was collected irrespective of the character of particular harvests. This worked well enough with the ordinary fluctuations of farming. But it added severely to the disaster of a complete loss of crop. This might be occasioned by rust: I have known cases in which the wheat harvest, over thousands of acres, yielded no more than a few pounds of shrivelled grain per acre, although the fields stood thick with straw. It was caused more frequently by violent hailstorms which may pass over the country at harvest time. The destruction that they work may be local. But it is complete. One April I was driven to shelter by a blast of icy wind out of an orange cloud, bringing in its wake hailstones as large as marbles. The wheat was beaten down and carried away, leaving the ground closely pitted by the hailstones. The people were in pitiable distress—indeed, they wept aloud. I succeeded in introducing a

FAMINES AND THEIR RELIEF

reform, of general application, under which such total losses of crop were promptly recorded in detail, and the collection of land revenue was suspended until enquiries showed whether it should be collected by instalments in later years or should be altogether remitted.

As Commissioner of Jabalpur I was also Sessions Judge for the division. This is one of my most interesting experiences of criminal court work. In the remotest of the districts of the division I was trying a youth for his life. He was accused of having killed the young son of the village head-man while the two were herding cattle together. There was the evidence of his own sister against him, and some circumstantial evidence—including the bones of the deceased—on the table before me. They had been discovered at a place which the prisoner had pointed out. And, finally, the prisoner confessed the murder and admitted his guilt. The jury system was not in force here, and the judge was assisted by two "assessors"—local landholders or tradesmen, whose opinion was to be taken, but not necessarily followed. I turned to them and said that the case seemed quite clear.

"Yes," they replied, "the prisoner is innocent."

I was much surprised and asked why they thought so. They gave the most fatuous reasons for their judgment. But I happily decided, literally as well as metaphorically, to take my coat off and try the case over again. The prisoner began to whimper, stretched out his hands, and cried for justice. I cross-examined the witnesses. They broke down hopelessly. I asked the prisoner to explain about the bones.

"You remember the ravine," he said, "in which, during the famine, the bodies of those who died of cholera were buried. The police took me there and in my presence gathered some of the bones together."

The prosecution was abandoned, the prisoner acquitted, and I had two police officers dismissed from the service. But this was not all. Six months later I visited the village, not knowing that it was the one concerned in the case. A smiling man ran alongside my horse. I asked who he was.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked. "I am the father of the boy who was supposed to be murdered. He has come back all right. He only ran away from home."

Here is an anecdote to illustrate the romantic respect in which the Indians of those days held even the machinery of the British Government. Leaving Jabalpur one evening by train, I found in the carriage one of the Feudatory Chiefs, or Rajas, of Bundelkhand, with his Diwan (Prime Minister). There were three benches in the compartment, but when we settled ourselves down for the night, I noticed that the Diwan could not stretch himself out completely because my office box was on his seat. I told him to put it on the floor. He flatly refused: the box could not be so dishonoured. I got up and removed it myself. He waited till I was, he thought, asleep, and then cautiously stooped down and replaced it, spending the night crouched up at one end of his bench, but content in the thought that he was showing respect where it was due.

Another anecdote to illustrate what is called "the

mentality of the East." Some rupees had been stolen off my table—a very extraordinary occurrence in India. My head servant was much distressed and begged for time to consider. He then informed me that he would consult a well-known astrologer in the bazaar. This man advised the "rice-eating" test : all the possible culprits were to take a mouthful of dry rice, chew it, and spit it out on command. The guilty one's conscience would prevent a run of saliva, and his rice would come out dry. All the servants were to be warned. But before the test was inflicted, they were to pass before a bowl of bran and plunge their hands into it. The missing rupees were found in the bowl, and it was unnecessary to go further.

Perhaps the most alarming of my Jabalpur experiences was an intimation that Lord Curzon would spend three days with us in the course of a tour. It was a formidable prospect to have the Viceroy as one's guest. But things went off very well. Lord Curzon was in the most genial of spirits. I took him to our local sights, and he was greatly impressed by the multitudes who assembled to see him drive through the town. We had two large dinner parties and receptions, and he insisted indefatigably on giving a few minutes' conversation to everyone of any standing. Indeed, at an Indian gathering at the Town Hall I had discreetly to hint that condescension was pressed too far when it shook hands with men who drew less than £300 a year. And there had been, nevertheless, an awkward *contretemps*. I heard a great noise when, on the evening of his arrival, he retired for the night.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST

He had found his Indian body-servant (or "bearer") sitting, very drunk, on his bed, and had promptly kicked him out. I sent my own man to officiate for the time, and was asked next morning to provide a new servant. This was too dangerous a responsibility: the delinquent had served three Viceroys and had become an "imperial appanage." Cautious diplomacy and abject submission ended in his reinstatement.

CHAPTER V

UNDER LORD CURZON

FROM Jabalpur I was translated into the empyrean but unpractical atmosphere of Simla and Calcutta as Secretary to the Government of India in the Department of Revenue and Agriculture. In this capacity I was, during three years, in close relations with Lord Curzon. The talents of this remarkable man have been commemorated by far abler pens than mine, and I shall be content to mention some facts that illustrate them. Intellectually he was, as one of the Members of his Council remarked to me, "in a class above us all." His perceptive powers were marvellously keen ; his inspections were those of an expert rather than of a Viceroy : against them the traditional "whitewash" was of little avail. On one occasion he visited a plague hospital in Bombay. It was very difficult to induce the Indians to enter these hospitals, and comparatively few of the beds were occupied, although Bombay was plague-stricken at the time. This would have given the Viceroy a bad impression, and at the last moment some of the hospital servants were put into vacant beds as patients. Lord Curzon suspected something, and told one of his staff to question one of the suffering. After some pressure, the man owned up : "I am one of the hospital gardeners, and have been ordered to lie in bed here."

LORD CURZON'S PRESTIGE

The practical questions which Lord Curzon put to Indian officials and non-officials whom he met in the course of his tours impressed them with the "reality" of his insight—with his ability to look below the conventional assumptions of official life and perceive the things which "really matter." This is a quality for which the people of India have a great respect, and there cannot have been a Viceroy whose personality was more generally recognized. He was, indeed, known as "Curzon Sahib" through the length and breadth of the land.

He was as keenly interested in the details of Indian administration as any of the officials under his orders. But there was an important difference between their mentalities. The Indian Civil Service was, by its training and traditions, indifferent to the opinion of the general public, whether English or Indian: its rôle was to influence others, not to be influenced by them. Lord Curzon, on the other hand, had naturally acquired from his political training a sensitiveness to Home public opinion which occasionally put him at cross purposes with his advisers, and sometimes blunted his appreciation of realities. There was, for instance, an idea in Home circles that Indian administration was cumbered with too much writing. It was as true as that English politics are cumbered with too much speaking. He took great trouble to secure the curtailment of reports. But this left the roots of the evil untouched—the excessive multiplication of secretaries and their clerical staffs. In twenty years, for example, the Punjab Secretariat had grown from two to ten officers, and it would be difficult

to find anyone—apart from the secretaries—who was a penny the better for it.

It was, I think, his deference to Home feelings that made him stand forth with such zeal as the champion of the Indians against the British soldier. There were some cases in which barrack brutalities had ended in murder, and no clue could be obtained as to the actual culprit, owing to the unwillingness of men to give a comrade away. Lord Curzon met such cases by inflicting disciplinary punishment on the regiment as a whole. This was, of course, unpopular. He resented this unpopularity, and became inclined to suspect that the British community was against him. This hardened his feelings. When I was Commissioner of Jabalpur, a maker of fireworks was fatally injured by an explosion which occurred one night in his house. Some British troops had been passing at the time. On hearing of the occurrence, I hastened to the spot and found that the man had undoubtedly been killed by fragments of a metal container and not by a gun shot. The Viceroy heard of the incident after I had left, sent for the papers and returned them with a note that "the Commissioner seemed to be very glad to find that the regiment was blameless." It must, however, be said that his disciplinary measures had the assent of the principal military authorities. Amongst the regiments that went past at the Durbar of 1903 was one that had incurred collective punishment. The English spectators showed their sympathy by loudly cheering it. I could see Lord Kitchener frowning, and ejaculating curses, as he sat upon his horse at the saluting point. For he himself had

THE CURZON-KITCHENER DISPUTE

suggested the temporary loss of privileges with which the regiment had been visited.

This brings me to the much-discussed dispute between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener. I was away in Assam at the time, but, from my previous acquaintance with Simla life and the information that came to me, I gathered that the real cause of disagreement was not so much a question of high policy as the phenomenal inefficiency of the Government of India's Military Secretariat, which dealt with the various demands that Lord Kitchener made from time to time. Of this I had some personal experience during my service at Simla. The Military Secretary was firmly seated in his post owing to the popularity of his wife—a charming woman, whose withdrawal from Simla society would have been a real calamity. In Egypt Lord Kitchener had not been accustomed to justify his proposals by detailed explanations and figures: there, indeed, one often doubled one's requirements to meet the chance of their being cut down by half. In India elaborate expositions were required, and the Military Secretariat had little idea of the value of despatch. There was intolerable delay in the disposal of correspondence, and Lord Kitchener naturally resented this very greatly. The Military Member of Council, as naturally, supported his Secretary, and the Viceroy supported the Military Member of Council. Hence arose personal feelings of irritation which bore fruit in official antagonism. This may savour more of the stories of Herodotus than of the dignity of Imperial history. But it need not be untrue on this account.

Lord Curzon had the artist's appreciation of good

work and "finish." He would revise his *chef's* menus for dinner parties, and fix the tunes to be played by his orchestra. I have seen him, bedridden and evidently in much pain, carefully revising the phraseology of a draft letter to a provincial government, which would be read by no one of higher rank than an under-secretary. And he was very sensitive to the appeal of artistic beauty. India owes to him the conservation of her architectural wonders at Agra, Delhi, and elsewhere; and the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, conceived by him and designed under his eye, worthily maintains the tradition of excellence that was set by the Emperors Akbar, Jahangir, and Shah Jahan.

He possessed great moral courage, and would face responsibilities from which most Viceroys would have shrunk. At one time there was famine in the Bombay Presidency which the local Government was mismanaging. I took him a draft confidential telegram, ordering certain changes. He asked me what its effect would be.

"If it is right," I said—"and I think that it is right—they will have the credit; if it is wrong, we shall bear the blame."

He made a grimace, but approved it. He then asked me to come down to lunch with him. I foolishly excused myself: it was important that the telegram should be despatched at once. He was much offended, turned his face away, and would not look at me for three or four weeks. His greatness could exist along with a certain littleness of mind.

Another occasion in which he showed a courageous appreciation of responsibility was connected with

LORD CURZON'S COURAGE

a reduction of the land revenue of the Bundelkhand tract in the United Provinces. Economic conditions here had been very depressed for some years : the cultivators had lost heart, and the land was under-cultivated. It was notorious that the land revenue was disproportionately high, especially since the losses of the 1896 famine. But the provincial Revenue authorities were wedded to the idea that land revenue, once fixed, was "sacrosanct" until the expiry of the thirty years' period of settlement, and even Sir Antony Macdonnell, as Lieutenant-Governor of the province, had failed to move them. Lord Curzon assented to the issue of orders, not only enjoining a reduction of taxation, but fixing approximately the gross amount of the abatement. The letter occasioned much local heart-burning. But it was acted upon, and ten years later I had the satisfaction of being assured by one of the district magistrates of the tract that, since this concession had been made, "Bundelkhand had begun to bloom like a rose."

The most impressive feature of Lord Curzon's land policy was, however, a general resolution which reviewed the land revenue systems of India as a whole. A Bengali gentleman who had risen to the high post of Commissioner in the public service, endeavoured, on his retirement, to compensate himself for the loss of official dignity by courting the applause of his fellow-countrymen, and attacked the Government severely in a series of articles and speeches, asserting that India was economically backward because the land was heavily overtaxed. The cry was taken up by some Englishmen, who memorialized the Secretary of State and brought the question into the arena of

home politics. Lord Curzon decided to publish a detailed reply to these criticisms, and directed me to consult with the various provincial governments, and to draw up an exhaustive rejoinder. This was in addition to my current duties, and occupied all my leisure time for some months.

In my draft I referred to three real causes of hardship, and laid down for general guidance that where large enhancements of revenue were justified they should not be suddenly demanded, but be gradually imposed; that the collection of the land revenue should be rendered more elastic, and be adjusted by postponements to seasonal calamities; and that when there had been a general continued deterioration of agricultural conditions, the assessment should be reduced, although such reduction could not legally be claimed under the terms of the settlement. On reading this portion of the draft Lord Curzon objected that these concessions were inconsistent with the object in view, which was to defend ourselves. I told him an anecdote of the Dublin Theatre. A man was being ejected from the gallery for misbehaviour when a voice came from the audience: "Shure, thin, don't waste him: thry and kill a fiddler with him in the orchestra." The Viceroy smiled and consented. A Member of his Council, Sir Denzil Ibbetson—one of the highest authorities on Indian village life—wrote to me later on that these concessions had given a new charter to the Indian cultivator.

In his book, *The India We Served*, Sir Walter Lawrence (who was Lord Curzon's Private Secretary at the time) narrates, as an instance of his Chief's

THE DELHI DURBAR OF 1903

forceful ability, that he tore up my draft and wrote another that was acknowledged as a masterpiece. This exaggerates the case. Of forty-nine pages, Lord Curzon redrafted the first twelve and the last four. These were political rather than practical, intended to impress rather than to explain, and were recast in phraseology that was infinitely better than mine.

The Delhi Durbar of 1903, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and a host of titled personages from England, afforded scope to Lord Curzon's taste for magnificence. Shah Jahan's marble hall in the Delhi Fort was the scene of the State Ball. During a pause in the dancing, Their Excellencies, attended by a brilliant retinue, paraded up and down beneath the glittering arches, giving one visions—with some change of current fashions—of the splendour of the Great Mogul. Lady Curzon's dress was a "dream"—white, embroidered with peacock feathers in fine gold thread, the work of hereditary craftsmen in the Delhi bazaar.

The Durbar was supposed to cement the Empire by bringing the Indian ruling chiefs and notabilities into unison with the English in the whole-hearted celebration of a grand imperial function. But I doubt whether it achieved this purpose. Ruling chiefs are *hors concours* in their own territories, and dislike entering an arena in which they come under comparison with one another. The spirit of rivalry involved them in very heavy expenditure, plunging many of them into debt. My own group of Rajas and notabilities (I was Chief Commissioner of Assam at the time) were very unhappy. They detested the Delhi climate, were bored by the ceremonies, and

wanted to leave before the Durbar had ended. Lord Curzon looked serious when I informed him of this, and asked what could be done. "They would be perfectly satisfied," I told him, "if they could touch the hand of the King's brother." He suggested that I should have them in readiness that afternoon, when he was to visit the Arts Exhibition with the Duke of Connaught. I had them marshalled in a recess. The Viceroy and the Duke came round. I was presented to the Duke, and, in response to a courteous look towards my companions, I introduced them to him individually and he shook hands with each of them. They were enchanted.

"Are you satisfied now?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," they replied; "and you can now let us go by to-morrow's train."

I must pay a respectful tribute to my memories of Lady Curzon. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever met, brilliant in conversation, with a frankness of expression that could at times be embarrassing. I was beside her one day at lunch at Government House, Calcutta, when a number of distinguished visitors were present. Their Excellencies were about to pay a visit to Burma. She turned to me and asked what was behind what the Rangoon papers were saying about a storm on the horizon "no larger than a Burmese lady's petticoat." I explained that one of the high officials there had married a Burmese wife, and there was an awkward question about her precedence at State functions.

"What do you think," she asked, "of that sort of thing?"



Photo. A. F. Adams, N. H.

LADY CURZON, 1901.

There was a pause in the general conversation, and I felt that all eyes were upon me. I endeavoured to draw a picture of a young Englishman's life on the banks of the Irrawaddy: the muddy river on one hand, muddy rice-fields on the other; swarms of mosquitoes, a ramshackle bungalow, no comfort, no decent meals, and, nevertheless, no money put by, since he was looted unmercifully by his servants. I went on—under glances from the company that became colder and colder—to describe the change that occurred when a Burmese mistress was introduced: rooms neatly arranged and the most made of the furniture, comfortable meals, well-ordered servants, and, withal, money actually accumulating. Even the mosquitoes became less unendurable.

"Yes, yes," she said. "But why *marry* her?"

Wilting, as I was, under a glare of disapproving attention, I could only suggest that it was because, one day, a missionary happened to come along.

In 1902 Lord Curzon informed me that he had appointed me Chief Commissioner of Assam.

"I am afraid," he said, "our relations have not always been quite peaceful."

I replied that I should look back upon my secretaryship as a period of most wholesome discipline.

"As bad as that?" he asked between a smile and a frown.

On leaving his room I met Sir Walter Lawrence. "You are going," he said, "to one of the easiest billets in India. Don't spoil it by making work." But who can resist the "fiend at his elbow"?

CHAPTER VI

AUTOCRACY IN ASSAM

ASSAM introduced me to a new side of Indian life. Hitherto my dealings had been with people whose staple food was wheat or millet bread. I was now to live amongst the rice-eating peoples of Bengal, for the inhabitants of the broad valleys of the Brahmaputra and Surma Rivers that constitute the plain districts of Assam are akin to the Bengalis in manners and customs, and speak a language which is, in fact, a dialect of Bengali. The province, although of very large extent, contained a population of only five millions; so much of its area is mountainous or forest-clad. But it offered some peculiar problems. The hill country which surrounds and divides its two valleys is inhabited by tribes whose marauding propensities needed the forceful control of a "frontier province." And a large area was under tea gardens, under the management or supervision of over 1,000 Europeans. This gave Assam something of the character of an English colony.

I took charge of the province at rather a troublous time. The Brahmaputra Valley had for some years past been afflicted with a deadly epidemic, the *Kala azār*, or "black plague," which had carried off quite a large proportion of the population. Indeed, in one district a quarter of the inhabitants had died. It was happily, however, on the decline. I seemed to have

EARTHQUAKES

checked its spread, in some cases, by having infected villages burnt to the ground, together with the bedding of the inhabitants. They were quite content to receive a moderate compensation. Since those days, the spread of the disease has been traced to the bed-bug.

Another calamity was a violent earthquake that had occurred three years previously. The wedge of mountainous country which runs out westwards between the two valleys is in an extraordinary condition of inequilibrium. There is indeed a locality where slight earthquakes were of almost daily occurrence. Shillong, the headquarters of the Provincial Government, is situated in these hills, and, in my time, every week or so there was an earthquake of sufficient violence to swing pictures out from their walls. In 1897 these tremors had culminated in a violent subsidence, which levelled almost all the houses, and shook the roads of approach down the valleys which they skirted. At its centre, no great distance away, glens in the hills sunk down to such a depth as to form lakes, below the surface of which one could see the trees still standing. The undulations of the shock spread away from the hills across the valley of the Brahmaputra, and an officer of Government who was on tour at the time told me that the rice-fields rose and fell before him like waves of the sea. There was an extensive abiding change in surface levels. Large stretches of rice-fields were ruined by being raised up, and land that lay too high for cultivation was rendered cultivable by being lowered. No change had, however, been made in the land revenue assessment, and there was, consequently, great inequality and

hardship. The term ■ the settlement had expired, and its revision was the most urgent of the problems which confronted me.

In the Brahmaputra Valley and part of the Surma Valley, the rice-lands were held by the cultivators, or *ryots*, direct from the State, and the "soil-unit" system which had proved so useful in determining tenants' rents in the Central Provinces promised to be as effective in Assam. I introduced it, and the Settlement Officers who were appointed to bring the village maps up to date, and record the ryot's holdings, found that it could be worked without difficulty. I supervised their operations myself, and introduced a new principle, which had the effect of limiting the errors to which the discretion of individual assessing officers was liable. After careful consideration of the rise in prices, improvements in communication, variations in population, and the condition of the cultivating classes, I fixed the percentage of enhancement which might fairly be imposed upon each district as a whole, thus giving the Settlement Officer a figure which would be of general guidance in fixing the revised rates for particular villages. The result was that the land revenue was substantially enhanced without any popular discontent, in marked contrast to the past preceding resettlement, when there was rioting that had to be quelled by armed force.

The mustard crop is of great commercial importance in Assam. It ■ grown on land which is annually thrown up by river silt, and its cultivation, accordingly, shifts from year to year, each season's fields being abandoned after harvest. The cultivators had, therefore, no permanent interests against which pro-

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SHILONG ASSAM—JANUARY 11/1901



TEMPERING THE WIND

ceedings could be taken ■ they defaulted in payment of their land revenue, and, to obviate the risk of their reaping the crop and absconding without payment, it was the practice to exact payment from them while the crop was standing, before it was marketed and sold. This obliged the majority of the cultivators to take advances from moneylenders at very high rates of interest, with the effect of exacting from them considerably more than was received, as land revenue, by the Government. This custom came down from the days of native rule, and was at one time widely prevalent throughout India. But it had been formally disowned by the Government of India, and its continuance in Assam illustrated a difference between profession and practice that is admirably "hit off" in the proverb, "It fell from heaven, but stuck in a palm-tree." I postponed the collection of revenue until it could be paid by the sale of produce. The loss of revenue was insignificant. But the relief to the people was very considerable, and they showed their gratitude by very effusive welcomes when I visited their districts on tour.

I first heard of this hardship when a large crowd surrounded my camp, each bearing a written petition. I asked them what the trouble was. They would give me no answer, but that it had been written down. I had their petitions collected and made into a bonfire before me, and then asked them to explain their grievance. They became voluble enough. Nothing detracts more from the influence of government than the idea that it is a kind of penny-in-the-slot machine, only to be invoked by a formal petition written out, at a price, by some professional scribe or attorney.

AUTOCRACY IN ASSAM

This tendency to mechanize government into a heartless routine had developed very greatly in Bengal, and had spread to Assam. It was in great measure responsible for the lack of sympathy between the State and the people which had rendered the Bengalis so prone to agitation. It originates in a respect for complexity of procedure which grows as it is fed, and has since hardened the relations between the people and the Government in all provinces of India.

Primary education in the province was in great measure a sham. Village schools were numerous, and the registered attendance fairly large. But four-fifths of the boys were in the two bottom classes and would never rise above them. The knowledge they would acquire was quite negligible. This resulted from the tendency of schoolmasters to save trouble and gain credit by concentrating their attention on two or three of their best pupils, who would make a show in examination. To correct this attitude, I arranged that a village schoolmaster's emoluments should depend very largely upon capitation grants that he would receive for the pupils in each class—nothing for those in the bottom class, very little for those in the second, something substantial for those in the third, and a relatively large sum for those in the fourth. This gave the master a direct pecuniary interest in increasing the effective numbers of his pupils. He could not, of course, be trusted to make class promotions himself. The inspecting staff was strengthened so as to enable them to be made authoritatively, and the amount of knowledge that was required for each step was clearly defined. This led to a very substantial increase in the number of pupils who really

benefited by their schooling. But this method of harnessing human nature to efficiency did not commend itself to the educational authorities, and has since been abolished. "Piecework" is held to derogate from "dignity," and dignity counts for more than efficiency of work.

In the higher branches of education, Assam had, for years past, been far behind Bengal, and the province had turned to Bengal in recruiting for the higher ranks of its subordinate staff. The Assamese were of little official importance in their own country. This was both unfair and discouraging, and I gave great satisfaction by ordering that, so long as candidates possessed the required educational qualifications, preference was to be given to the Assamese. Their local claims were not to be overridden by any *extra-educational* attainments which candidates from Bengal might put forward. Lower down the scale of public service I made some improvements in village organization—in the appointment of the village notaries and head-men—which brought them into closer touch with the people whose interests they served.

In introducing these various reforms I was greatly assisted by religious influences. I was on very friendly terms with the Brahmin Abbot of a Hindu monastery of high repute—a curious illustration of the influence of Burma upon the culture of Assam, for the monastic life, a leading feature of Buddhism which survives in Burma, has almost vanished from India proper. I won the Abbot's heart by presenting him with a fine copy of the Sanskrit *Bhagavad Gita* which I procured from Vienna. He paid my wife and

myself the signal compliment of asking us to stay in the monastery for a day and a night. A special grass bungalow was erected for us, and in the evening a miracle play was performed by the monks in very gorgeous and fantastic dresses. A ridiculous scene occurred at its close. My wife offered the Abbot her hand. His face was a study in perplexed dismay. For to touch a woman was *tabu*, whereas to refuse the offer was ill-mannered. I pulled her hand away, and the incident ended in a burst of laughter.

The Abbot's feet could not be placed on unconsecrated ground. When he called on me, he was borne into the room in a silver chair, in which he sat with feet uplifted. But ceremony will give way to "business." On one occasion, when he had been formally carried off the deck of my yacht, I heard his voice in the engine-room, and, on going there, found him in the company of my head servant exploring the machinery, quite at his ease, on foot. He was greatly abashed, but explained that he was thinking of buying a steam launch for himself, and that, in fact, "business was business." He had lay disciples in villages throughout the length and breadth of the valley, whose influence he gladly lent me in popularizing administrative changes.

I grew to like the Assamese very much. They are an intelligent, kindly people, very picturesque in their drappings of *tussore* silk. To all appearances, I won their hearts in return. I was known throughout the country as "Assamar Raja." Crowds assembled at my camp to see me; triumphal arches greeted me everywhere. Indeed, during my last touring season, a number of local dignitaries hired a firework maker



THE ATTORNEY GENERAL HAS BEEN ADVISED THAT THE
 ASSASSIN



A KNIGHT OF THE ASSASSIN
 IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE HILL TRIBES

and a company of actors to give evening performances, in front of my camp, during over a month. One grew decidedly tired of sitting out-of-doors after dinner, evening upon evening, to manifest official appreciation of these displays. But they gave pleasure to thousands of people who trooped in from their villages to sit in rings around.

Its hill peoples give Assam a feature of its own, and it was, indeed, the exigencies of their control that led to the separation of Assam from Bengal. They are commonly known as "wild tribes," and some of them are certainly in a very early stage of culture, addicted to head-hunting and constantly at war with their neighbours. Others, on the other hand, offer very convincing illustrations of Asiatic progress under European influences.

The southern hills, the central *massif*, and most of the mountainous country behind it, had been brought under British administration, as this was found to be the only means of preventing them from raiding the villages and tea-gardens on the plains below. The various tribes, known vulgarly as the "Nagas," who inhabit the eastern portion of the central range, have lived for centuries in such a continuous state of internal strife that each group of villages has been isolated from those around it, and so has developed a dialect of its own that is quite unintelligible to its neighbour. There are practically six distinct languages in a population of some 200,000. To take the head of an alien—be it that of a woman or child—was obligatory for a young man who wished to marry respectably. Under British control these vain-glorious vendettas were stopped. But they continued

across the frontier line, and our officers could not infrequently see villages blazing and hear the shrieks of the massacred. It was impossible to tolerate this cruelty, and hence our frontier had been gradually extended for humanitarian reasons. With the approval of the Supreme Government, I pushed our line further out, and held a tribal *darbar*, to which the braves of the newly annexed villages marched before me in their picturesque war costumes. The last had passed when three men rushed forward and threw themselves on the ground. They were the head-men of villages that lay just beyond our new boundary, and they implored me to annex these also, so that their women might be able to go down to the streams for water without thinking with dread of a hostile ambush.

Yet these people are surprisingly intelligent. I opened a technical school for them, under a skilful Chinaman, and they rapidly became capable carpenters and blacksmiths. One of the most warlike of the villages under our control had a police post in its midst, placed there some years before, in punishment for a revolt which cost many lives, including that of the District Officer. The people continually petitioned for its removal. Finally, I agreed to remove it as soon as ten of their children could do a sum in long division. They asked what this was, demanded a schoolmaster, ran up a schoolhouse, and, when I visited the village less than three years later, presented children who passed successfully. The post was removed, but the school remained; and there has been no further trouble.

Further east on this central range there is a peculiar

THE KHASIS

race of people, the Khasis, possessing a culture of their own, much in advance of that of their neighbours. They are apparently an outlying survival of a people that were once widespread, and their only existing relations are far away in Burma and Siam. Their language stands by itself. Their social organization is matriarchal: women are the property-holders; marriage relations are informal, and the only term for a husband is "he who causes me to conceive." When succession—as, for instance, to the office of Raja—must go to a male, it is a man's sister's son that is his heir, since he can, in this case, rest assured that his successor is a blood relation. One would have supposed that, under such a system, the men would have had a "hang-dog" appearance. Not at all. They were vigorous, cheerful, and industrious, had a far greater appreciation of "sport" than the generality of Indian peasants, and had discovered very successful methods of agriculture. Of recent years they have turned to excellent profit practical instruction in craftsmanship that the Government provided for them.

But this peculiar form of civilization is rapidly passing away under the influence of Christianity. For years past Welsh Presbyterian Missions had made the Khasis a parish of their own. In my days there were more than twenty Welsh missionaries in the district. They had adapted the European alphabet to the Khasi language; they had gifted the people with the art of writing, and had made translations of the Scriptures and of hymns that possessed real literary merit. Subject to a "conscience clause," all the village schools had been committed to them; the

hills were dotted with chapels, and on Sunday evenings—far away from headquarters—one might hear the familiar sound of church bells. The Khasis are exceedingly intelligent, and showed their vivacity in developing a number of more or less heretical tenets. But whatever might be the effect of Christian dogmas, there was no doubting the civilizing effect of Christianity. In passing through their villages one could always detect Christians and their houses by their neatness and cleanliness. And the Christian marriage code was, of course, introduced.

Curiously enough, at the time when Wales was agitated by the revivalism of Evan Roberts, this movement spread itself through the Christians of the Khasi Hills, and, in time, its public manifestations of feeling in dramatic posturings and confessions caused the missionaries considerable alarm. The veteran minister of one of the largest churches in the hills was horrified by an incident that occurred during a Sunday evening service. A good-looking girl rose to her feet to make a public confession. Pointing to one of the choir, "I went wrong with that man," she said, "the year before last." He got up and left the church. But this was not all. She continued her confession until it was brought up-to-date, and two other men had left the choir before her accusing finger. All three lodged a criminal charge against her for defamation in the magistrate's court, and the minister wrote to me imploring me, if possible, to stop the scandal. I sent for all four of them, and, after some persuasive reasoning, induced them to shake hands all round. There followed a good tea, and they went off together quite amicably.

ROMAN CHURCH DISCIPLINE

There were also Roman Catholic missionaries in the district—Germans—with one of whom I had a passage which illustrates the discipline that is enforced in the Roman Church. He published a little vernacular paper which continually and maliciously vilified British rule, contrasting it with the benefits that would accrue from German domination. After two disregarded warnings, I formally reported him to the College of the Propaganda at Rome. He received, forthwith, orders of immediate recall (a copy of which was sent me), beginning, "*Reddito Cæsari quæ pertinent ad Cæsarem.*" He begged for my forgiveness. But I remembered my warnings, and refused it.

The tribes that inhabit the hills along the northern boundary of the province—the outer hills of the Himalayas—had never been brought under effective control. Our boundary line ran along the foot of the hills. In reprisal for raiding and looting, military expeditions had been undertaken from time to time, which were very expensive and almost profitless. For, indeed, our troops rarely caught sight of their opponents. A more effective means of punishment that had been adopted was the arrest and detention as hostages of leading members of tribes that had misbehaved themselves. They could be arrested without difficulty. For these tribesmen are entirely dependent upon British India for salt, and must cross our frontier in order to purchase it. I made successful use of this necessity to reduce to obedience the Abors, against whom there have been some military expeditions with deplorably incommensurate results. They had raided some Assamese

villages. I interdicted the sale of salt to them, and enforced the prohibition by strengthening the frontier police. At the end of three months they begged for forgiveness. I interviewed some of their chiefs on the frontier. They consented to return their captives and loot, and to pay a fine of 200 goats. That same evening, returning from a walk, they met me again, and presented to me twenty-five goats that they were driving. I objected that the fine was of 200. "But these are not the Government goats," they explained. "They are a present for yourself."

Another incident illustrates the effectiveness, in dealing with these people, of methods that savour more of Solomon's judgments than of legal procedure. A tea-planter had, without permission, crossed the frontier in search of wild elephants, and had camped beyond it. The Miris plundered his tents. Both parties complained. I fined the planter Rs.500 for his trespass. The tribe was assembled on ground that overlooked a deep pool on the Subansiri River. They were shown the money, and told that it would have been given them had they not taken the law into their own hands. It was then thrown into the river. The tribesmen spent some time in ineffectually diving for it, and never gave trouble again. This idea was the fruit of a visit I paid to a tea-planter of experience. I found him paying his coolies. A tank was hard by, and he threw into it the pence that were cut from the men's pay on account of late attendance. "It is to show them," he said, "that I don't mean to profit by their punishment."

The tea-planting industry offered some peculiar

problems. Its large labour force was entirely foreign, consisting of coolies, or the descendants of coolies, who had been enlisted in the densely populated districts of Upper India by a force of paid recruiters who were generally in the employ of Calcutta agencies. The cost of each coolie landed in Assam was considerable, and the law authorized their engagement under a five-years' indenture. At its expiry the coolie was legally free, but was commonly obliged to re-engage himself by expedients that might be very objectionable. In consideration of the high cost of recruitment, the law gave managers the exceptional right of arresting an indentured man who absconded, and of making him over to the police. As a safeguard, it provided that all tea-gardens employing indentured labour were to be periodically inspected by the District Magistrate, or one of his assistants, and laid down certain rules as to the details of management.

The cash earnings of the coolies were small, although larger than they would have gained in their homeland. But many of them added to their wages by the cultivation of allotments. And their physical appearance showed that they were generally better nourished than men and women of their class who had preferred to struggle on than to emigrate. But this artificial system was naturally open to serious abuses. There were bound to be some black sheep amongst a thousand garden-managers. It was obviously more profitable to tempt another manager's coolies from their allegiance than to import fresh labour, and not a few men kept up their labour force in this fashion. To prevent this form of seduction, various illegal

expedients were used. On some gardens the coolies were virtually prisoners, being, in fact, under guard all night. I came across notices posted at river ferries and railway stations describing runaway coolies, and offering rewards for their apprehension, that reminded one of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Runaways who were legally arrested were seldom, if ever, made over to the police as the law required.

On some gardens there was a good deal of flogging, and I will mention two cases which had some interesting features. In one of them a woman was stripped and flogged. Her husband brought a criminal charge against the garden overseer. He was acquitted by an Indian Assistant Magistrate on the score that he acted under the orders of his European manager. No further action was taken. I heard of the case through a vernacular Assam newspaper. In dealing with offences of this kind, it was essential to carry planting opinion with one, and to use only just so much severity as would suffice to prevent their recurrence. I was not sure of the discretion of the District Magistrate, and while ordering him to take the case up against the Manager, I wrote to him, privately and confidentially, instructing him to impose a fine equal to a month's salary, should he find the man guilty. This was done. The Manager appealed to the High Court. But, rather to general surprise, the sentence was upheld. Many years afterwards, when dining at the Bengal Club with some High Court judges, a discussion arose on the perennial subject of the complete independence of the judiciary from executive interference. I maintained that some guidance might be of advantage, and

told the story of this case. One of the company burst out laughing.

"It was I who heard the appeal," he said. "Your duffer of a magistrate had left your confidential letter pinned to the record. I felt mad for a while, but concluded that, after all, things had gone for the best."

The other case was still more serious. A coolie who had been flogged with a stirrup leather, under the direction of a young European assistant, was killed by the punishment. He suffered from an enlarged spleen, and this was ruptured. The young man, named Bain, was tried by a jury of planters, and, according to popular opinion, was assured of acquittal. But they found him guilty, and the judge—an officer of excellent discretion—sentenced him to eighteen months' simple imprisonment. This may seem to be an unduly light punishment. But it was a sufficient deterrent from the thoughtless use of flogging, and left the feelings of the planting community unscandalized. I explained this to the Government of India. But Lord Curzon was dissatisfied, and ordered that an appeal should be made to the High Court for the enhancement of the sentence. This raised a storm amongst the European community of Calcutta, and the judge who heard the appeal actually acquitted Bain altogether! I had felt very sorry for the youth. Beyond doubt, he had acted under the orders of his garden manager, and had refused to give him away—a married man with children to whom conviction would have been ruin. I had arranged that the English police officer who escorted him to prison in Calcutta should make things as

smooth as possible for him. Meeting this officer after his return, I was told by him that after a whisky peg Bain had grown communicative. "You made one blooming error," he said. "You got hold of the wrong stirrup leather."

Against such conditions as these there was bound to be some revolt, and on badly managed gardens riots were not very infrequent. They sometimes ended in the burning of the manager's bungalow. When appointing me to the charge of the province, Lord Curzon had directed my particular attention to these scandals, and after a couple of years' experience I came to the conclusion that the root of the evil lay in the planters' right to arrest without warrant. I informed him privately of this, telling him that the withdrawal of this privilege might arouse much hostility, but that I was willing to risk this if he accepted my diagnosis of the situation. In his reply, he contented himself with assuring me, generally, of his confidence, making no reference to the particular reform that I advocated. I determined to go ahead; and—to make a long story short—aided by the reasonableness of the leading planters, and the general goodwill of the planting community, I was able to report that the law might be modified, and the right of arrest be withdrawn, with great advantage to the coolies, and without much opposition from their masters. A Commission of Enquiry was, naturally, appointed. It adopted my conclusions, and the Government of India formally accepted them in a public resolution, in which it congratulated the planters upon their good sense, and itself upon its humanity. But this was not

A CEREMONY OF ADOPTION

issued until after my overthrow—during the Viceroyalty of Lord Minto—and, as might be expected, no mention was made of my connexion with the reform.

Lord Curzon's Delhi Durbar came as an agreeable interlude to my official duties. As the head of a province, I had my own camp there, and entertained, on the part of the Government, a large number of representatives of Assam—official and non-official Europeans and Indians. Our camp was considered to be one of the best arranged and decorated. We owed this to the talents of Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Cole, a member of the Assam Commission, whose powers of artistic arrangement have since been recognized and employed in the organization of international exhibitions. He was most effectively seconded by Mrs. Cole.

A curious incident occurred when I was at Delhi. Raja Gokal Das, an exceedingly wealthy landholder and banker of Jabalpur, drove up to my tent with his son and a nephew, and, explaining that he was of an age to leave the world for religious seclusion at Benares, asked me to take charge of the young men as my adopted sons. They were over thirty at the time, and I demurred at the responsibility. He insisted, and ordered them to hold up their right hands and solemnly swear that they would regard me as their master, whose desires were to be implicitly obeyed.

The matter might have ended there. But it did not. Through my head servant, they kept themselves informed of my movements, and when, on railway journeys to Bombay, I passed through

the station of Jabalpur, I was received there with ceremonial honours—with red carpets down and a sumptuous meal provided. One of them maintained a regular correspondence with me after my retirement until his death. Raja Gokal Das' trustfulness was the more curious since, when Commissioner of Jabalpur, my relations with him had not always been peaceable. He was a hard landlord, and refused to make his tenants some concessions that seemed very desirable. In consequence, I was obliged to ask him to discontinue paying his usual Sunday morning visit. This was more than he could stand, since it differentiated him from others who were regular callers. He conceded my points,—and with a very good grace, for he later on publicly admitted their beneficial effects.

CHAPTER VII

THE PARTITION OF BENGAL

I NOW come to that much-vexed question—the Partition of Bengal. It put a summary end to my Indian career. But I started the train that was to overrun me. The Assam Railway had its seaport at Chittagong, in Bengal, and the export trade of the province suffered from the neglect of this port by the Government of Bengal. Calcutta had, very naturally, no desire to assist a competitor. Chittagong could be included in Assam by the transfer of three Bengal districts that were closely connected with the southern valley of Assam. I visited these districts, interviewed some of the leading men, and ascertained that they would welcome a transfer to a Government which would show more regard for their interests.

The Delhi Durbar of 1903 offered me an occasion for explaining the project to the members of the Viceroy's Council, and for winning their general approval. I then submitted my scheme officially, and there is every reason to believe that it would have been accepted as it stood, had not an ancient file been disinterred from the secretariat, concerning the enormous population of Bengal and the possibilities of dividing it. The temptation to kill a second bird with my stone was irresistible; and my scheme was amplified by Lord Curzon so as to include

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the transfer to Assam of the two very large Bengal districts of Dacca and Mymensingh, with a population of some five millions—not outliers of Bengal, but closely connected with Calcutta. So enlarged, my project was returned to me for consideration. I was convinced that its extension would be very strongly opposed by the Hindu *intelligentsia*, and privately advised against it. On the occasion of a visit which Lord Curzon paid to Dacca, he met with very clear manifestations of popular disapproval. But his view remained unchanged as to the desirability of reducing the area of Bengal; and, during his absence on six months' leave to England, a still more extensive dismemberment was elaborated in the Government of India secretariat, under which, instead of some Bengal districts being annexed to Assam, Assam was to be annexed to a very large portion of Bengal, the new province being given the dignity of a lieutenant-governorship.

I was opposed to this idea, and stated my objections demi-officially. It would be popular with the Muhammadans, since it would bring into existence a large province—the only one in India—in which they would be numerically superior. But for this reason it would excite great hostility amongst the Hindus, who would, moreover, strongly resent being cut adrift from the interests that they had contracted in Calcutta. The game was, in fact, hardly worth the candle.

On his return from leave, Lord Curzon, however, adopted this large scheme with enthusiasm. He wrote to me privately, referring to my objections, but informing me that he had decided for “PARTI-

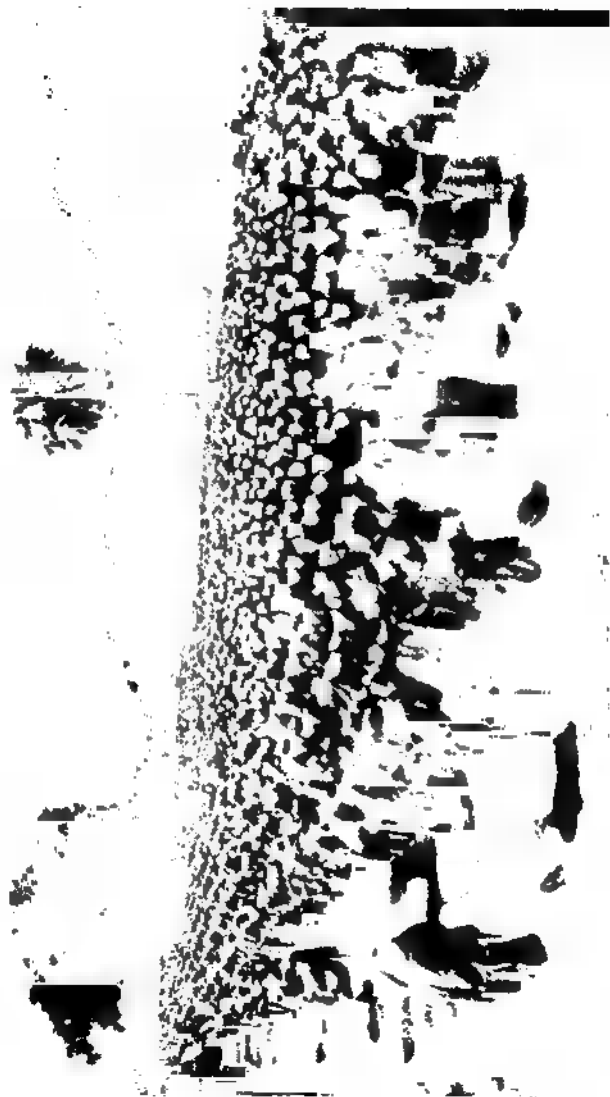
TION"—printing the word in capitals across the page—and, moreover, that I was to be the man to carry the scheme through, although he was aware that my own inclinations lay "further west." (I had in fact an undeniable claim to succeed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the United Provinces, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the day—Sir J. D. La Touche—had offered to resign six months before his time if Lord Curzon would appoint me.) But I accepted this decision with as good a grace as I could command, and set myself to the preliminary task of organization. This was exceedingly laborious. During many months I literally worked all day long. There were endless difficulties to be settled with the Government of Bengal, which, naturally enough, wished to make over to me all its least efficient officers. The various administrative departments had to be expanded or created, and officers selected to take charge of them. It can have fallen to few men to exercise so large a patronage in so short a period.

The existence of the new province was proclaimed in October 1905, and I set out by river to introduce myself to Dacca—the new capital. The day before arrival, my yacht was boarded by the Commissioner, who told me that the Muhammadans of the town were very greatly elated, and wished to welcome me with a series of triumphal arches. I disallowed this, as I thought it would unnecessarily add to the irritation of the Hindus. As we neared the river wharf, I saw that the housetops were black with masses of people. An awning had been erected on the landing stage, and I was ceremoniously received by a crowd

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of leading citizens. But I noticed that there was no non-official Hindu gentlemen amongst them. An address of welcome was read. Instead of making a formal reply to it, I stepped clear of the awning, and raising my helmet wished the multitude "God-speed" ("*Mubárik bád*") in as loud a voice as I could command. In reply there came a deafening roar of welcome. But it was only from Muhammadan voices. I found that the Hindus had already begun to show their resentment. They waylaid English ladies, shouting at them, "*Bande Mataram*" ("Worship the mother"), the slogan of the day. I put a stop to this, and was much struck by an incident that occurred at a banquet given in my honour by the Nawab of Dacca. When I entered the drawing-room, the ladies who were present, rising in a body, thanked me for protecting them from humiliating annoyances as they drove down to the club.

These were childish manifestations. But it was evident that I was to encounter serious organized opposition from Hindus. And I had but little equipment for meeting it. In the twelve Bengal districts—with a population of some sixteen millions—that had been transferred, the only armed force at my command was a small detachment of military police at Dacca. It was true that the Muhammadans were in favour of the partition to a man, and over and over again offered me their active assistance. But this would have resulted in faction fights, and I refused it. Moreover, at this juncture Lord Curzon resigned the Viceroyalty, and his successor, Lord Minto, naturally took little interest in carrying out



MUHAMMAD ALI DUCK AT A STAKE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
NEW TRAVEL POST-PAID-TOO EIGHT YEARS LATER

a change which was not of his making and threatened many worrying possibilities. I should have been prudent, in these circumstances, to press my claims to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the United Provinces. But this would have savoured of desertion. And, moreover, Lady Curzon had made me solemnly promise not to attempt it.

I was personally by no means unpopular with the Hindus. During my service I had made no discrimination between them and the Muhammadans. The people of the Assam Valley are mainly Hindus, and my relations with them could be almost described as affectionate. Nor did I stand badly with the Bengali Press of Calcutta. I had been attacked over my provisions for the protection of tenants in the Central Provinces Tenancy Bill. But this was long past, and had been forgotten in the gratification that I had given by ordering that, in my secretariat, the word "Indian" was to be used instead of "Native" as far as possible, since the latter term was disliked by the people. The Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, one of the leading Bengali journals, had on five occasions sent me, in galley-proof, articles attacking officers of mine, with an offer to abstain from publication if I would go into the cases myself. I agreed. Four of the charges were baseless, but the fifth was true, and I took suitable action.

Some instructions that had excited comment dealt with immorality amongst the students of high schools. I desired that youths who were seen with prostitutes should be publicly reprimanded on the first occasion, severely caned on the second, and expelled on the third. But the newspaper criticism was humorous

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rather than bitter, and I received many assurances of parents' gratitude. They might take the form of anonymous communications. I received such a one the evening before I inspected one of the principal colleges in Eastern Bengal, asking me to enquire about two houses that were built against the college walls, on either side of the entrance gate. I did so, and discovered that they were brothels, and belonged to the Deputy Chairman of the Town Council. I ordered their immediate demolition. There were no complaints.

At Barisal, during the height of the anti-partition agitation, I rode alone through the town to inspect the jail. A crowd lined both sides of the road, undemonstrative but not disrespectful, and when I called for a man to hold my horse, numbers ran forward. On my arrival by river at Calcutta during the Prince of Wales' visit, the Private Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal came aboard, telling me that an armed guard had been sent for my protection, since some Calcutta "stalwarts" had sworn to hang a garland of old shoes round my neck. I refused it. Next morning when I went ashore for a ride, a crowd awaited me round my horse. They were very respectful, and I heard a murmur of "Assamar Raja" go round as I mounted. At a large entertainment given to the Prince, I took occasion to approach a group of my bitterest political opponents. They greeted me with smiles, and seemed quite pleased to shake my hand.

It was, indeed, not the common people, or the Bengali politicians, that made me realize, on the occasion of this visit, the effects of newspaper un-

popularity upon social esteem. Most of the leading State officials—even of my own service—seemed to be shy of my society, as if they felt that they would compromise themselves by showing me attention. There were two exceptions. One was Lord Kitchener, who was cordiality itself. The other was a well-known Maharaja with whom, two years previously, I had had an unusual experience. He had been requested by the Government of Bengal to discontinue his summervisits to Darjeeling, since he had contracted the inconvenient habit of presenting English ladies with bouquets that contained diamond ornaments. He sent his private secretary to me to enquire whether he might come to our hill station of Shillong. I said that there would be no objection, provided that he came in the style of an English gentleman, without a body-guard—on the understanding, in fact, that there could be only “one King in Brentford.” He accepted the terms with enthusiasm, saying that I had paid him the greatest of compliments. I managed to secure his admission to the Club. He took part in all our sports and was a popular member of our society. At the end of the season he came and asked, as a favour, that he might offer a diamond bracelet as a prize for the Ladies Race in our last gymkhana. I politely intimated that if we wanted our women decorated we would decorate them ourselves. He smiled appreciatively. And at the time of this visit to Calcutta he laid himself out to show me attention.

It must, however, be admitted that efforts which I made to raise the status of the Muhammadan community were unwelcome to the Hindu *intelligentsia*.

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Possessing a more definite religion and a more historic past than the Hindus, the Muhammadans had been less willing to sink their old associations in English studies. A knowledge of English had, for some years past, been insisted upon for admission to the higher ranks of Government service. Under this rule the Muhammadans had fared badly, and the predominance of Hindu influence had excluded from appointment even the Muhammadans who had qualified themselves for it. The share of State offices that they held was very small when compared with their proportionate numbers. I endeavoured to rectify this inequality, without lowering the prescribed educational standard, by giving preference to Muhammadan candidates where their share of Government employ was unfairly small. And I interested myself in the spread of education amongst them, and drew up a scheme for a Muhammadan university, which, alas! has failed to materialize. I spent some money in repairing at Dacca the fine mosque of Shaista Khan, a former Muhammadan governor, and was consequently called "Shaista Khan" by some Bengali newspapers. I subsequently learnt from Lord Morley that this nickname was of disservice to me at home, for some Members of Parliament, on ascertaining that Shaista Khan was a forceful ■ efficient ruler, concluded that my methods resembled his.

The opposition of the Hindus emanated in most part from Calcutta, where lawyers and merchants feared that the partition would lessen their *clientèle*. Its leading spirit was Babu (later Sir) Surendra Nath Banerji, a man of very chequered career. He had

passed in London for the Indian Civil Service, after having fought very sturdily objections that were taken to the evidence of his age. He was posted as an assistant magistrate to Assam, but was dismissed from the service for antedating his judgments, a punishment that was excessive. He then established a college at Calcutta at which youths were crammed for the University examinations, for exceedingly low fees and with no regard for discipline. It was well known that numbers of them lodged in prostitutes' quarters. He was, however, best known as Editor of the *Bengalee*, an ably conducted journal, in English, the general policy of which was naturally against "the powers that be," and criticized British officers, sometimes with justice and always with acrimony. He possessed extraordinary eloquence, and was known as the "Grand Old Man of Bengal." He was very generally credited with the accomplishment of my overthrow, and rose to great dignity and distinction in the years which followed it. He was indeed actually "crowned" in Calcutta, in a ceremony that excited a good deal of ridicule. But he was, later on, abandoned by his countrymen as a mean-spirited moderate, and died condemned if not forgotten.

The object of the "anti-partitionists" being to lower the respect for the Government, they found their safest instruments in schoolboys, since these might hope to escape serious punishment on the score of their age. Noisy crowds were formed which insulted European and Muhammadan passers-by, and in one case assaulted and beat the English manager of a local bank. They stopped carts that were laden with English cotton-goods, and burnt their loads in

mid-street. Processions were organized and marched about the towns with provocative cries of "*Bande Mataram*." These were naturally of great annoyance to the Muhammadans, and would have led to violent breaches of the peace had the Muhammadans not been kept in hand. Loyal Hindus were subjected to a venomous social boycott. One case had very wide repercussions. At Barisal, a stronghold of the agitation, a Hindu police officer who had performed his duties impartially was threatened with social disgrace. He had a daughter of marriageable age, and all the eligible young men of the locality were interdicted from marrying her. On hearing of this I wrote to the magistrates of some neighbouring districts asking them to interest themselves in finding a suitable bridegroom, and adding that I would look after him if he possessed the educational qualifications which were required for Government service. Several youths offered themselves. I selected one, sent the bride a wedding present, and arranged that the marriage ceremony should be dignified by the attendance of some English officials. This had a far-reaching effect.

It was at this place (Barisal) that the most serious antagonism was organized. There were the usual anti-British demonstrations, and the Settlement Officer, when in camp, was dangerously assaulted. But this was not all. Several leading Hindus formed themselves into a kind of Soviet, and issued a proclamation urging the people to supersede the officers of Government by elected committees of their own. I visited Barisal, and summoning the signatories on board my yacht, pointed out to them the dangerous

responsibility they were incurring, and, erasing the most objectionable passages in the proclamation, induced them to append their signatures to the erasures. All would have gone well had not the District Magistrate, after my departure, proclaimed the recantation. This aroused a storm. The principal signatory was pilloried by the Calcutta newspapers as a renegade. He defended himself by writing that he only signed because he was surrounded with bayonets. As a matter of fact I had not a single policeman on board. In view of the disturbed conditions of this district, I thought it well to post at its headquarters a company of Assam Military Police, under an English officer whose discretion I could trust. This had a marvellous effect in quieting public feelings, and my Calcutta opponents spared no pains to get the detachment removed. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit they persuaded Lord Minto to order its withdrawal, alleging that this would increase the cordiality of the Prince's reception. The Muhammadans of the district loudly protested. But in vain.

In Sir John Buchan's *Life of Lord Minto* it is implied that my efforts to maintain the Government's hold upon the people were quite needlessly harsh—that I was "blowing flies away from cannon." Nothing could be further from the truth. I did not arrest a single individual without warrant, whereas, after I left, this exceptional measure was put in force against scores of suspects. My police never used their firearms, whereas, later on, to fire upon a mob became a common incidence of preventive police. There were no spectacular prosecutions for sedition

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such as have afforded "copy" for the newspapers during the last twenty years. All that I did was to insist upon the observance of the law. Schoolboy offences were dealt with by small fines and public reprimands, through the educational officers. In one case, in which the boys refused to pay, and were supported by their schoolmaster, I reported the insubordination to the Calcutta University and asked that the school should be "disaffiliated"—that is to say, should not be permitted to send up candidates to the University examinations. I refused to allow public processions, since they disorganized traffic and could easily lead to street-fighting with the Muhammadans, and the law authorized me to prohibit them. But public meetings of protest would be held in open ground, and, of course, in buildings.

I employed the Military Police at Barisal to disperse an illegal procession. But the men were carefully disarmed and could only use their belts. On a later occasion Babu Surendra Nath Banerji came in person to Barisal to lead a procession in open defiance of legal orders. He was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced, but was acquitted by the Calcutta High Court, on appeal, because the Magistrate had unfortunately tried the case on a Sunday. That my methods were not unreasonably severe might, indeed, be inferred from the loyalty of my Hindu (Bengali) Magistrates. Not one of them succumbed to popular feeling and failed in his duties. Nor was this loyalty confined to the magistracy. At a town where there had been serious trouble, the two Hindu sub-judges came to see me—judicial officers of position, on liberal salaries, who are not ordinarily disposed to

favour the executive government. I explained to them my difficulties, and the dangers that would threaten ■ the State lost its authority, and told them that I expected all who were in State service to help me, not passively, but actively. They glanced at one another, took off their turbans, knelt down, and each taking one of my hands swore to obey me as their Raja.

My difficulties were vastly increased by the political situation of the day. Lord Minto, naturally, desired to smooth down the troubles that his predecessors had bequeathed to him, and one of his first acts was to send for Babu Surendra Nath Banerji and consult him in a private interview which was publicly acclaimed. The election of the Radical Parliament of 1905 had, in truth, made his position, as a Conservative Viceroy, exceedingly awkward. To continue in office, it was necessary to conciliate politicians with whom he could have had but little sympathy. And he had in mind the impending visit of the Prince of Wales, whose reception should not be marred by manifestations of popular discontent. These considerations apart, he was quite ready to help me.

His Finance Minister had cut down my budget so drastically that the new province would have been starved out of existence. I determined to "appeal to Cæsar," and, during a day's visit to Calcutta, I asked for an interview that afternoon. I was told that it was impossible, as he was going down to polo. I begged leave to come at an earlier hour. Lord Minto received me quite cordially and was amused to hear of my experiences. I explained the situation to him: the new province was a

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source of endless worry, but things would be worse if the worry bore no fruit, as would be the case if we had no money to spend. He quite agreed, and told me to ask his private secretary to put a distinctive mark on the file containing my remonstrance when it passed through his hands. I got my money, and for the credit of human nature must record that the Finance Minister (Sir Norman Baker) wrote to congratulate me on the success I had won against himself. But in one case the Viceroy (or his Council) "let me down" very badly. Some Bengali gentlemen of Barisal had appeared before the District Magistrate with the alleged deposition of a woman of the scavenger caste, complaining that she had been outraged in the dark hours of the morning by one of my Gurkha Military Police. They also produced a statement to a similar effect, which they said had been taken down from the mouth of the woman's husband. In the judicial enquiry which followed, the woman admitted that she did not know that her assailant was a Gurkha, her husband denied all personal knowledge of the assault, and it was proved that no Gurkha was absent from quarters at the time. The woman had undoubtedly been outraged; but the crime had clearly been patriotically utilized as a pretext for bringing the Military Police into disgrace. The Bengali Editor of a newspaper that was published in Assam published as true the original accusation. I sent him a copy of the judicial record and asked him to publish a contradiction. He flatly refused, and I consequently stopped subscribing for fifty copies of his paper on Government account—a privilege that had been accorded him by

my predecessor, of whom he was a *protégé*. Questions were asked in the Legislative Council at Simla, and the Government of India desired me to cancel my order and continue my subscription. I protested. But the only concession I could obtain was that the *volte-face* should be delayed for three months, and should be dependent upon the attitude of the Editor during this period.

But if the Government of India was nervous, the Home Government was frightened—not by the course of affairs in India, but by the need of placating the Frankenstein of a Radical Parliament. It contained a number of members who specialized in Indian politics, were in close touch with Bengali agitators, and were kept supplied with materials for accusatory questions in the House. Lord Morley, the Secretary of State for India, could not afford to be unsympathetic to his own supporters, and telegraphed to the Viceroy a stream of questions as to my administration, which were textually repeated to me, with a query as to what I proposed. Several of them referred to school disciplinary measures. Sir Valentine Chirol unwittingly started this series. As *Times* correspondent, he spent some days with me at Dacca, and contributed an article on the situation in Eastern Bengal. He referred to the misbehaviour of schoolboys and mentioned that in some cases they had left school rather than pay a small fine. The Secretary of State intimated to me by telegram that I should remit the fine. After ineffectually offering to reduce its amount to the equivalent of fourpence, I proposed to issue an order remitting it altogether, prefaced by the words, “Acting under superior

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authority." This was disallowed. And the concession was useless. Not one of the youths returned.

On another occasion I was actually called upon by telegram to explain why the headmaster of a certain school had expelled two boys. I was able to assure the Secretary of State that it was for bestial immorality. I was repeatedly called to account over my orders stopping processions and even over petty sentences that had been inflicted by my Bengali magistrates.¹ A case, quite unconnected with the partition, that did me much harm, was that of a man, named Uday Patni, who had been sentenced to death for a brutal murder. The High Court had rejected an appeal from him. He petitioned me for mercy, but I saw no reason to commute the sentence. Under standing orders, cases in which local Governments refused to interfere with capital sentences were to be reported to the Government of India, the date of execution being fixed, but at the end of a period which would give time for intervention—if the Government saw fit to intervene. The period of postponement was the same, whether the Local Government was within a day's post of Simla, or whether postal communication took several days, as was the case with letters from Assam. Our letter in this case seems to have been overlooked at Simla, and it was only on the day before that on which the execution should have taken place that a telegram was hurriedly despatched, asking us to postpone it. Most unfortunately, in notifying the date of execution,

¹ In strong contrast to this malevolent heckling was a pencil note that I received from Lord Curzon—evidently written when laid up in bed. "Go on," he wrote, "we are all proud of you."

my Secretary had made an arithmetical error, fixing it one day short of the prescribed period. Execution had taken place just before the telegram reached us. This gave a useful handle to my adversaries in Parliament. To a question that was asked, Lord Morley replied—contrary, it may be mentioned, to the advice of his Council—that my conduct was not in accord with the standard that was expected of the Indian Civil Service. This was a very nasty blow to my credit. The mistake was not of my making, and I might have laid it upon my Secretary. But one does not like to give a subordinate away.

In August 1906, ten months after the partition had been proclaimed, open opposition had quieted down. But I was aware of much sore feeling amongst the Hindus, and I decided to make a tour through the transferred districts. There was, moreover, a special reason. In one area there was a good deal of hardship, owing to a failure of the crops, and the local officers, having no experience of famine relief, needed some guidance. I spent a couple of days putting relief measures in proper trim, and then started on a tour of general inspection. It was at this time that I received a letter from the Home Secretary to the Government of India desiring me to withdraw my recommendation to the Calcutta University for the disaffiliation of the school which had been obstinately recalcitrant. This would have weakened my authority to vanishing-point, and I decided to make a stand. It seemed to be impossible that the higher authorities would accept the lowering of British prestige, and the administrative confusion that would be involved in my retirement; and I determined to

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risk my own future in an attempt to maintain law and order. I appealed to the Viceroy, saying that I would rather resign than withdraw my recommendation. In Sir John Buchan's *Life of Lord Minto* it is suggested that there was a risk that the University would reject my recommendation. This is incorrect. I had a majority for me; and, indeed, the school would have been already disaffiliated had not two Bengali members urged that the schoolmaster should be permitted to show cause against this measure. They took advantage of the adjournment to hasten up to Simla, where they succeeded in playing upon the nervousness of those in high places.

This disturbing letter did not interrupt the course of my tour. For over a fortnight I passed from place to place along the river, landing each day, inspecting the local institutions and interviewing those who wished to see me. Large crowds awaited me, and their demeanour was respectful, ■ not enthusiastic. I was attended only by an A.D.C., and had no police guard.

As the days passed, antagonism seemed to fade. At one place the Bengali Chairman of the District Board sought a private interview, and professed his desire to assist me in conciliating his fellows. I welcomed his offer, and said that I was like a man who was married to two wives, one a Hindu, the other a Muhammadan—both young and charming—but was forced into the arms of one of them by the rudeness of the other. The Indians love parables, and my interviewer burst into laughter, saying that I had exactly described the situation. He telegraphed the conversation to a Bengali newspaper of Calcutta.

It made "good copy," and became the subject of much serio-comic comment. One paper came out with a leading article headed "To Lady Fuller," advising her not to let me go about so much alone ! In political circles at home the joke took the colour of a scandalous indiscretion. Lord Morley charged me with it very seriously. But when I explained the circumstances his attitude changed. He was scandalized that publicity should have been given to a private conversation. And no wonder. Politicians—to be safe—must be judged only upon their public utterances.

At the last of my halting-places before reaching Dacca, I was surprised to receive an invitation from the townspeople to drive through the streets after dinner, and see illuminations and fireworks that they had provided for me. There was quite a good display ; the streets and housetops were packed, and cries of welcome reached me from all sides. Next day, on arriving at Dacca, I found the landing-place crowded with people, and amongst those deputed to welcome me I noticed a number of prominent non-official Hindus. I immediately made arrangements for a large garden party on the day after the next, and took care to ensure that invitations were issued to the right people, irrespective of race or creed. It was attended by over 400 persons, and was a great success. As I was bidding my guests good-bye, one of them, an old Hindu, took my hand in both of his and congratulated me on having achieved the impossible, and made friends with both Muhammadans and Hindus. The party over, I went to my office, and found on the table a telegram informing me that my resignation had been accepted. My venture had

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failed—and after eighteen days of indecision, for it had taken the Viceroy and the Secretary of State so long a time as this to resolve against me.

I need not enlarge upon my feelings of despair—all the more acute because victory had been in my hand. I took occasion, next day, to ride alone through the town of Dacca, and noticed that Hindu shopkeepers who previously had not saluted me now rose respectfully to their feet and did so. My departure from Dacca was a painful ceremony of lamentation; on my arrival at Shillong I found the whole of the English community, from the General to the nurse-maid, drawn up at the Government House gate. It was hardly a consolation that the Government of India requested me to spend some days in giving hints to my successor before making over charge to him.

I left the province amidst convincing manifestations of regret from all classes of the community.¹ The leading Muhammadans actually chartered a steamer to convey them as an escort to me, during my two days' voyage down the Brahmaputra. The Government of India issued a special valedictory *Gazette*, and Lord Minto wrote to me privately that he did not know what my plans might be, but that if at any time he could help me he would do so. To this I could make no reply. The European community of Calcutta offered me a public entertainment; the

¹ The voluminous newspaper correspondence that followed my departure afforded an interesting illustration of the up-springing of a myth. In the course of a long letter published by a leading Indian journal, one of my Muhammadan admirers stated, in all good faith, that I had encountered a tiger and killed it, single-handed, with a sword.

LORD MORLEY'S RESPONSIBILITY

Government of Bombay would have received me with full military honours. But I declined these flattering offers. They were in too violent a discord with my very real defeat. I had lost five years of interesting and honourable work—and some £30,000 in prospective salary. But, what was more, I had “lost Lalage.”

It was, of course, Lord Morley who overthrew me. But, being apparently alarmed by the public sympathy that my downfall evoked, he endeavoured to shelter himself behind the responsibility of Lord Minto. I was told by the Editor of *The Times* that Lord Morley had assured him that Lord Minto had acted in my case of his own discretion. Many years later, after the death of both of them, I asked the officer who was Lord Minto's private secretary at the time whether he could not give me the facts. “For six months before you left,” he said, “Lord Morley had been urging us, in his weekly letters, to get rid of you on some pretext or other.” Alas, for “Honest John”!

It was, no doubt, a little feeling of anxiety that led him to intimate to me, through Sir Valentine Chirol, that he would be pleased if I called upon him. He received me almost deferentially, and on two later occasions summoned me to private interviews at which he discussed questions of Indian policy. In his *Autobiography* he refers to these meetings, and notes that I seemed to be as unfit to govern an Indian province as he was to drive a locomotive engine. He expressed himself to me very differently. At one of our interviews he said: “If I had known you then as I know you now, you would still be on your throne in Eastern Bengal.” Which of these contraries did he really hold

to ? Probably the latter, for it slipped out, and was quite out of accord with his pretence that the Viceroy was responsible for my abandonment. Indeed, I learnt on very good authority that he had intended to appoint me to the India Council, but changed his mind, because, two years after my return, I wrote a letter to *The Times* indicating what would happen—and has happened—in India, if our policy set at naught the realities of human nature.

There were some who appreciated the disastrous effects of my overthrow. Two members of the Viceroy's Council, Sir Denzil Ibbetson and Sir Norman Baker, wrote me letters of almost hysterical despair. The latter commenced : " Alas ! Alas ! This is the worst day for India since the Mutiny. I know the Bengalis well enough to be sure that you would have been the most popular Lieutenant-Governor they've ever had." My Bengali antagonists were astounded. Their newspapers refrained from comment. To a caste-ridden people, it was almost unintelligible that the English should have " thrown to the wolves " one of themselves ¹—one, moreover, who was known to be doing his best under difficult circumstances. It seemed an act of contemptible disloyalty—an act which shook the respect for the English character that during half a century had been the mainstay of our Indian Empire. No responsible Statesman would have risked such a disillusionment. But there was, in truth, no one person responsible. The destinies of India had been committed to the incongruous propensities of a careless old sportsman and a foxy old philosopher.

¹ After my departure the Government found it necessary to adopt the very measure that had wrecked me.

CHAPTER VIII

PUBLIC ACTIVITIES AT WINCHESTER

ON my retirement I settled for a time at Winchester, where I had some experiences of the conduct of an English town's municipal affairs. I may say at once that they rendered me less critical of municipal government in India. The private secretary of the Lord Chancellor invited me to accept an appointment to the town Bench of Magistrates. The Radical Government of the day had manifested its fidelity by appointing to the magistracy a number of men whose only qualifications were their political sympathies, and I was intended to supply a little judicial experience—in other words, to act as an antidote. I accepted the invitation, and, as one of the borough magistrates, drifted on to almost every one of the local committees which charged themselves with the welfare, the uplift, and the amusement of the town, until finally the whole of my time became occupied with these aspirations. The functions to which they introduced me might seem trivial when compared with those that I had left behind in India. But who can say whether an experience of life is great or small?

The first thing that struck me was the growing reluctance of the English people to inflict corporal punishment on juvenile offenders. I had detected no trace of this sentiment when at school: indeed, in those days flogging was dignified by the authority

of the Bible. But in the course of a generation an extraordinary change of feeling had come about. Magistrates were obsessed by the idea that moral homilies, which gratified their own sense of rectitude, could be substituted as deterrents for physical pain or discomfort; and that, when punishment was unavoidable, the contaminating (and expensive) influence of imprisonment was less degrading to humanity than a few stripes. My brother Magistrates were greatly surprised when I proposed to ask the father of a juvenile delinquent whether he would rather give the boy a good caning in the presence of the Head Constable, or would prefer that the Head Constable should administer it in his presence? My view was, however, accepted, and the infliction of stripes in these cases became not uncommon. The comic correspondent of a Bournemouth paper (who was, I believe, a member of the Cathedral choir) made some copy out of this reversion to early principles. But the public showed no disapproval whatever.

Many years afterwards I paid a visit to Judge Lindsay's Court, the well-known juvenile tribunal of Denver, in the United States. Awaiting his arrival, I took a seat in the Registrar's room. A woman came in with a very naughty-looking boy. She told me that it was his fifth appearance in Court. I asked what the Judge did to him.

"Gives him such a good talk," she replied.

I said that it would be better to take his breeches down and give him twelve of the best. She most cordially agreed.

In India the impartiality of Indian magistrates was sometimes suspected. I remember discussing

with a visitor the character of an Indian magistrate—a Christian, by the way—who had lately died. I was told that he was very unpopular. Like some other judicial officers, he took money from both sides before trying a case. But he did not, according to custom, return the deposit of the losing side, excusing himself on the ground that he had written so rotten a judgment that his decision could be easily upset on appeal. This, it should be said, was a generation ago, and since that time the standard of judicial probity in India has risen. But in any case it is unfair to put India in a class apart. On one occasion a Winchester man was charged with cruelty to a horse. The evidence had been heard when one of the Magistrates—a local tradesman of considerable wealth and reputation—sent me, down the Bench, a note asking me to pronounce for the defendant's acquittal. It was a bad case, and I advised an exemplary punishment. Afterwards in the Magistrates' room, I asked the intercessor how he had come to make such a request. "It's a hard world, sir," he said, "if one mayn't help a brother grocer." Indeed, partiality is as much expected in England as in India. In objecting to a decision of mine, as Licensing Justice, closing a public-house, a local solicitor permitted himself to imply that I had closed it in preference to another because the latter belonged to a firm of brewers with which I had some acquaintance.

Cruelty to a horse figured in another curious experience. At a meeting of the Board of Guardians, the Chairman proposed to disregard the recommendation of a sub-committee that the contract for sweep-

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ing the Union chimneys should be thrown open to public tender. There was an air of constraint, and I could feel that something lay behind. A lady, well known for her active benevolence, rose in objection, and proposed that the sub-committee's recommendation should be adopted. No one seemed disposed to second her, so I did so, and went round to ask her reasons. She told me that the sweep who had for many years held the contract in his pocket, was a man of bad character and had three times been convicted of cruelty to his horses. We lost by one vote. Two days later I received an abusive letter from the man, telling me that he carried a pistol for me. I sent it to the Chairman, and the contract for chimney-sweeping went elsewhere.

I became actively associated with the management of the Winchester County Hospital, an admirable institution of immense benefit. But I was struck by two glaring anomalies. The hospital was thrown open free of charge to the well-to-do as well as to the poor. One day I found in its wards a member of the family of a very prosperous local tradesman, and was reminded of the "broadcasted" charity of Indian noblemen, who think that their almsgiving would lose its virtue were it guided by any consideration of the merits of its recipients. The Hospital Committee quite appreciated the unfairness of this indiscriminate generosity, and took up the question of requiring contributions from patients who could afford to make them. Another anomaly was the expenditure incurred in providing amenities—and, indeed, luxuries—far beyond those to which patients

THE MYOPIA OF CONVENTION

were accustomed in their homes. It may be conceded that illness should be solaced as well as cured. But surely patients should not expect a "treat" when they come for treatment? My arguments to this effect were met by the rejoinder that subscriptions would fall off if the hospital did not gratify feelings of benevolent indulgence. And it is true, of course, that a charity must be *chic* to loosen purse-strings freely.

Pitying sentiment can, however, be strangled by the bonds of convention. There comes to mind a ludicrous incident at a meeting of the local Charity Organization Society. A poor old widow had been judged to merit the present of a set of false teeth, but, just before their bestowal, an agent of the Society discovered that she had no "marriage lines" and could not say precisely where she had been married. It was unquestioned that she had passed, honestly enough, some forty years of married life. But the Chairman was alarmed, and proposed to withhold the false teeth. As no one seemed ready to champion her, I ventured very timidly to refer to the history of the woman who was taken in adultery. This sufficed. There was a revulsion, which enabled the widow to eat her meals effectively.

Of all my Winchester engagements, the most exacting was my connexion with the Pageant that was organized to assist in raising money for the restoration of the Cathedral. At least, this was its ostensible object. But its merits, from this point of view, were, of course, enhanced by its appeal to still stronger feelings—the desires for self-display and for dramatic amusement. I was appointed one

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of the Joint Secretaries, my associates being one of the Cathedral Canons and a local solicitor of much enthusiasm. Various persons of some literary renown contributed scenarios drawn from the past history of Winchester, with appropriate dialogues. The organization and artistic direction of the show were committed to the capable hands of Mr. (now Sir Frank) Benson, a man of acute dramatic perception and untiring energy. The pageant incidents included a Roman chariot-race. To show how it was to be done, he drove three horses abreast at a tearing gallop around the arena—himself standing erect in a low car of the classical type. They bolted, smashed the car against the entrance gate, and severely wounded their charioteer's head. It was closely bandaged during all the performances. But he directed them with complete indifference to his misfortune.

It became evident at an early stage that the Cathedral authorities and the Pageant Master did not see eye to eye as regards the character of the display. They had in mind a series of stately ceremonies illustrating reverend incidents of Winchester's ecclesiastical and civil history. He was well aware that the public desired more lively stuff, and, amongst other "turns," proposed to open proceedings with a ballet of Scandinavian War-maidens—bare-armed and legged, and decorated with imitation leopard skins. There was risk of grave disagreement. But Canon Valpy, one of the Joint Secretaries, was a man of insight, and succeeded in convincing his brethren that if they wished to make money they must provide amusement.

The historical incidents of the pageant were accord-

THE WINCHESTER PAGEANT

ingly brightened up very considerably indeed by unhistorical embellishments. Its scenes took one from Scandinavian times down the course of English history, for Winchester had many dignified associations with the past, and its annals abound in occasions for the assembling of crowds in picturesque and becoming dresses. And dramatic action was enlivened by appropriate music, instrumental and choral, that was expressly composed by a musical genius whose talents were unknown to fame, but were appreciated by Sir Frank Benson. A happy inspiration gave me the idea of providing tea for the spectators during the long afternoon performances. It seemed to be impossible without interrupting the pageantry. But it was done. Paper trays were passed along the rows bearing the numbers of their seats, and those who wished for a cup of tea and a biscuit put a mark against their seat number, and sixpence in the tray. Given the number of cups required, it was easy to serve them from hand to hand.

The Pageant was favoured by beautiful weather and was an unqualified success. It was presented daily during the course of a week, and special trains brought such crowds from Portsmouth and Southampton that on some occasions we had to squeeze in nearly double the number for which seats were provided. There was a profit of some £3,000. This financial success gave rise, however, to a crop of difficulties. Contractors found many excuses for demanding more than had been agreed upon, and there was much negotiation that tried one's temper. Some of them accepted flaming testimonials in lieu of

cash. We had made use of some of Sullivan's melodies, and received a startling claim for royalty, which was, however, settled by a cheque that the recipients agreed to return as a subscription towards the Cathedral Restoration Fund. The restoration, as is well known, was completed at a cost compared to which the Pageant's contribution was inconsiderable. It is not so generally known that this great work owed itself entirely to the self-sacrificing efforts of Dean Furneaux. He spared himself nothing in collecting funds, in obtaining the best advice, and in organizing the operations. But he kept his endeavours to himself. Many years afterwards, going round the Cathedral behind a party of excursionists, I listened to an old verger discoursing to them on the work of repair. He enlarged upon the architect's designs, the pumping of concrete into the foundations, and the hardihood of the diver. But not a word of the Dean. I remarked upon this. He reddened, apologized, and made good the omission. So uncertain is the fall of the Flowers of Fame!

It was an untoward coincidence that there was some street rioting in Winchester two days before the pageant opened. A rowdy mob of some hundreds collected, broke the street lamps, beset the house of the Municipal Surveyor, and threatened much besides. Their discontent was in no way revolutionary: it simply arose from their sentiment for an old piece of cannon—a relic of the Crimea—which stood in the square before the Guildhall. Every mayor naturally wishes to bequeath a permanent memorial of his dignity, and the Mayor of the day had the idea of removing the gun to what seemed a better place

A MANIFESTATION OF SENTIMENT

for it, and doing it credit with an ornamental railing that would bear his name. According to local tradition, the gun had been captured by the Rifle Brigade, a regiment very closely connected with Winchester, and with many dependents and pensioners in the lower quarter of the town. These people resented any interference with their mascot and protested against it. Their protest lay unanswered—and even unacknowledged—and the Surveyor took the removal in hand. This was too much to be borne, and popular dissatisfaction vented itself in public misbehaviour.

The Town Council was seriously alarmed, but did not like to give way to violence. The town was much perturbed, since a renewal of the rioting next day was threatened, with ominous hints of an attack upon the Pageant ground. I saw the Mayor and counselled him to swear in the ringleaders as special constables—an expedient not uncommonly adopted in India as a means of controlling the makers of trouble. The suggestion greatly astonished him, but was accepted, and the swearing-in was in progress when word was brought that an angry crowd was round the partly dismantled gun, endeavouring to replace it by the use of the Surveyor's crane, that the crane had broken down and that trouble was imminent. I went to the spot. The men were certainly angry and excited. I did what I could to calm their feelings, promising that their wishes should be consulted, and finally presenting them with a sovereign with which to drink the gun's good health. They took it with alacrity and went off.

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I thought that all trouble was over, but in the evening I had word that a very large crowd was besieging the Guildhall. I found the square packed with people and that some stone-throwing had commenced. I enquired after the special constables, and found that the Council had lost faith in them, and had actually locked them up—over 100 of them—in the Guildhall yard. Their friends naturally wanted to release them forcibly. The Guildhall door was locked. On gaining admission I found the Mayor and several of his Councillors inside—with their wives—in a state of considerable trepidation. I asked for authority to release the special constables. He refused, and, with some loss of temper, I told him that he must then go to hell his own way. His wife intervened and begged him to let me act as I would. He consented. I went into the yard and told the men who were confined there how sorry I was that, owing to a misapprehension, they had missed their afternoon tea. They met the joke more than half-way. I had the door thrown open, and they streamed out into the crowd outside.

To my amazement a free fight began. I felt that something must be done, and, assisted by a stalwart—one of Sir Frank Benson's company—who held me by the seat of my trousers, I got on to the Guildhall balustrade, and begged for attention. There was a lull. I urged how disgraceful it would be if Winchester was pilloried next day in the *Daily Mail*. Let them go home quietly. I, as a magistrate, would look after the gun. The cries that responded were by no means unfriendly: indeed I heard "Good old Bampfylde!" amongst them. The

A REVULSION OF FEELING

crowd began to disperse, made way for me to pass through, and, as I passed, hands were stretched out to me with assurances that the Pageant would be all right. After going some way homewards, I thought that I had better return and see that all was really quiet. It was then dark. The square had emptied. But I became aware of being shadowed at a distance by two men. I waited for them in a doorway and caught them. They were my gardener and chauffeur, to whose loyal feelings it had occurred that I might need protectors.

Our comic correspondent naturally made great play with all this in his letters to the Bournemouth paper. He gave a sketch of my peace-offering, bearing what he could make of my profile, as the "Fuller quid." And a pleasantry that caused much amusement was that, in hunting for the Mayor, I searched under his bed. He was not there. But I came across something else.

But, in spite of these experiences and distractions, I found life at Winchester unsatisfying. My time was completely occupied by meetings and discussions which seldom bore fruit of any value, and at the end of a couple of years I decided to sell my house and give myself some opportunities of seeing the world. During the next seven years I was almost incessantly on the move. I spent some summers motoring in the British Isles. For the rest, my time was diversified by longer or shorter travels abroad.

CHAPTER IX

TRAVEL IN NORTH AMERICA

It would be ridiculous to take my readers along well-known travel paths which have been fully described by better writers than myself, and I shall be content to jot down, in a somewhat random and disconnected fashion, a few curious, if trivial, experiences, and some opinions which they suggest. To begin with the United States of America. They are particularly interesting to those who look into the future, since they illustrate the completest development, so far, of democratic ideas and manners, and foreshadow the path along which these are leading us.

Democracy is the rule of public opinion through the instrumentality of persuasion. Public opinion chooses its leaders under the persuasive influence of their accomplishments, their notoriety, or their skill in flattering or in inspiring hopefulness; the leaders impose their views upon public opinion by persuasive propaganda or advertisement. That is to say, persuasion takes the place of custom in deciding who is to lead, and of command in determining what is to be followed. This gives democracy an air of freedom. But, in fact, one may be more enslaved by persuasion than by command. For orders may be carried out while their propriety is mentally questioned, whereas persuasion dopes all

powers of criticism, and fetters the soul as well as the body. Public opinion being the final arbiter, originality is discouraged: it is "unpopular." This tends to produce an imitative social solidarity or uniformity, for which Hindustani has the expressive word *bhera-chal*, meaning "sheep-wayed." "Class-consciousness" takes the place of "self-consciousness." Under the "inoculating" effect of education and mass propaganda, human society becomes as uniform and orderly as an ants' nest.

There are other consequences. To impress public opinion is a *succès d'estime*, and this comes to be held in greater respect than real success. And, since civilized public opinion is much impressed by riches, the pursuit of wealth becomes of engrossing importance. The Americans are by no means insensible to amusement. But they do not allow it to interfere with business. In California I travelled for a couple of days with a very agreeable old chocolate manufacturer and his wife. He disposed of a good deal of his chocolate to an English firm, and had a great admiration for the English people. But he could not understand them. The July before, he told me, he had written to enquire whether the firm could give him some idea of their requirements for the coming year. He was informed that the holiday season was on, that everyone was at the seaside, and was asked to await a reply until the holidays were passed. He could not get over his astonishment.

Words are the instruments of social as opposed to individual life, and democracy is naturally inclined to rate them higher than facts or deeds. Eloquence

is of first-rate importance. Americans are extraordinarily fond of speechifying. On several occasions I came across travelling parties, each belonging to a particular "guild"—as of bankers, textile manufacturers, commercial travellers, for example—making up, with their wives, companies of a hundred or more, who were spending a holiday in going from one hotel to another, seeing the local sights together, and improving their minds each afternoon in listening to lectures given by certain of the party. They dined together, and the meal was often an occasion for more public oratory. One could not but admire the nerveless fluency with which one speaker after another addressed his fellows. There was nothing of the self-conscious hesitation—the linking and interrupting "-ers" of the ordinary Englishman on his legs. Nothing much was said: for the most part speakers congratulated themselves by complimenting the company to which they belonged. But a stream of words flowed ceaselessly.

This loquacious expansiveness goes with a surprising lack of reserve. In a few minutes one finds oneself in a heart-to-heart conversation with a casual fellow-traveller; and the time passes quickly, for there is nothing so absorbing as personalities. Nor is there diffidence in referring to one's physical condition. Travelling with a young lady and her mother towards Pike's Peak in the Rockies, we had to make a "quick lunch." The train stopped for a few minutes, during which the passengers, in devouring haste, bolted a full meal. I noticed, after we had started, that my fair companion looked pale, and I hoped that she was not feeling tired.

FRIENDLY OPEN-HEARTEDNESS

"No, sir," she replied, "But if you only knew what a stomach-ache that lunch has given me!"

There is a general air of friendliness. I once profited by it in circumstances of great disaster. Opposite to me in the Pullman was a young woman whom I judged to be a "school-marm," nervously setting out on her first trip into the world. Night fell; the sleeping-berths were made up; and we crept into our boxes. In the morning, after my wash and shave, I spent some time in the car lavatory, a large compartment, with basins all round, commonly used as a men's smoking-room, and, on re-entering the car, I found that the seats had been made up and the lady in her place. She looked frightened and was rather red in the face. But I took no warning and sat down with confidence. I was aware of a strange sensation. "I'm so sorry," she blurted out. "I upset a bottle of chlorodyne on your seat just now." I *felt* that it was true. The seat was upholstered in dark green and I had not seen the stain. To make matters worse, I was wearing a light grey suit, and was approaching my station. I rushed into the lavatory, where there were a number of men. I "made a back," and begged them to get busy upon the seat of my trousers. They flew to the rescue with nail-brushes and water, and I was able to descend from the train, stainless, it may be, but looking from behind as if I had been sitting in a pail of water.

With this friendliness there goes a spirit of tolerance that can find some excuses for the street-bandits of Chicago. On another railway journey—again in the car lavatory—I noticed that men were crowding into

it, and asked the reason. There was a "terror" in the car, I was told, a little girl with a pea-shooter who opened fire on everybody. I went in to explore, and was immediately marked down. I chased her up and down the car, caught her, gave her a good kiss, and was shown her Mamma, an attractive young woman who, with her feet up, was placidly absorbed in a novel. Her husband appeared—a pleasant fellow in a cavalry regiment. He was, of course, in mufti, but manifested his military dignity by wearing little crossed swords, in silver, on the lapel of his coat. They were so friendly as to give me letters of introduction which might serve me in the Yellowstone Park, where his regiment was quartered.

This spirit of tolerance extends to the inconsistencies between inspiring sentimentalities and the facts of experience—between ideals and realities—which give life its "little ironies." The ideal of human equality triumphed in the enfranchisement of the negroes in the Southern States. This measure was at the time of my visit systematically violated by expedients that savoured of a practical joke. At Richmond (Virginia) the banker to whom I was accredited expatiated with relish upon the dodges by which the white voters prevented their black fellow-citizens from using the suffrage. Bands of men were employed to challenge, on the flimsiest pretexts, the registration of every negro voter that appeared at the polling booth, and in this fashion could so protract the process of voting as to reduce to insignificance the number of votes that could be recorded within polling time. There is a like inconsistency between the idealistic prohibition of strong drink and its systematic, un-

blushing evasion. And Americans do not appear to have appreciated the irony in their championship of World Peace whilst actually fighting in Nicaragua to secure a position that might serve them in making another oceanic canal.

Men must have distinctions, and democracy seems to result in an extraordinary respect for wealth, and desire for money-getting. In India I have seen a local millionaire drive through his town absolutely unnoticed, although he had an English coachman, whereas, when a Hindu or Muhammadan "saint" passed, almost naked, along the street, there was not a shopkeeper who did not rise and salute him. In America—and with us at the present day—the case is exactly contrary.

Rich Americans are, however, by no means haughty, and are quite ready to give an account of themselves and of their climb up the ladder from poverty to affluence. Travelling up from Los Angeles, I was in a compartment with a nice-looking, well-dressed man to whom a telegram was handed at every stopping station. He wrote and despatched a reply to it. My curiosity was too much for me, and, with apologies, I begged to know what it was all about. "I'll give you the next one," he said. It was a list of quotations from the Chicago stock market. He was making money, literally "while one waited." I learnt that he was one of the leading men of Chicago, evidently immensely rich, but quite ready for intimate conversation. He was married and had two daughters. But he seldom saw his wife and children, since they frequented resorts of fashion, whereas he lived in his counting-house. He was a stranger to the ordinary

pleasures of mankind. He ate and drank very sparingly, played no games, and neither walked, rode, shot, nor fished. I observed that he seemed to get very little out of life. He asked what I was doing there, "any way." I told him that I was going to make a little walking tour at the Grand Cañon. He asked whether he might join me, and we spent a couple of days in picnic excursions, taking our lunch—a very simple one—with us. He thoroughly enjoyed it, although circumstances were against him. For, being unused to walking, and in tight-fitting town boots, he suffered a good deal of pain, and had from time to time to take his boots off and give his feet a good rubbing. He gratefully asked me to look him up when I arrived at Chicago, and entertained me, with a party of friends, at a lunch that was very different from our frugal meals in the wilderness. I heard from him after my return to England. He had bought some land and had decided to grow pigs and maize for himself instead of buying and selling them.

The democratic spirit has much to its credit. But it seems to draw mankind closer to the social insects. There is the same uniformity of conduct, tireless industry, and lack of individual thoughtfulness. The sky-scrapers of New York recall the monotonous regularity of the beehive, and, even more, the tall, combed mud-heaps of the white ants. There is a further resemblance in the extraordinary development of motoring. Life seems to have been originally intended by Nature as an instrument for the production of restless movement—a notion which reached its fullest realization in the insect world. Then she

substituted thought for movement. Are not modern tendencies leading us backwards?

In some ways, no doubt, imitative uniformity accomplishes great things. American towns are wonderfully well laid out, when once one gets away from the east-coast cities that are "infected" with the protective overcrowding of urban Europe. The business areas are closely packed, but cover a comparatively small space. From them there radiate long, branching boulevards, bordered with houses, each with its garden, but its garden unrailed against the public, and running open to the "side-walk." Privacy is of no account. There is a lack of individuality. But the housing conditions are admirable if their object is to lodge, comfortably and prettily, a mass of mankind whose tastes are identical.

Science was, of course, in very high appreciation—understanding by "science" a classifying knowledge of visible objects, and a detailed empirical acquaintance with the instruments by which invisible forces are utilized. The "Fundamentalist" revolt against the doctrine of man's evolution had not raised its head. It is difficult to comprehend the origin of this sentimental protest when one calls to mind the admirable evolutionary system on which are arranged the collections of the New York Metropolitan Museum. In each department one is led progressively from the beginnings onwards, illustrative specimens that are lacking in original being represented by accurate models. This logical arrangement is not interrupted, as in the British Museum, by the keeping together of heterogeneous collections that have been presented

by private donors. It is by far the most instructive museum that I have ever visited.

Devotion to industry and science did not, however, appear to have blunted the appreciation of art and natural beauty. Music and painting were in high esteem, and the "beauty-spots" of the country were frequented by organized bands of excursionists. Some of these places are extraordinarily impressive. The Yosemite Valley struck me as the most picturesque assemblage of natural beauties that I had ever seen. It was most carefully conserved. Its wild animals were protected and were wonderfully tame. A huge isabelline bear, seated on a rock, allowed me to approach within a few yards before it showed signs of disquiet.

I twice visited the Panama Canal when in process of construction, and was much impressed by the energy and efficiency with which immense natural difficulties were surmounted. What a contrast to the abortive de Lesseps enterprise! Of this I was told an amusing story by our Minister at Panama. It had been decided that the first sod of the projected canal should be cut by de Lesseps' little daughter. The party lunched in style on board a yacht and, when the meal was over, found that, owing to a fall of the tide, they could not approach the shore. So some sailors were sent off in a boat to bring a turf on board. This was solemnly cloven by the little girl on the yacht's deck. A project that began with such a farce naturally ended in a fiasco.

The Americans' principal engineering difficulty was the instability of the banks of the Culebra cut, which persisted in sliding until they were cut back

HEROIC REMEDIES

to a very flat angle. But the prevalent malarial fever also taxed all their efforts. Their medical staff fought it drastically, administering doses of quinine that would have horrified Indian doctors. They commonly gave as much as 60 grains. The patients went blue in the face, and were then purged clear with Epsom salts. By these large doses, it was claimed, the fever virus was extirpated, whereas milder doses merely sent it into retirement for a time. And it seems certain that a very large proportion of our Indian fever attacks were not newly contracted, but revivals from previous infections. Houses in the canal zone were, of course, elaborately protected against mosquitoes by double doors of wire netting. But I noticed that numbers of employ es settled outside the zone and avoided these precautions.

American influence in the Caribbean Sea was naturally very great and seemed to be extending. The Canal had drawn largely upon Jamaica for negro labour, and Americans were purchasing land and settling on this beautiful island. The "up-to-date" note they introduce makes an extraordinary contrast. For Jamaican life is coloured by relics from the days of the Stuarts : such picturesque offices as "Custos rotulorum" are still in existence, and one is greeted as "squire" by the negroes one meets on the road. At the time of my visit memories of the great earthquakes of 1907 were still in mind. The Governor at that time, Sir Alexander Swettenham, Lady Swettenham, and her sister spared nothing of themselves in the relief of distress and the restoration of social order. An American warship under Admiral Dewey was in Kingston harbour at the time, and the

TRAVEL IN NORTH AMERICA

Admiral, of his own motion, sent a party on shore to guard the jail, the walls of which were collapsing. Fired with the idea of "America to the rescue," the men hoisted an American flag there. Sir Alexander was naturally irritated to hear of this, in the midst of his distracting troubles, and hastily wrote the Admiral a note of remonstrance in which he expressed himself more forcibly—and chaffingly—than diplomatically. An American journalist who was on board learnt of its contents and telegraphed them to New York. There was an outcry; and the English Government of the day required Sir Alexander to make an uncompromising apology. He preferred to resign, and the Empire lost the services of a very capable governor.

The irony in the case was that he was on quite friendly terms with the Admiral—it was for this reason indeed that his language was so colloquial—and that the United States Government actually made representations on his behalf. The episode illustrates a panicky desire to conciliate the Americans which has by no means smoothed our relations with them. For America can produce strong men and can admire them. There was no weakness about General Goerthals and Chief Medical Officer Gorgas, the dictators of the Panama undertaking. And beyond praise were the accomplishments of General Leonard Wood, which I saw and heard of in Havana.

In passing from the United States into Canada one would not suspect that a national boundary had been crossed, and would be hard put to it to discover any differences in manners, speech, literature, or outlook. American capital was everywhere, and the Canadian

lakes were the customary summer resorts of American families. I noticed that advertisements offering employment not infrequently ended with the words, "No English need apply," and from what I saw of the English "remittance men," as young men were called who were packed off to Canada by their parents, I was not surprised. There was no work in them, and Canada is emphatically a place for hard work. Its bitter cold winters seem to have a quickening effect upon energy, and there is everywhere an air of alertness. I was part owner of a farm in Ontario, and spent some summer weeks there working in the fields. It was very hot, but not enervating. Surprisingly little alcohol was drunk, and, to avoid scandalizing the young ones of the family, I abstained myself, with such satisfactory results that I have remained a teetotaller ever since.

In the country districts life was very hard upon women. There were no servants, and the mistress and her daughters had to act as cooks, housemaids, and parlour-maids. But I heard no grumbling. With an extraordinary versatility, those who served in the mornings were able to shine as well-dressed ladies in the afternoons, and one would never dream, on meeting them, that they came fresh from the scourings and scrubblings of domestic life. There was no room in Canada for restrictions on hard work, and trade unionists who sought a refuge there from unemployment had to throw their "caste" privileges overboard. If they did so and worked hard, they could make money rapidly. A Birmingham artisan whom I met in Vancouver had in three years become the proprietor of a small garage. There was an

extraordinary air of "push" about one. At Calgary a young "real estate agent" invaded my bedroom and covered my bed with land maps before I could explain that there was "nothing doing."

There was the same feeling of good fellowship as in the States. On my way west I discoursed on India to the men in the car lavatory. Some of them belonged to Port Arthur, and on our arrival there, they wanted to take me off the train, hire a hall in the town, and have me lecture publicly that evening. Social distinctions are of little account. Talking to two ladies in the train for Vancouver, I said that I seemed to have met them before. "Of course you have," one of them replied. "We were in the orchestra of the Banff hotel where you were staying." They were the wives of professional men in Vancouver who had taken this opportunity of getting a holiday free of charge.

The Rocky Mountains in Canada are much more impressive than what I saw of them in the States. With a far larger rainfall, they are heavily forested. High tree jungle runs up to the outfalls of the glaciers. At the Great Illicilliwat Glacier I found a Swiss guide from Grindelwald, and enlisted his services for some climbs. I had a new experience, that of "snow-creep." Plodding across a high snow-field, one is startled by a rustle and a whisper, and the snow-field suddenly sinks underfoot. It is sucked into crevasses that lie below. The occurrence is not uncommon. But it is very uncanny.

CHAPTER X

IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

PASSING from North to Central and South America, one goes from the land of the "Gringos" to that of the "Dagoes," as they disrespectfully call each other. One notices a great difference in disposition. The Southerners are marked by a lack of self-control under exciting circumstances: we call this trait "emotionalism." In other words, impulse is stronger than the will. They have also a franker perception of the realities of life, and are less amenable to considerations that have only a mental existence. Hence it is difficult to *persuade* them: they will follow a leader devotedly, but it is for his personality, not for his policy. This is also a feature of the Indian character. It is commonly regarded as a racial peculiarity. The population of Central and South America is very greatly hybrid, with an admixture of "Amerindian" blood, although large numbers of Spanish and Portuguese families have maintained the purity of their lineage. But this emotionalism also characterizes the peoples of the Mediterranean. How closely do the *pronunciamentos* of Mexico resemble those in which Marius, Sulla, Cataline, and Caesar took part! Why should it not be attributed to climatic effects? May we not, indeed, suspect the influence of a plentiful supply of "ultra-violet" rays? Have these not greatly increased the gaiety of the Zoo monkey-house?

Costa Rica is one of the most interesting of the Central American States. The greater part of it lies high above the tropical banana gardens of the sea coast, and is mountainous and well wooded. The people are well mannered—more purely Spanish than elsewhere in this region—and the capital, San José, well kept. It has a fine opera house, which, however, is open during a few weeks only each year. It is a pretty sight to see the young ladies of the town on Sunday evenings parading round the public gardens to the music of a band, their dark hair brightly ribboned, with a cascade of short ringlets falling down behind. I was present during a revolution. But nothing much happened. A President will rarely leave office at the end of his term unless there is some display of force against him.

At no great distance an extinct volcano, Poas, rises to nearly 9,000 feet, above a sheet of luxuriant coffee gardens. In climbing it one passes through a striking succession of botanical contrasts. Its lower slopes are covered with subtropical forest, in which I found, growing wild, the beautiful mauve-flowered *petraea* of Indian gardens. The trees open out into grassy savannahs across which there flit the most gorgeously coloured birds and butterflies. This gives way to pine forest, and this again to open, bracken-covered slopes that might be English hill-sides. Above them, one scrambles up to the crater through a brake of dwarf myrtles.

Brazil includes a very large negro population. But the negroes seem to run very well with the whites, and there are no such "colour-questions" as present themselves in Georgia, Cape Town, or Kenya. The

BRAZIL

praises of its capital, Rio de Janeiro, have been often sung. It is a little more south than Calcutta is north of the equator, and in January I found it as hot as Calcutta is in May. The plants growing in the gardens are very similar. But it has a little hill station, Petropolis, on the mountains that overlook the bay, which is within a couple of hours' journey by rail, so that it is possible for business men to spend their nights in comfort. I shall always remember it with gratitude, since I found a chamber-maid in the hotel who could speak Spanish. Portuguese is an unknown tongue to the ordinary Englishman, and travelling in Brazil is, therefore, a baffling experience. The hill station had been laid out by German enterprise—very prettily, in garden fashion, with avenues of flowering trees. The tree-flowers of Brazil are a very striking feature of its scenery. As the Petropolis railway mounts the hill, and one looks back on the forest below, the spread of green is broken up by brilliant aerial parterres of yellow, mauve, red, and white. For these flowering trees commonly grow gregariously in clumps of one kind.

I proposed to travel to San Paolo, in the coffee country, by rail. The manager of my hotel was greatly perturbed. Serious accidents, he told me, were of daily occurrence, and I should never get through alive. I consulted my banker. He thought that the danger was exaggerated, but advised me to go by sea, since the railway journey was decidedly risky. The railway, it seemed, was a "ferro-carril politico": large numbers of its employes made no pretence of working, and held office simply as payment for political services. But I determined to

try it. The experience was unforgettable. The engine-driver was so inexperienced or careless that he could not halt the train at the station platforms. The carriage couplings were not screwed up, and each start and stop were punctured by the bangs that one sometimes hears on a luggage train. I noticed in passing through the country that coffee gardens commonly become exhausted and are abandoned. The number of derelicts was very large.

Buenos Aires, in the Argentine, is one of the great—and pretentious—cities of the world. I was struck with the frankness with which sexual indulgence was recognized as an object of life that was no more to be dissembled than eating and drinking. One of the city streets, the Florida, was closed to wheel traffic of evenings and used as a fashionable promenade. The young Argentines were accustomed to comment upon the physical attractions of the ladies who passed them, with no attempt to lower their voices discreetly. This was resented by an Englishman on the part of the lady who was with him : there was a quarrel, and he knocked an Argentine gentleman down. For this he was imprisoned. The English colony protested, but to no purpose, and finally decided to blackball all Argentines who sought admission to the Jockey Club—a power in Buenos Aires society in which English influence was predominant. This was really serious and the city authorities gave way. They made it a police offence to comment upon a lady's appearance. But the remedy was as bad as the disease. It gave ladies of a certain class an admirable handle for blackmailing men in the street.

THE ANDES

The railway journey towards Chile, across the pampas, was monotonous until we reached the irrigated gardens of Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes. As the train climbed the pass, two of my fellow-travellers asked whether I would like to share a bedroom with them at Los Andes, on the further side, where we were to change into a Chilean train. I told them that I was travelling through to Santiago. They replied that we should certainly miss the connexion, as one of the directors of our line was the proprietor of a hotel at Los Andes, and it was to his advantage that passengers should be stranded there at night. True enough, the train began to lose time steadily, and on reaching the junction we found that the train for Santiago had left. The passengers streamed off to the hotel. I was late in following them, being too irritated to be imitative. An official came up and confidentially advised me to wait. Very shortly a special backed into the station—put on by the Chilean authorities that day in order to circumvent this ingenious trick for the obtaining of hotel custom. There was, however, only one other passenger who had remained to profit by it.

The Andes at this point are as bare as the rocks at Aden. But their snows give rise to streams which are largely used for irrigation. The most striking feature of Santiago is a colossal statue of the Virgin—with hand outstretched protectingly—on the summit of an isolated peak by which the town is dominated, as is Athens by Lycabettus. It is a very impressive sight. I met here a young Scotch engineer whose acquaintance I had made on board ship. He was

engaged to a Chilean girl of good family, and would like to introduce me to her and her sisters. We agreed upon meeting in the Parque Forestal. They were very pretty girls, good types of the "Flores Chilenas," and we had a lively time. My Spanish was an inexhaustible fund of amusement. We met the Minister of Agriculture—frock-coated and top-hatted—and they insisted on presenting me, as we should have interests in common. But they were dreary, and the girls suggested that we should all go to the cinema. I could note in the darkness that the young Scotchman had tight hold of his fiancée's hand. But I could feel that her other arm was round my neck. I asked the party to come to tea next afternoon at the Zoological Gardens. I did my best and the meal seemed adequate. But there was an air of constraint. I anxiously asked the young Scotchman what was wrong. "They expect a *square* meal," he said. I rushed to the buffet and fortunately found some cold chicken and salad. Gaiety was restored.

Valparaiso is not exactly a "vale of Paradise." It lies partly upon and partly below a precipitous cliff that runs parallel with the coast, and at short distances apart there were primitive lifts to take one up and down. The residential end of the town is pretty enough—each house with a flowery garden. Valparaiso owes much to British enterprise and shows its gratitude in some statues. But I had other things to think of. For some days I had been troubled with severe internal pains, and the doctor whom I consulted thought of appendicitis and spoke of an operation. I asked whether there was

no alternative. He sent me a large bottle of castor oil. I have no recollection ■ the day that followed. But the day after that I was up and about.

I went by sea up the coast to Antofagasta and learnt something of the big Pacific roll. The sea looked tranquil enough, but rose and fell in such enormous undulations that we had to be lowered into the harbour tug in a basket by a crane. The Antofagasta cemetery, on the desert hill-side above, seemed larger than the town. The consul told me that three different epidemics were raging at the time. So one night was enough for me. But I had time to notice the humming birds in the public gardens—an oasis of green in the midst of a glare of sand and stucco.

The railway to the high country of Bolivia traverses a long, sloping desert which conducted us gradually from sea-level to an altitude approaching that of Mont Blanc. The line was made principally for the transport of the nitrate of soda which this desert yields so abundantly. The railway carriages were very narrow and the only means of washing was a little 12-inch basin, let into one end of the open corridor. I rose betimes to wash and shave in peace, and was at the basin, stripped to the waist, when I felt a touch on my shoulder and a lady said reproachfully, "I was here first: that is my soap" —pointing to it. She was a Frenchwoman, tall and fair, known on board ship as "la Baronne," travelling with a young curly-headed man to whom she referred as "my physician."

From a plain, 13,000 feet above sea-level, one drops into a narrow valley and enters La Paz, the

capital of Bolivia—a pretty little town, overlooked from the further side by impressive snow peaks. Owing to its height above sea-level, newcomers are cautioned against violent exercise until they have become accustomed to the rarefied air. The morning after my arrival, walking up-hill, I felt myself suddenly clasped from behind: it was one of my fellow-travellers by train, who feared that my heart would fail me. I fell in here with a young English commercial traveller—Burberry's representative—and learnt from him of the heavy taxes which South American States imposed upon his samples, and of the methods by which full payment could be avoided. They recalled some Indian experiences. He invited me to accompany him on a morning's expedition in search of orders. We visited the leading tailor, a German, who, noticing that a button was loose on my coat, very kindly offered to sew it on for me. He recognized with much enthusiasm the name of my London tailors inside the pocket, since he had worked some years for them as a cutter. He insisted on our coming to lunch with him, and entertained us greatly with stories of his adventures in Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador, where he had struggled with many adversities—including revolutions—before he found a haven at La Paz.

I wished to see something of the ancient Inca culture, and travelled onwards to Cuzco. The journey takes one across a portion of the enormous Lake Titicaca, nearly 13,000 feet above sea-level, and is then continued by train. The train came to a stop as evening fell, and the passengers had to dine and pass the night in a primitive ramshackle hotel.

I sat down to dinner with the engine-driver and stoker, before a filthy tablecloth, waited upon by a boy with a huge rent in the seat of his trousers. The country through which the railway passed was, generally speaking, as treeless and barren as Morocco, but, like Morocco, was brightened by a wealth of wild flowers. Cuzco lies very high, 11,000 feet above sea-level. The old Inca fort on the hill above the town reminded me of Tiryns and Mycenæ. It is built of enormous irregular blocks of stone neatly fitted together. I remember very vividly the masses of wild calceolaria which grew about them. The specimens of Inca art which I saw in the Museum were disappointing. That the artistic talents of the Incas have been overrated will also be the opinion of those who have seen, in the Museum at Madrid, the gold plate which was looted at the Spanish conquest. Their material counts for much more than their finish.

On my way back from Cuzco to the Pacific, I halted at the Peruvian town of Arequipa. It was founded by Pizarro, and testifies to his good topographical judgment. It struck me as one of the most delectable spots on earth. It lies in a hollow of the desert nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level, and one reaches it after passing for hours through desert country. Above it, to the east, there towers an enormous horseshoe of snow-clad mountains, from which a river descends, giving a plentiful supply of irrigation water. The town stands in an oasis of fruit and vegetable gardens. No rain falls, and clouds rarely appear. So clear is the air that the place has been chosen as the site of a United States

observatory. The temperature ranges about 70° all the year round. Surely, as the Persians say, "If there is a Paradise on earth, here it is."

The most curious of my experiences of the place was, however, my method of leaving it. My room was outside the hotel, in a neighbouring street. I had told the boots to call me at six, since the train for the coast left early. He forgot to do so. I awoke rather late, packed in desperate hurry, and, looking out of the window for assistance, saw two lads passing by. I called them up, and we got the baggage down just as the first street tram was passing, drawn by three dejected-looking mules. We threw the things in and mounted—the only passengers. At the end of the street the driver stopped the car, got down, and said that he was going to have his breakfast. We were left standing. In desperation I took the reins, and, to the delight of the boys, drove onwards towards the station. We had to halt twice in order to repair the harness, but reached the station yard in good time, left the car standing there, and I went off in triumph, having paid nothing.

On boarding the mail steamer at Mollendo, the captain handed me the key of his bathroom, and told me to use it, as it was out of the question that I should use the bathrooms that were frequented by the other first-class passengers. We made a halt at Lima. One is astonished to find a well-built, up-to-date city in country that one has always regarded as the "back of beyond." North of Lima our voyage gradually took us from the desert coast-line of Peru to the forested hills of Ecuador. The transition occurred after leaving Payta, the place where the

"Panama" hats are made. I purchased here a most remarkable little bird, called in Spanish the *chiroka*, and scientifically *Icterus grace-annae*, about the size of a finch, with yellow and black plumage. It grew extraordinarily tame. When I opened its cage door in the mornings, it would fly to my berth and snuggle itself under the bedclothes. The cabin steward told me that it knew my step, and was transported when it heard me coming along the alleyway. I used to take it on my finger to have tea in the saloon. But alas! living on the Equator, it could not withstand cold, and, in spite of all precautions, died in the Bay of Biscay.

CHAPTER XI

THE EAST AGAIN—AND AN ESCAPE

I SHALL not ask my readers to accompany me over the well-trodden countries of Europe, but turn at once to the East. I was in Constantinople during the Young Turk revolution. This was my second visit. On the first occasion there had been a wholesale massacre of Armenians, and I picked up a curious anecdote. Some Armenians took refuge in the Maltese quarter of Galata. They were pursued there; but the Maltese refused to give them up, claiming that, as members of the British Empire, they had a right to offer them a refuge. And their claim was respected. At my second visit there was again trouble in the streets: the revolutionaries and the Sultan's troops had a battle of skirmishes in the Grand Rue de Pera. While it was proceeding a young English lady, the daughter of Sir Edwin Pears, came up a side street on her way to the hospital. She visited it frequently and was well known for her kind-heartedness. The cease-fire was sounded, and both parties held back until she had passed across between them. The Turks needed no instruction in chivalry; and, as for courage, badly wounded men were seen, lying in the gutter, who continued firing with a cigarette between their lips.

I was rather well known at the time in the Muhammadan world, and had interviews with the

Prime Minister, Hakki Pasha, and with the Shaikh-ul-Islam, the religious head of the Turks. The former struck me as a visionary. The suffrage was to be introduced, and he was bent on having general voting lists on which, with the Turks, would be included the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, each of which formed a class that possessed its own laws and law-courts, and was, in fact, almost as distinct as an Indian caste. I thought that it was only through separate voting lists that these communities could hope to be represented in the Parliament. He replied that what was good enough for England would do for Turkey. Naturally enough, his scheme was a failure. The Turkish majority was able to exclude the minorities from representation. Here is a lesson which might be taken to heart by those who are forming democratic constitutions for India.

The Shaikh-ul-Islam was a most courteous, agreeable old gentleman. He was curious to know why in India the Muhammadans and Hindus did not get on better together. I told him that the Hindus worshipped idols. He was much surprised, and asked me to say it again. Then he burst out : " May Almighty God blast them in eternal punishment." There was some anti-British agitation in Egypt at the time. He was very hard on the agitators. " I'm told," he said, " that they have electric tramways in Cairo. What more do they want ? " This reminds me that when, in later years, I was in Damascus, a number of leading men came to see me, and asked whether it could not be arranged that the British Government should take over the administration of Syria for a definite term, say twenty years, since in that time

it would be able to introduce the improvements that had done so much for Egypt.

Nor was their reference only to tramways and such material conveniences. Man, however unjust in his dealings with others, has an inextinguishable desire for justice in the dealings of others with himself. Justice is harmonious, and our appreciation of harmony and discord, whether in thought, conduct, or sensation, is one of our deepest instinctive sensibilities. But injustice seems to blossom in the East, and can even taint the atmosphere of Christian churches. In Jerusalem I had purchased some olive-wood rosaries from the Sisters of Sion, but was told that they should be laid upon the stone of the Holy Sepulchre and sprinkled with holy water before they would be efficient. It was the eve of Palm Sunday and the Church was packed with pilgrims, crowded in a dense mass before the door of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, into which they were being admitted, a few at a time. The consecration of my rosaries seemed hopeless. But I caught the eye of the priest at the door and held up the equivalent of half a crown. I saw a gleam of intelligence. But he repressed it, and for some minutes allowed the stream to trickle past him. Then he called out that time was up. Those waiting for admission loudly protested, some going on their knees before him. But he roughly drove them off, and when the last had gone, took me into the holy place alone, acted very pleasantly as my cicerone in Arabic, and had my rosaries formally obliterated and sprinkled.

In 1911, on the occasion of the King-Emperor's Durbar at Delhi, I revisited India. Before starting

I received a note from the Secretary of State (Lord Crewe) asking me to come and see him. He told me that the Government of India was unwilling that I should visit Dacca, the capital of my old province, since the Muhammadans there proposed to give me a great reception, and this might lead to some awkward complications. I respectfully made demur, but was ready to forgo my visit if, on arriving in India, I found that the Lieutenant-Governor of the province was against it. Lord Crewe willingly accepted this arrangement.

At Delhi I lunched with the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir Charles Bayley) just before the Durbar was held, and referred to this question. He preferred that I should leave Dacca aside, since organized Muhammadan rejoicings there might have an irritating effect upon Hindus. I agreed to do so, but asked for something in return—that he should push on the scheme for the establishment of a Muhammadan University at Dacca, which had been initiated by me seven years before, but had hung fire. He met me more than half-way, and we shook hands upon it. An hour later, at the Durbar, it was announced that the province of Eastern Bengal and Assam was to be disestablished, and that the work of the past ten years was to be undone. The Muhammadan leaders were, of course, enraged. Some of them called me to a private meeting, after the Durbar, at which they bitterly accused the British Government of a cynical disregard of its promises, and asked me what I had to say. I could only be silent. The *volte-face* was, in truth, a gross breach of faith. Lord Morley and Lord Minto had both given public assurances that

the new province had come to stay, and this pledge had been solemnly endorsed by two successive Lieutenant-Governors. The Government now seemed bent on conciliating its adversaries by sacrificing its friends. It earned the surprised contempt of the one and the indignant contempt of the other. The only excuse for it was a desire to "make a splash" in honour of the King-Emperor's visit. To enhance the effect, the project was kept rigidly secret, and was not even communicated to the Lieutenant-Governor who was to be unseated by it. Lord Crewe did not entrust his despatch to a copyist, but transmitted it in his own handwriting.

And another *bonne-bouche* was offered with conciliatory intent. It was announced that the plains headquarters of the Government of India would be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. There was, it seems, an idea that the historical glamour of Delhi moved the feelings of the Indian people. As a matter of fact, it left them untouched. It is true that Delhi is linked to the past by many ancient bonds. It is said, indeed, that the country around it has been, at various times, the site of half a dozen successive cities: it is certainly closely studded with old tombs and cemeteries. But the idea that India should spring into the future from a graveyard of the past appealed to no one. Moreover, Delhi was notoriously unhealthy: a nasty skin disease was commonly known as a "Delhi sore." And it would lack the social amenities which made Calcutta attractive during the cold-weather months.

The pleasantest of my experiences was the warmth of the welcome that I received from my old Indian

friends and subordinates, Hindu and Muhammadan. Some of them came long distances to meet me. The position into which the partition of Bengal had forced me, that of a special advocate for Muhammadan interests, had not lost me the goodwill of the Hindus, except amongst the *intelligentsia* of Calcutta. The train in which I left Delhi was crowded with representative Hindus from various parts of India, and when it was known that I was also a passenger, numbers of them came into my compartment to be presented and to shake me by the hand.

My "fiduciary sons," the wealthy Hindu landholders and bankers of Jabalpur, placed a large furnished house at my disposal, and wished to invite the European community, from the General downwards, to a ball in my name. I was even approached with a suggestion that I should take up my residence in India as a representative of the Indian community in their dealings with the Government, since they were conscious of the disadvantage in which they were placed by their ignorance of the facts and arguments which underlay Government pronouncements. I attended a meeting of the Legislative Council at Calcutta, and on passing out through the lobby met the Members as they emerged from the Council Chamber. They came round me, and many who did not know me asked to be introduced. It seems very egotistical to mention all this. But it has a moral—that Indians, in their hearts, regarded with sympathy the cause for which I had stood.

From India I went on to China, making halts at Rangoon, Penang, Singapore, and Hongkong on my way. I was greatly struck by the numbers and

prosperity of the Chinese colonies in Rangoon and Singapore. It cannot be said that they are not loyal to the countries of their adoption. But China seems to remain their homeland, nevertheless. At the Rangoon races a Chinaman occupied one of the principal boxes on the grand stand and entertained us sumptuously with a free flow of champagne. Had not the use of hostages gone out of fashion as a means of controlling a foreign government, there would be no lack of instruments for the check of anti-British vagaries on the part of the Chinese.

Canton was extraordinarily interesting, as a survival of the cramped town-planning of antiquity. Such must have been Memphis, Babylon, and Nineveh, with their large populations packed into areas which appear to us to be impossibly small. It is rapidly losing this character, being remodelled on European or American lines. But at the time of my visit it was a living representative of the long past. There had been trouble, and the European quarter on the Shameen Island was barricaded with sand-bags. But there was no inconvenience whatever in wandering about the town alone. Access to the Fort was prohibited. But the guard were cooking their food and let me pass with a smile. I had a letter of introduction to the Governor. He called on me at my hotel. There was much ceremony, so many steps to be taken by each of us towards the other. But I found him very genial indeed, and he insisted on presenting me with a very large specimen of Chinese silk embroidery, heavily framed in carved wood. It was a formidable addition to my travelling kit. I had to hire a special rickshaw to take it to the railway station. It

attracted much attention *en route*, and on arrival was surrounded by people appraising its value. A bright idea occurred to me. I offered its frame to the station-master. He accepted it joyfully. We rapidly dismantled it, and, rolled up, it could be squeezed into my portmanteau.

The population of China is generally taken as larger by a quarter than that of India. But the impressions of travel go to show that this estimate is exaggerated. The country is generally *accidenté* by hills and surface undulations, and there is no such continuous stretch of flat stoneless land as the plain which extends from Lahore to Calcutta. One is struck by the numbers of walled towns—protected by crenellated masonry ramparts that recall those of mediæval Europe. They commonly include sufficient waste land for the accommodation of the people's cattle, and carry one back to the times when China was ravaged by Tartar incursions, as was India in later days. Walls can protect a civilization against barbarism if the people are willing to sacrifice their crops as an alternative to the loss of their lives and cattle. So the Athenians lived through the opening years of the Peloponnesian War. The Great Wall of China is an impressive sight. Like Hadrian's wall in Northumberland, it follows, with up-and-down curves, the undulations of the country, and, over long distances, still stands massive, although unrepaired, and in places even spangled with wild flowers. One can sit aloft on a carpet of thyme and look into the desert beyond—along the track of the marauding armies which streamed for the spoils of a nation that was disabled from defending its civilization

by the habitudes that its civilization had brought about.

The large European quarter of Shanghai illustrated very strikingly what international co-operation can achieve, if it is actuated by a similarity of interests. The town was administered by a Council representing a variety of nationalities, each of which took the presidentship in turn. Still more arresting was the rapid development of the arid peninsula of Tsingtau (or Kiaochau) under German control. Not only had it been equipped with all the appurtenances of a flourishing port: the dry hills above the harbour had been carefully planted with trees. To this orderliness, comfort, and cleanliness, the Chinese towns offered an extraordinary contrast. The filth of Hankow was indescribable.

The Chinese resemble the Indians in their indifference to beauty, or neatness, in their surroundings. The amenities that can adorn the mortal conditions of the present seem to them of far less account than the immortal conditions of the past. Their ancestor worship seems to draw their attention away from the pleasant possibilities of actual life. In China the cult of the dead is of engrossing importance. It is not merely an affair of visiting and decorating cemeteries. The dead are coffined, but not interred until astrology can indicate an auspicious time and place for burial. In Canton I visited a "Garden of the Dead," where coffins awaiting interment are "garaged," so to speak, in warehouses that surround an open square. I saw the coffin of an old lady that had been there for many years. Chairs stood round for her relations when they assembled round her

body from time to time to do her honour, and there was an extra chair for her own "astral" use on these occasions. So does a Hindu family assemble yearly at a memorial meal, at which food is formally offered to each one of seven generations of ancestors. The idea is, of course, in flat contradiction to the doctrine of transmigration that is in general acceptance. But the inconsistency gives trouble to no one.

Japan offers an extraordinary contrast. Buckle's *History of Civilization* had given me the idea that a people's physique and character were mainly determined by the kind of its food. But here we have a nation of rice-eaters—resembling in this respect the people of Bengal—but instinct with the energy, alertness, and vivacity which are commonly associated with a stronger diet. The influences which localize human peculiarities appear to be more subtle than is generally suspected, and are not improbably as imperceptible as are "wireless waves." If an appreciation of beauty and virtue is a mark of culture, the Japanese were cultured indeed. They really took to heart the charms of their country's scenery. Defacing advertisements were prohibited, and I met groups of schoolboys who were being conducted round famous beauty-spots by their class masters—and, moreover, at their class-master's expense. There was a desire for the beautiful, the elegant, and the neat in the small as well as the big things of life—in picture post-cards, in the peasants' cottages, and even in the handling of liquid manure, as well as in handicrafts, ceremonies, and temples.

It is almost impossible for a European to appreciate their drama and music. But he can admire the

naïve elegance and neatness of their theatres, and compare them, very much to their advantage, with the ill-kept and slovenly theatres of the Chinese. I sat on the floor. But it was beautifully matted, and some of the refinements of Europe were not wanting. A Japanese lady, sitting next to me, offered me the loan of her opera glasses. Art is respected and must not be interrupted. A child broke out crying in the audience: attendants immediately escorted it and its mother to the door.

And a spirit of kindly gaiety is abroad, such as one does not commonly meet with in Oriental countries. I attended a crowded festival at a temple on the hill above Kyoto. In the large open courtyard there was a pedestal supporting the bust of I know not what saint or philosopher. I watched one man after another passing his hand over it and then over his own head. This was to improve his intellect. I took off my hat and did the like. There was a shout of delighted laughter. In a lane running down from the temple there was a shop of exceedingly cheap toys. I bought up most of the stock and gave a present to each child that passed me. For some days afterwards I was greeted ecstatically in the street by the mothers of children who had received souvenirs.

When the cherry trees are in flower the townspeople go out in crowds to admire the clouds of white blossoms hovering over and along a background of dark pine trees. My friend and I had been provided by the hotel with an exceedingly plentiful lunch to take out with us, and I offered a share of it to a family that was sitting under a tree close by. It was accepted with many smiles and polite bows. Shortly

afterwards the little group approached with four minstrels, whom they had brought to serenade us. We could not like the music, but liked very much the kind feelings that proffered it.

As to the "virtue" of the Japanese, if the essence of this quality is self-control, they manifest it, not only in the chivalrous obligations of "bushido," but by their conduct in the little circumstances of everyday life. I was in a train for Tokyo with a number of persons who were attending a royal garden party. Amongst them was a General in full uniform and his wife. At one of the intermediate stations, little cups of tea were served. The lady inadvertently upset hers over her husband's knees. The tea was scalding hot. He uttered not a word—indeed, made a courageous, if rather ghastly, effort at a smile—while his wife, on her knees before him, did what she could with her handkerchief to dry his trousers.

Amongst the Japanese acquaintances I made was a lady of charming person and manners, who spoke English with idiomatic fluency, and had a working knowledge of French and German. Here is her history, gathered from a mutual friend. It offers a nice problem in morality. To provide 300 yen that were required in order to get a young brother into the Navy, she sold herself to the *yoshiwara*—into employment as a *fille de joie*—at this price. She was bought out by the English captain of a trading steamer, running between Yokohama and Hongkong; and when, after a period, she was set free by him, she entered a Roman Catholic convent to complete her education. At the time of my acquaintance she was married to a young Japanese

of good position, who had been educated in England, and had the manners and speech of an Englishman.

The Japanese have set the mark of their efficiency upon Manchuria. Mukden railway station, in the area under their control, was as well ordered as any you could find in England, and one was given an excellent dinner for three and sixpence. At Harbin junction, in Russian territory, one reverted to the confusion and untidiness of the East. The long journey across Siberia offered little of interest but the view of Lake Baikal. For the most part it is a swampy wilderness of stunted pine trees very like the long stretch of Canada between Toronto and Winnipeg. It was a pleasure to enter the Urals and see some familiar wild flowers. I need not dilate upon the features of Moscow and St. Petersburg, as they then were. In those days light and shade had not been melted into "undistinguished grey" by the corrosive acid of Bolshevism. An evening at the Hermitage restaurant in Moscow was a lively experience. On returning to the hotel, I found the drawing-room crowded with well-dressed women whom I had not noticed before. I asked the concierge who they were. He told me they were ladies of the "yellow ticket," who had lodgings in the hotel attics and descended at nightfall.

The Russians seemed to be more superstitious than Hindus. In a chapel at the entrance to the Kremlin there was an icon, or picture, painted by St. Luke, and therefore endowed with miraculous healing powers. Everyone who passed the chapel raised his hat to it. Sick people of means, whom fear rendered extravagant, could get the

picture carried to their bedsides. It was transported publicly, with much costly ceremony, in a splendid equipage. In the Kremlin there was a specimen case, with twelve compartments, containing morsels of the skeletons of each of the Twelve Apostles. A Russian General, in gorgeous uniform, who was alongside me, gravely saluted the relics with twelve resounding kisses, one on the glass cover of each compartment.

The pictures of Verestchagin were a revelation. He is surely the first of all painters in the dramatic expression of passionate realities. But over his works there hangs a gloom which is distasteful to the unthinking optimism of modern life. In one of his canvasses a magnificently habilimented priest is blessing a field, attended by a scarlet acolyte, who is swinging a golden censer. The field is a featureless expanse of dried grass, below the bents of which can be discerned the thickly-lying dead bodies, and staring upturned faces of a deserted battle-ground. There could not be a more forceful contrast of the glamour of pretence and the squalor of reality. For this quality of passionate realism, Tchaikovsky is similarly pre-eminent in the world of music. For me, they are amongst the very greatest of artists, and it seems marvellous that the putrescence of Russian society, as it then was, should have thrown up from its surface such brilliant gleams of genius.

On crossing the German frontier, one returned to the conventions of Europe. I was amazed at the progress in material well-being that Germany had made under autocratic rule. It disposed of the idea that democracy held the keys of modern civiliza-

tion. In 1874 I had travelled in the Lakes District with a young German baron who was on a few days' holiday from an English cotton factory. He and a friend had been sent over by their Government to serve apprenticeships that would enable them to pioneer the introduction of textile manufactures in Germany. Now, a generation later, Germany was rivalling Lancashire. And I was struck above all things with the absence of city slums. I could find nothing that could compare in degradation with the poorest quarters of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. The great difficulty in reforming slum conditions is the unwillingness of the slum-dwellers to be reformed. Autocratic rule can effectively overpower this habit of mind. Democracy can only endeavour to change it by persuasion.

Two years later—in July 1914, just before the War—I was again in Germany on a motoring trip with my wife and a friend. We had passed along the line that was soon to be a battle-field, crossed the Rhine, and so through the Black Forest to Ulm, and had turned northwards, when the newspapers that we got hold of became alarming. But war seemed to be as "unthinkable" then as we would have it to be now, and it was not until we reached a hotel in Thuringia that I realized its near approach. An American lady offered me any price I named for my motor-car. At Gotha, next afternoon, I saw a notice at the Post Office that the Emperor and his family had partaken of the *Abend mahl*. I knew then that the worst had come. There were, however, no signs of aggressive triumph in the air. It is true that some bands of students promenaded the town

singing. But their songs reminded me more of hymns than battle-cries.

We made Fulda next day. It was Sunday, and the cathedral was packed with women—all in deep mourning—the mothers, wives, and sisters of men who had been called up. Petrol was unobtainable. But we had sufficient to take us on to Frankfurt next day. There were troubles. The road was roped across at intervals and our passports were scrutinized. At one place there was a crowd, with the burgomaster. He insisted upon examining our luggage. The lady who was with us objected, in very plain English, to his rummaging amongst her clothes with his dirty fingers. He understood English, and made his search exhaustive. At the bottom of her trunk he found something heavy in a paper case. He smiled malignantly and cried out, "Ein bomb!" I asked him to uncover it and hold it up. It was one of the little "donkey" money-boxes made near Nuremberg, known as a "tauber esel." Suspicion was dissolved in a roar of laughter, and we passed on.

On entering Frankfurt some soldiers took charge of us, ordered us "schritt fahren," and took us to the Kommandatur. I sent up my card to the General, who came down and was most kind and obliging, wrote on my card a permit to cross the frontier, and allowed us to go on to the hotel. I pointed to a large angry-looking crowd that was watching us, and he deputed an orderly to keep us company in the car. This was on August 3rd, and England's determination was still in the balance.

I went to see our Consul-General. He was at his

wits' end, besieged by an anxious crowd of Englishmen and women, some of whom were in tears of excitement. He briefly advised me to stay where I was. Had I done so, we should, of course, have been interned. I decided to make a run for it. Under the critical eyes of a number of American ladies, my wife and her friend unpacked their trunks and took out as much as we could carry, or hang round the chauffeur's neck. Things were complicated by a favourite Indian parrot that my wife had brought with her, and could not be left behind. With the cupful of petrol that was left I took the car and the trunks to a garage, and left them there—for good. We found the railway station in a state of upheaval, the platforms piled, mountains high, with the baggage of those who had rushed home. No tickets were on sale. But we saw a train marked for Cologne, mounted, were delivered there, and, after a hasty meal from an automatic chocolate slot machine on the platform, chanced upon a train marked for Cleves. We reached this place at midnight, and managed to secure some accommodation. Early next morning we crossed the frontier by the electric tramway to Nimeguen.

It was exceedingly hot, with occasional heavy thunder showers. The ladies were naturally very tired. No vehicles were available, and walking from the tramway station to the hotel our friend was suddenly overcome. She took hold of a lamp-post and seemed ready to faint. I saw a Dutchman in the street wheeling an empty barrow. I beckoned him up, and we seated the lady in the barrow, wrapped her up in a rug, and put up her umbrella. So we arrived at the Grand Oranje Hotel, to the great

amusement of a crowd of people who were seated in the verandah. It was indeed a comic sight, for our friend was an unusually tall and handsome woman, and stepped from her barrow with the air of an empress. The parrot struck the right note of inappropriate gaiety.

At lunch I learnt something of fluctuations in currency. The hotel-keeper refused to accept a £5 note, and I had to persuade him with a discount of 30s. We reached the Hook of Holland that evening and found the Harwich packet lying there. I managed to secure berths for the ladies, but had myself to be content with the floor of the smoking-room. I was fagged out and slept soundly. Waking at early dawn, I thought that I was still dreaming. For I was lying in the midst of a crowd of schoolgirls, asleep around me. They had arrived from Dresden during the night. The one next me awoke, stared at me with open eyes, and was about to scream. I held up a warning finger, and whispered that I was there first, and that they were the intruders. This put us on good terms. They had an Etna and some tea, and we had a most welcome refreshment. But they had no money, and would have gone without breakfast on the London train had not misfortune brought us into fellowship.

Our steamer was the last that crossed in ordinary course. It was shepherded by torpedo boats. Amongst its passengers were numbers of most undesirable-looking people. One would have thought that our Government would have taken some precautions against spies. They forgot to do so, and everyone was allowed to land unquestioned.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE PURLIEUS OF THE WAR

I WAS, of course, violently infected with the War spirit, and longed to be of assistance in beating the Germans. One now looks back upon this feeling with curiosity and a little shame. Why was one so madly excited? I knew Germany too well to be moved by the mendacious propaganda that must be used in order to set a nation on fire, and could see the two sides of the quarrel. What was it, then, that threw me into an enthusiasm which can only be compared with that of love, and, like love, was indifferent to the demerits of its object? It must have been the externalization, so to speak, of the antagonism that is always within us—the antagonism which, directed against ourselves, endows us with the power of self-control. It is ordinarily kept mewed up within us by the social conventions of civilization. But it is always ready to set us against others than ourselves, and jumps to meet an adversary that is laudably offered us by patriotism.

I went here and there offering my services. But I was over sixty, and, at the commencement of the War, this was a fatal defect. I might have been useful in India; but the authorities at the India Office shook their heads. Finally, Dr. Addison, on the strength of my famine experience, named me for the post of organizing secretary to the Prince of Wales

Relief Fund for the East London areas of White-chapel, St. George's, Limehouse, Stepney, and Mile End, and I spent five months in close contact with the poor of these districts.

At the outset there were apprehensions of acute distress resulting from the dislocation of industries. But our fears were exaggerated, and our zeal was wisely kept in check by the Government Department in control. The women suffered most, and we decided upon opening a work-room for them. I obtained the use of a large building, and, with the assistance of some ladies who came from the West End in the mornings and stayed until seven in the evening, we soon had matters in trim, and a large number of poor women in regular employ. This was the first relief work-room that was started, and news of it got abroad. Her Majesty the Queen honoured it by a visit. It was an occasion of great excitement. I received her on the pavement outside, supported by a young lady, becomingly dressed, who had practised curtsying. The Mayor and Mayoress were presented to her, and she went round the rooms, speaking some kind words to a number of women. The Mayor, elated by the feeling that all had gone off so well, begged leave to present me to Her Majesty. But she remarked that she had met me before. Eight years previously I had danced next to her in the State Quadrilles at Government House, Calcutta.

This event was followed by a letter from the Woman's Central Committee, pointing out that the ultimate control of the work-room—being for women—lay with them, but evincing no anxiety to take

over its management in detail. Later on, however, we came into rather violent collision. The Mayoress was at her wits' end to get little silk flags made for the Belgian Charities Day, and I arranged to put all the women in the work-room on this business. Some members of the Central Committee—including Dr. Marion Phillips—who made a surprise visit, found them at it, were exceedingly annoyed, and ordered the flag-making to be discontinued at once, showing a good deal of rudeness to the lady in charge, who had, as volunteer Superintendent, borne all the burden and heat of the day. Some rather spirited correspondence followed, and I eventually suggested that I should call upon Dr. Marion Phillips personally. She agreed, and we managed to arrive at an arrangement under which the Central Committee would take credit for the institution, while we did the work of managing it. Her attitude then relented somewhat, and she asked what I had learnt in the East End. "That nothing hardened the heart so much," I said, "as professional philanthropy." She smiled and assented, and I took courage to ask her whether she would not write the Lady Superintendent a little note of apology.

"Never," she replied.

I had already gained some little acquaintance with the East End. During one winter season I had assisted the Rector of St. Anne's, Bermondsey, with his boys' club, and had incidentally learnt a striking fact—that he was in any kind of touch with less than a tenth of his 8,000 parishioners, although he was a man of exceptional zeal and sympathy, and his church was the only place of worship in the

parish. To my entertainment, and that of some friends, I had given Christmas-tree parties to many hundreds of children in Lambeth and Bethnal Green, selected by their school authorities as the poorest of the poor. Their good manners were astonishing. At Bethnal Green numbers had been miscalculated, and there was no room at the table for a dozen girls who had come from one school. They showed no pettishness, and waited patiently until I had managed to get an extra table set for them in the room where a conjuring entertainment was to follow. They then asked leave to sing a hymn before sitting down. The children's frank enjoyment of everything was delightful. When, out of darkness, the Christmas tree suddenly blazed into light, nothing but movement could express their feelings, and they all began jumping up and down like marionettes. But they were no strangers to the realities of life. Tea was nearly over when I tempted a little boy with another slice of cake. His sister looked up—"He won't get 'ome with no more, sir," she said.

Slum life is very repulsive. It was shocking to see children playing in the gutter with pinafores clotted with horse dung. Yet, to judge by their faces, they were as happy as children in the best appointed of nurseries. And one is struck by their good looks. At a boys' club, all the members insisted on shaking hands with me. The Manager asked me what I thought of them. I said that, so far as their faces went, they might be Etonians. "You are not the first to make that remark," he replied. And there was more discipline in the schools than I had imagined. On visiting a classroom, I

noticed a cane suspended on the wall, and asked whether it was used. "Sometimes," I was told. I asked all boys to stand up who had been caned within the year. About a third rose to their feet. To the master's delight, I formally congratulated them, on the strength of my own experiences.

The "Old Vic." bears standing witness to the appreciation of good drama by the poorer classes. Yet I was surprised to find a large hall, packed to capacity, at about sixpence a head, for a performance of the *Comedy of Errors*, in costume, but without scenery. The points in the play were keenly appreciated. The Shakespearean Company that gave the performance told me that their East End audiences were the most satisfactory. But there was much less appreciation—and quite intelligibly too—of formal endeavours for their "uplift." Toynbee Hall, of which I was a member, had become in the main a lecture centre for City clerks. I asked an old woman if the lady district visitors were not a comfort to her.

"Yes," she said, "but, of course, they come only to save their own souls."

I came in contact with several labour leaders. They are commonly figured as fire-brands. But I found them, after a preliminary encounter, quite easy to get on with. My duties obliged me to have some public meetings, at which I was, of course, not infrequently heckled. On leaving a hall, I met on the steps one of my most active *bandilleros* and congratulated us both on the fight we had put up. His manner changed at once, and he, with some others of the same persuasion, rendered most practical

CHRISTMAS INFLUENCES

and useful assistance in distributing presents of food which were received from some Colonial Governments.

Christmas brought me an unforgettable thrill, in the news of the fraternization of English and German soldiers in the trenches. It was delightful to know that, under the influence of Christmas, "men of the street" should have broken away from official animosities—that they should have had visions of the angels who appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem. It was terrible that these feelings should have been repressed by threats of the death penalty. In the circumstances, this was inevitable. Yet in the Middle Ages such a wave of kindly enthusiasm might have spread from the men to their leaders, and have opened a way to the inauguration of a "Truce of God."

By the early spring it was clear that there would be no severe distress, and that the limited measures of relief that had been started needed no special supervision. My wife and I decided to go to Havre and see whether we could be of use there in the soldiers' canteens. I was taken round by a cousin who was in the Ordnance Corps, and he suggested that I should ask General Parsons, commanding that Corps in France, whether he could find any use for my services. I was desired to report myself to Colonel Keddie, the Ordnance Officer at Paris, and I was set to work there at a factory for the cleaning and reconditioning of clothing and equipment that had been salvaged from the Front. A company of soldiers, with some outside French labour, were employed on this business. The work did not offer much scope for enthusiasm, and involved a good

deal of hardship. With snow on the ground, we had no fires, and most of the window-panes in the office were broken. In consequence, I contracted rheumatic arthritis, which was a very painful companion for more than a year. But it was enough that I was contributing, however little, towards the winning of the War.

After a time I was employed as a kind of commercial agent—in the purchase in France of things that were not in stock. This entailed a good deal of travelling—at my own expense. There are few things in domestic use that I was not commissioned to buy—from regimental mess plate to the humblest articles of hospital equipment. In the matter of knives I had an entertaining experience. They had run short, and I contracted with a manufacturer of Clermont-Ferrand for the supply of a large quantity. They were black-handled, as is usual in France. An English lady of quality, who was running a hospital at Étaples, declined to receive a consignment that was sent her, objecting that black handles were vulgar and would have a depressing effect upon her patients. She demanded white-handled knives. I protested to the General, but was told to give way: "Whatever you do, don't get across these women."

Sir William Morison, of my service, late Member of Council in the Government of Bombay, hearing of my employment, obtained permission to join me, and we worked in comradeship. We afforded a good deal of amusement in military circles by the humility of our occupations, and were commonly known as the "Knights of Paris." The General, in the course of a visit of inspection, asked whether

we would like to be put into uniform as majors. We accepted this flattering offer. But the proposal was negatived at Headquarters on the reasonable ground that, as we were working hard without pay, it was unnecessary to give it us.

But an incident occurred which changed this decision. I was ordered to make some inspections at Havre, and, as in duty bound, paid my respects to the General in command there. He received me very brusquely, and asked me whether on a previous visit I had not found fault with the transport of supplies, saying that it was a pity that consignments of warm clothing for the Indian troops had been allowed to lie there till the spring. I replied that I had no clear recollection of saying so, but that I saw nothing wrong in it if I did. He angrily exclaimed that he would not have the Army discredited. I submitted that I was not without experience of the requirements of official etiquette.

"I know all about you," he said. "My father was well acquainted with you in India."

His father, I realized, was a man of my own service with whom I had a serious official passage of arms. But I still ventured to defend myself, and asked on what evidence he charged me with fault-finding. He replied that he had an efficient secret police, and sent an A.D.C. for some papers. They could not be found, and there was an awkward pause, ended by his offering me his hand, and telling me that I could go on with my business. My own General, when he heard of this, was furious, and made representations which led to the grant of commissions to Morison and myself.

At this time the English were extraordinarily popular in France. Ladies would hint, with smiles, of the *grand succès* our men enjoyed. The manufacturers with whom we had to deal were genuinely pleased to do something for *l'armée anglaise*, and gave us very favourable terms. Our price rates were, later on, enquired into by a Committee from the War Office and came through scatheless. A little thing which shows how much was thought of English officers was that on several occasions, when standing in the Metro., French ladies rose and offered me their seats. We accepted such compliments shamefacedly, for our connexion with the War was of the flimsiest, and we were very remote from the firing line.

But we were kept informed of the more heroic side of things by officers who ran into Paris on short leave. It was often our privilege to entertain them and escort them to *Les Folies Bergères*. One of them gave me a glimpse of sordid undercurrents. Nearly half of the regiment he commanded was down with venereal. I asked whether the men were not supplied with the antiseptic which in India had reduced by, I think, more than 50 per cent. the admissions to hospital for this cause. He had never heard of it. To conciliate public opinion at home, the use of this remedy was discouraged, if not prohibited, and in its place the men were given a little broadsheet holding up for their admiration an attitude of respectful aloofness towards women. That is to say, the health—and even the lives—of thousands of young men were sacrificed in order to gratify pure-minded susceptibilities, and keep them solid for the War.

ARMY CLOTHING SCANDALS

After five months of these commercial activities, I was summoned home by the War Office to act as Chairman of a Committee which was to consider the disposal of part-worn Army clothing. This had accumulated in masses, since regiments proceeding to the front were given a new outfit irrespective of the condition of their existing clothing and equipment. These were thrown aside, and there had been grave scandals in the method of their disposal. The ordinary rules in force ensured that clothes were not condemned as unserviceable until they were really so : they were then sold to contractors at a few pence for each garment, and exported, I suppose, to West Africa or some such place. But under the stress of war conditions the rules had broken down, and it was notorious that the contractors had been securing, at these nominal prices, clothes that were quite serviceable—in some cases, indeed, clothes that were actually new. This could only have occurred with the connivance of regimental quartermaster-sergeants.

The Committee included representatives of various departments of the War Office, some of whom accused, whilst others defended, past procedure, and our meetings promised to be of a quarrelsome kind. But I finally convicted the past by suggesting a visit of inspection to one of the contractors whose acquaintance I had made in the East End. He had a son whom he wished to get into the Ordnance Corps, and he met us at his door with smiles and bows and an open box of Corona cigars. We went into his warehouse, scaffolded with frames holding sacks, tier upon tier. I picked out a sack at random and asked

to have it opened. I put my hand in and drew out, in succession, six perfectly new tunics which had come to him for a few pence apiece. I begged him to spare us trouble by telling us, roughly, what proportion of his "unserviceable" purchases were new. He thought it might be as much as a quarter. We left it at that. It was no longer debatable that there had been gross malpractices in the past, and the Committee set itself to devise an effective procedure that would prevent their occurrence in the future. Our recommendations were ultimately adopted, with satisfactory results.

On my return to France, I had the most interesting, and useful, of my War experiences. Poison gas had come into common use, and was at its deadliest when it crept down into our dug-outs at night and asphyxiated men in their sleep. There was urgent need for a means of signalling a night gas attack, sufficiently loud and arresting to awaken sleepers at some distance. The General commanding the Sixth Corps (Lieut.-General Sir J. L. Keir) sent a Sapper officer into Paris to procure some instruments of alarm. We had made acquaintance in India, and he came to me for assistance. He was inclined towards a Klaxon horn, electrically operated, and I procured a number of these for him. But the Klaxon note is too much like machine-gun firing to be distinctive. The General, hearing that I was interested in the matter, asked me to go into it further. During a week I made experiments with almost every conceivable method of making noise, and, at last, the idea came to me of using compressed air with a powerful motor horn.

A very large horn called the "Strombos" was made by a M. Teste for sportive motorists. I had to comb out the Paris garages to procure two "Michelin" compressed-air bottles, for these had all been commandeered by the French Army for use as oxygen containers. Every thing depended upon the size of the orifice that was to admit the air into the horn. M. Teste fortunately came to Paris on a few days' leave from the Front, and we spent a couple of days in experimenting, finally discovering that the orifice must be $\frac{7}{16}$ mm. in diameter. So adjusted, a very small discharge of air—made by giving a slight turn to a screw—produced a most appalling scream, of great travelling power. To the amusement of a large crowd, I tested its efficacy from one of the Paris bridges to another, and found that its screams were really alarming at the distance of half a mile or more. I despatched it to the Front, and received a note from General Keir—still cherished as a souvenir—approving of it, ordering 400 to be immediately supplied, and thanking me for the assistance I had rendered in procuring an efficient alarm signal.

But there was a further difficulty. The local Ordnance authorities would not permit me to supply it, since it was not on the Ordnance list of stores. I informed the General accordingly, and he must have put himself into communication with the War Office, since, next morning, I was rung up by my own General, asking what this "Strombos" was that a fuss was being made about. I explained, and was told to put the construction of 400 in hand at once. It was not easy to get the iron bottles made. And every one of them had to be carefully tested by water

pressure. But with the help of a kindly French iron-master and Mme. Teste, the instruments were made very rapidly. There was then the question of getting them to the Front. The horn, with its compressed bottle and case, made rather a bulky apparatus. Each consignment would take six days to reach the Front by passenger train. Lorry transport would be far more expeditious. But the despatch of lorries from Paris to the Front had been prohibited for some reason or other, and my General told me that passenger train was the only possibility.

I asked to be put on to the Inspector-General of Communications, explained the situation to him, and begged for a 3-ton lorry every afternoon until the consignment had been worked off. He roundly refused. I ventured to suggest how awkward it would be if it got about that there had been needless delay in providing our men with an appliance that might save lives by the thousand. After a pause, I was asked to repeat what I wanted; and it was given me. The alarm horn proved so useful that 600 more were ordered. There can have been few men in the trenches at that time who were not familiar with it. But after a time it lost its utility, since the enemy copied it, and used it to give false alarms.

I was next charged with the organization of a factory for the renovation of the long india-rubber boots that men wore in the trenches. A mound of them, as large as a good-sized bungalow, had been salvaged and transported to a disused tramway garage at Pantin, on the western outskirts of Paris. The boots had to be washed, dried, and patched. As workers I had about half a company of soldiers, and

between one and two hundred Frenchwomen, and I was assisted by a young captain who, after serving in the Ypres Salient for a year, had been specially trained in the process of rubber repair.

Our principal difficulty was in drying the inside of the boots, since little or no moisture could escape by evaporation from within them. It was surmounted by the ingenuity of a young engineer commissioned in the Ordnance. Dry air was driven by a fan along a system of underground channels, each channel bearing a row of iron pipes upon which the wet boots were hung, and dried by the air that was forced through them. A man occupied himself in going round the boots, seeing when they were dry, and replacing them. He performed this monotonous task with unfailing zeal, and I was astonished to find that he was a chartered accountant of London who was content to serve his country in this humble fashion. I transferred him to the charge of the factory accounts. He positively revelled in them, making out our averages to two places of decimals. I made the men as comfortable as possible, and arranged for their messing with a neighbouring *restaurateur*, who had sons at the Front and was proud to serve British soldiers. The women soon became proficient in rubber patching, and worked loyally.

Later on I had other experiences of factory management, having to organize a large establishment for the repair of Army clothing in which several hundreds of Frenchwomen were employed. What I learnt as to the control of factory labour is, then, of some practical interest. In the first place, it is important that one should pay the work-people oneself, or at

least be present while they are paid. I noticed in Assam that tea-planters who followed this custom had no trouble with their coolies. It prevents the levy of "commission." And it has an "attaching" effect. All animals grow attached to those who feed them. Secondly, certain formal manners must be observed, for "manners makyth man." The employer must show a protective interest in his employes: they in their turn must show their employer respect. People who are treated as mere "factory hands," or "numbers," are ready to yield to any influences that make for a strike. In English factories, I have seen employers who had no words of greeting for their men, and men that did not even look up when their employer stood over them. The General, when inspecting my establishment, was amazed when, on entering a work-room, I was saluted by the women with an all-round "Bon jour, Commandant." This may seem a trivial, and meaningless, piece of formality. But it had practical advantages. Thirdly, the work-people must have access to the employer. For a sense of hardship is alleviated if it is expressed. The Indians have a proverb, "*Hamári sūndī hui*" ("At least I have been heard").

And, lastly, industry may be almost doubled if the worker feels that, by application, he can add to his earnings. After much consultation and consideration, I framed a piece-work scale for my clothing repairs. My commanding officer would not formally approve it, but left me to introduce it on my own responsibility. Safeguarded by inspection, it was a great success: the out-turn increased by 50 per

cent., with a proportionately small increase in expenditure. An inspecting officer was horrified by the large amounts some of the women were earning, and considered that the rates should be cut down. I strongly objected. My successor, a young officer, could not afford to be so independent, and reduced the rate table. There followed a strike, with very disturbing consequences.

After a few initial troubles, I had no difficulties with my work-women. Many of them were *demi-mondaines* who were glad of a supplementary means of livelihood, and there were awkward moments when, out walking with a friend on Sundays, I met them on the boulevards and was greeted with smiles and bows. His curiosity was naturally piqued, and he remembered the song, "Who's your lady friend?"

From the Pantin factory I was suddenly summoned home to take charge of the Army Wool Purchase operations in Ireland. I was not allowed to leave until the factory had organized a farewell *darbar*. There were speeches: I was presented with an enormous bouquet, and flowers were strewn in my path as I made my way to a tramcar that was halted at the factory gate. I felt exceedingly foolish, for I was in uniform, and the car was crowded with people. But they eyed me with respect, not with ridicule. But how to dispose of the bouquet? I dared not leave it behind anywhere. On changing into the Metro. an idea occurred to me. I broke it up, and distributed the flowers amongst the ladies in the compartment, explaining that they had been given me by Frenchwomen in kind feelings which I expressed myself by their return.

Before taking my readers to Ireland, I will mention two amusing incidents that occurred during my factory life. The first of them relates to a court martial. One of my men, who took the mail bag daily into Paris, was caught franking one of his own letters by copying the Captain's signature on the envelope, with the result of evading the censorship of home letters. His excuse was that the Captain was late in coming to office, and the despatch of the letter would be delayed. It was to his girl at home. In my inexperience of Army methods, I did not deal with the incident myself, but reported it to my Colonel. He referred it to the Judge Advocate-General at Rouen. A mass of interrogations was sent me to answer, and I was finally informed that a court martial had been appointed to try the case, and I was to be public prosecutor.

The three members of the Court were a young major, a senior captain, and a very young lieutenant. They obviously knew nothing of legal procedure, and argued amongst themselves for some time before beginning. I ventured to offer some advice, but was told that they preferred to go by the Manual. I was not allowed to examine the witnesses. There was a break when the first witness had given his evidence. The President, looking at the Lieutenant's record of it, angrily observed that he had left only half an inch of margin, and ordered him to tear the sheet up and begin again. Finally, after a study of the Manual, I was invited to re-examine the witnesses. I pointed out that this was impossible, as I had not been permitted to examine them in chief. This was a real stumbling-block. The President was

at a loss and asked me what should be done. A new start was made from the beginning, and at the conclusion I claimed the right of addressing the Court, and of having my address recorded. This was reluctantly conceded. My speech was to the effect that no one who had been in love would judge the prisoner very hardly. This must have had a mollifying effect—even at Rouen. For he was acquitted.

The heroine of the second incident was an old motor lorry, known as "Maria," which had been twice captured by the Germans, and been recovered from them. It was one of a fleet that was used by me, but belonged to the Army Service Depot at St. Denis. One day the electric current that ran the drying fan failed us, and, since the services of an electrician were not obtainable, I made use of "Maria's" clutch as a means of turning the fan-band. She had been working for a couple of days when the Major in charge of the St. Denis depot came to see me. He affected to be interested in our work, but I noticed that he edged towards the lorry, and, on seeing it, he professed astonishment at this misuse of Army transport, and ordered that it should cease. I argued the point with him, and we "had words." But he refused to reconsider his order, and went off evidently to lodge a complaint against me. It must have been very ungraciously received, for a couple of hours later he rung me up to say that the lorry might be left attached to the fan. I explained that I had acted upon his instructions forthwith and taken the lorry off, and that, very fortunately, I had found that one of my men

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had some acquaintance with electricity and that he had set the current going. There was a pause, and he then asked whether I would mind putting the lorry on again as it was. I readily agreed, and received next morning a note inviting me to become an honorary member of the St. Denis mess.

CHAPTER XIII

IN IRELAND AND FRANCE

I OWED my Irish experiences to Colonel the Hon. Vernon Willey (now Lord Barnby), of the influential house of Bradford wool merchants, who at the time was assisting the War Office in procuring the stock of wool that was required for Army purposes. I had made his acquaintance on the Army Clothing Committee, of which he was a member. The Irish wool clip was urgently required, and the Government had secured a monopoly claim upon it. But circumstances were very unfavourable. There had just been the Irish rising of April 1916, and the temper of the people was not disposed to be helpful. Colonel Willey recommended me as one who might be able to meet the difficulties of the situation ; and I was placed in charge of wool purchase in Ireland under his general control.

Parts of Dublin had the appearance of a city that had been captured by storm. Much of Sackville Street was in ruins, and some of the windows of the hotel had been perforated by bullets. I was admitted to the Kildare Street Club, and from men that I met there I had some curious accounts of the adventures of street fighting. The rebels had been beaten, and knew it. Hostility had quieted down. I was warned against parading the poorer quarters of the town in uniform. But I went everywhere without the slightest annoyance.

Things were, however, different when it was a question of actively assisting the Government in its wool-purchase operations. I met with objections and obstruction everywhere. I was sure that there was some particular reason for this. But I was not told of it. The Irish resemble Orientals in complaining about everything but the real cause of complaint. At last this came to light. The War Office had entrusted the first-hand purchase of the wool to five wool-dealing firms as their "recognized agents." They were all English firms. I represented to the War Office that two Irish firms should be added, but was met by the objection that Irish firms could not class the wool efficiently, or keep proper accounts. I offered to guarantee that trained classifiers from Bradford would be employed by them, and also accountants who had been specially trained by the Government auditors. I still met with a negative. So I tried the expedient of offering my resignation. This time it was successful, and I had my way. It may be mentioned that the two Irish firms that I selected complied most loyally with my conditions, and that their wool, on reaching Bradford, was found to be as well classed as that of the English firms.

I was profoundly ignorant of the wool business, but had as my deputy a very capable English wool merchant who had settled in Dublin and established a business there. I had, therefore, efficient expert assistance. But it was necessary to go into the question of prices myself, as my deputy was naturally inclined to drive a hard bargain in the interests of the Government. After a good deal of discussion our price scales were accepted. Between ourselves

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and the public there were the "recognized" purchasing agents. But there was much correspondence with individuals who did not understand the rules or wished for reassurances. Some of the letters from Connemara were written in Erse. It was only by keeping in touch with the people that one could assure the smooth running of the novel procedure of State purchase. And, in fact, our operations were exceedingly successful. In four months we despatched to Bradford 5,000,000 lbs. of wool, properly classed and packed. In England at this time very little progress had been made, and some awkward questions were asked in Parliament. They were answered by the triumphant statement that five million pounds had, in fact, been warehoused. It was not mentioned that this was entirely Irish produce.

This measure of success was not won without some dramatic experiences. Here is one of them that illustrates very strikingly the strong points of the Irish character. Amongst my callers, one day, were an Irish wool merchant, of very influential position in the west, and an Englishman who was in business relations with him at Bradford. They were in exceedingly bad temper. Their correspondence had been opened in the post. It disclosed some arrangements which, in the judgment of the War Office, were antagonistic to the interests of Government. The Irishman had, therefore, been excluded from the list of "recognized agents" for the purchase of wool on Government account. I had had nothing to do with the opening of the letters and the decision that followed it. But they behaved exceedingly rudely to me. I told them that, if they could not mend

their manners, they would have to go. The Irishman asked if this meant that they were to be "fired" from the room. I said that this was, in fact, my idea. They got up to leave. The Englishman sullenly went his way.

The Irishman paused with his hand on the door, turned, and said, "I am sorry, Major, I was rude to you."

I asked him if he really meant this. He assured me that he did. I rose and held out my hand. He took it in both of his, and, with a fervent squeeze, said that I had made him my friend. I explained that I was glad to hear it, for I had few friends to help me. During the rest of my stay in Ireland he was of the greatest assistance to me, writing to me from time to time to let me know how things were going in his part of the country, and of any tricks that were being played to evade the regulations; and when a dispute arose between him and the Government valuer as to the quality and price of his wool—a very large quantity—he named me as umpire. I protested my incapacity. But he insisted. I spent a couple of days learning what I could from experts in the business, and then settled the question by splitting the difference. Both parties were satisfied.

Before I left, we had a final meeting of leading men in the wool trade. Those from Ulster criticized my price rates with some acrimony. I was about to reply, when a giant from Tralee, who was sitting next me, put his hand on mine and asked me to leave things to him. He paid our work a very handsome tribute, and me some gracious compliments, and he had plainly the great majority of the meeting with

him. I returned to France with many grateful memories of my Irish acquaintances, and I have them still. I cannot reconcile their behaviour to me with the bitter animosity which alienated them from British authority only four years later. English dealings with Ireland had often been unjust, particularly in the matter of appointments, as was illustrated in miniature by the War Office ban on Irish wool merchants. But our trouble with the country seems to have arisen in most part from our failure to understand the character of its people. They can tolerate hard words, and harsh treatment, when it is just. But they cannot endure an air of chill disdain, such as I seem to have detected in the atmosphere of the Kildare Street Club. It would have been difficult to find men less sympathetic to the Irish character than were Lord French and General Sir Nevil Macready.

On my arrival at Calais, I received instructions to go round the Ordnance institutions there and make myself familiar with their working. No reason for this privilege was given me at the time. It was accorded to me under a misapprehension. But I owed to the mistake a number of most interesting experiences. Amongst other things, I saw the arrangements under which the various kinds of Ordnance stores were despatched by rail to the units at the Front that required them. They illustrated the curious contrast which is so often to be seen between the carefulness of one hand and the carelessness of the other—between “straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.” By the censoring of private correspondence from the Front, the greatest care

was taken to keep the disposition of our forces in secrecy. Yet I saw trains being loaded by French and Belgian porters, each van bearing clear indications of the unit for which its freight was intended, and its destination. These porters, therefore, were behind the "secrets" which in other respects were so jealously guarded, and could, if they pleased, give most useful information to the enemy.

In company with a senior officer of the Ordnance Department, I then proceeded on a three days' excursion to the Front, visiting various Ordnance "dumps," and incidentally seeing much besides. Not far from Calais there was an enormous store of ammunition which had been set into explosion by a random bomb, dropped by a German airman—an exploit of which he was apparently unaware, and the enemy remained ignorant. During several days, long mounds of shells exploded, volcanically or in running fusillades, and the place was quite unapproachable. The resulting mixed slag of metal was an extraordinary sight.

We passed through the streets of Arras, deserted and in ruins, and on to Albert, marked for miles round by its church steeple, once crowned by a metal statue of the Virgin, which now hung, head downwards, from its summit. Thence we went on to Contalmaison and Mametz Bois, through scenes of stark desolation that might have been imagined and pictured by Doré. Of Contalmaison literally nothing remained but holes that marked the entrances to the house cellars. We watched some of our batteries in action, and were at one place treated by the gunners to a practical joke—two howitzers being

let off simultaneously when we were standing close up against them. Shells were falling and enemy aeroplanes overhead. It was my first experience of being under gunfire, and I searched myself to discover whether I was much alarmed. Consciously, I seemed to be fairly composed. But, unconsciously, my body must have been greatly perturbed. For it shook off the arthritis that had been plaguing it for a year and more, and I returned from my expedition entirely cured.

I was reminded of a somewhat similar incident that had occurred thirty-five years before. As Assistant Director of Agriculture, I was running an agricultural show at Lucknow—far from happily, for I was suffering from dysentery. There was to be a grand *darbar* in the afternoon, presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor, and attended by all the notables of Oudh. A quarter of an hour before it was to commence, the Secretary to Government came and told me that the Lieutenant-Governor desired that I should open the proceedings with an introductory speech. This was exceedingly alarming, and I nervously protested that it was my chief's—the Director's—business. But it seemed that he had declined, on the score that no proper notice had been given him. So it was up to me to do what I could. I managed to get a few notes down on paper, and, when the time came, marched up the hall, bowed to the dais, and delivered a string of sentences, perhaps not more fatuous than are usual on such occasions. In any case, they were well received, and I showed no outward signs of trepidation. But inwardly I was in a turmoil of terror. And I left the hall a new man. My dysentery

had been cured by my nervousness. A disturbance originated by the mind had overcome one that was seated in the body.

I was very greatly impressed by the magnitude of the Ordnance Department's work, and the efficiency with which it was conducted. Even in its depots near the firing line a precision of routine was aimed at which, although often unattainable in practice, set a high standard of official procedure. In one respect, it seemed to me, Ordnance officers carried respect for *punctilio*—or "red tape," as it might be called—too far, with the result of chaining to office stools hundreds of men who might have been more energetically employed. Discrepancies must very frequently occur between the advices of stores despatched and the acknowledgments of their receipt. Miscounts must occasionally occur. An attempt is made to reconcile the discrepancies by an elaborate procedure in which they are laboriously investigated, each being treated as a separate "semi-judicial" case. Under peace conditions this entails much expenditure of time and labour. During war it burdens the Department with an enormous amount of office work—unfruitful for the most part, since discrepancies have very commonly to be "written off" as irreconcilable. It would be far more effective to give extra allowances to the men responsible for the despatch and receipt, and fine both of them when a discrepancy occurred.

Some of the discrepancies were due to speculation. On one occasion a consignment of mess plate which I purchased and despatched to Havre was reported to have arrived short of four dozen spoons and forks.

and I was desired to deduct their value from the manufacturer's account. I did not believe that he was to blame. Luckily, we had the registered weight of the parcel as it was received for despatch. I made up a duplicate of the consignment, and showed that the missing spoons and forks had not been included, its weight would have been short of that registered. The manufacturer was absolved.

On our way back we stopped at the Headquarters of Lord Allenby, and were invited to dine with him. I passed a most agreeable evening discussing with him and an A.D.C. almost every subject under the sun. Next day, at Amiens, we dined at a restaurant which was frequented by British officers on short leave. The *salle à manger* was crowded with them, in the gayest of spirits, endeavouring amongst other things to put out the electric lights by bombarding them with champagne corks. I could not but contrast the picture with that of a regiment I had just seen coming back from the trenches—shambling along, covered with mud, heads down, and apparently half blind. It would not be too much to say that a number of the diners had had far too much to drink. But it was a thing worth noting that, however uproarious, they knew their limits, and behaved correctly enough to the girls who were serving them at table.

The object of this excursion then became evident. My General offered me the task of writing an account of the Ordnance Department's undertakings during the War, and of the methods of their execution. I was, in fact, to be a kind of official historian. The offer was a compliment, and the work would have

been interesting. But it was quite out of accord with my motive in "leading laborious days." This was to do my little best to help win the War. I ventured, therefore, to decline the offer. It cannot be said that I made my visit to the Front under false pretences, for I had no idea of the end in view. But it was made under an assumption which proved to be incorrect, and the General was naturally dissatisfied.

I returned to factory work near Paris, and after some weeks, finding that my services were really not needed there, I wrote to the Director of Army Contracts (Mr. U. F. Wintour) and asked whether there was nothing I could undertake under his orders. My service in Ireland was for his department, and, in acquainting me with his approval of it, he had told me that he could provide me with further employment, if I desired it. In reply to my letter I was ordered to report myself in London at the War Office. This was a change that ultimately conducted me to heights of responsibility that were beyond my dreams.

I was for a time employed on very miscellaneous duties, assisting Mr. Wintour in the enquiries and conferences that were incidental to procuring the multifarious supplies which he was called upon to provide. In this the knowledge of natural products that I had gained in India was of material service to me. I was amazed at the variety of these requirements, and at the versatility and energy which he displayed in meeting them. The earth seemed to have few resources which, in the cause of war, the department was not committed to exploit. There

A SURPRISING PROMOTION

was a curious episode connected with the Italian citron crop. Lime-juice was of much value as an anti-scorbutic for men in the trenches, and it would be unfortunate if this resource came into German hands. I was to be deputed to Italy to buy up the whole of its produce, and took some pains to learn something of the preparation of citrates. Everything had been arranged, and I was on the point of starting, when a telegram was received from our Ambassador at Rome informing us that the citron crop had been sold by the Italians to Swiss purchasers—who, no doubt, passed it on to the Germans.

The losses caused by enemy submarines had begun to narrow very severely our imports of food, timber, and raw materials generally, and the need of the strictest economy was coming to be realized. I was deputed to visit various Ordnance factories to study whether their consumption of materials—of timber especially—could not be lessened. There followed a great surprise. I was informed by Mr. Wintour that, under Cabinet orders, a new department had been created in the War Office for the control of timber supplies, and that I had been placed in charge of it. And, being in uniform, I was, as head of a department of the War Office, to be given the rank of Major-General. From being "amongst the pots" I was to be given the "wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold." But a dove's flight is fleeting and inconstant; and so was my tenure of this high office.

CHAPTER XIV

ARMY TIMBER SUPPLIES

I NEED not enlarge upon the extraordinary increase in the use of timber and wood that was occasioned by the War. Very large quantities were required by our armies in the field—timber for hutting, trenches, dugouts and railway lines, and wood for fuel during the months of cold weather. In France some supplies were obtained by our men from French forests, to which they were given access. But exceedingly heavy despatches were made across the Channel. And at home timber had to be provided in quantity for pit props in the coal-mines, and for hundreds of thousands of packing cases in which army supplies, stores, and ammunition were sent to the Front. These demands had, in the main, to be met by importation from abroad. For “soft” timber—pine-wood—we had always been dependent upon Russia and Scandinavia, although considerable quantities were received from Canada. The pit props used in our collieries were generally imported : those used in the collieries of South Wales constituted an important line of importation from Bordeaux.

Endeavours had been made to develop home supplies. Detachments of expert lumber-men had come over from Canada to assist in this. In Scotland timber extraction was a business of some importance. Elsewhere it was not of great account when compared

OFFICIAL TIMBER CONTROL

with current needs. The control and distribution of these supplies was shared between the Board of Agriculture and the Board of Works, under the general direction of a committee, presided over by Sir Alfred Mond (now Lord Melchett), on which our Allies were represented. So large were the demands of the Army in France, and so urgent was the need of economy, in view of the shipping losses from German submarines, that it was decided to centralize control in a special branch of the War Office. Accordingly, I took over charges from two Government departments that were outside the War Office.

It was amongst my duties to attend, with the Director of Army Contracts, Cabinet meetings at which questions of war supplies were for discussion. A few days after my appointment I was present at a meeting of the War Cabinet, at which I became alive to the extreme dangers of our position in February 1917. Lord Curzon was in the chair. There were only three other members, and I was surprised to see that Lord Derby, the War Minister, was not amongst them. The losses from German submarines had reached their worst. The Government Statistician (Sir William Watson) read a paper demonstrating that we were almost at the end of our resources : we had, indeed, but a few days' food supplies in hand. Lord Maclay, the Controller of Shipping, frequently interposed to emphasize the extreme gravity of the situation.

The paper was very long as well as very lugubrious ; and after a time Lord Curzon interrupted the reading with the remark that we might apparently take it that things were as bad as they could be. Lord

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Maclay assented. Lord Curzon then said, "We had better, then, think of what should be done." No suggestions were immediately forthcoming, and he turned to me. I said that a considerable amount of shipping was engaged in transporting timber to France, that the Army's consumption of timber was wastefully extravagant, and that ■ economy could be enforced there would be some ships to spare. Lord Ashfield, then President of the Board of Trade, gave my charge of extravagance a confirmatory nod. Lord Curzon asked me what measures I proposed. I submitted that this was for the Cabinet to decide. "I think I know," he said, "what Sir Bampfylde Fuller has in mind: we must frighten Haig." And he desired me to suggest to Lord Derby that an officer of weight should be immediately deputed from the War Office to enquire into the consumption of timber in France.

Lord Derby, with good reason, was much annoyed that I should have "given away" the Army without consulting him. I expressed my great regret, but ventured to appeal to the urgency of the occasion. He understood, and passed on at once to considering what officer had best be sent. He decided upon General Sir William Furse, the Master-General of the Ordnance. General Furse's report made it clear that great economies could be effected. The Army's monthly indent for timber was, in fact, reduced by more than a half. But my intervention had an incidental consequence that was personal to myself. A few days later Lord Derby explained that difficulties had arisen in the way of my promotion to be Major-General. He informed me that if I held

ORGANISING A DEPARTMENT

him to his promise he would see that it was carried out. But he thought that I should find myself to be as efficient in plain clothes as in uniform. I quite agreed. But the necessary consequence was that I was gazetted out of the Army.

The creation of a large department was no light matter. I took over some officers and staff from the authorities of which I was the successor. But this left me with the task of collecting and organizing a large personnel. I was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Colonel A. C. Macdonald, who had added service at the Front, as a Royal Engineer, to great experience of railway construction in South America, and was well acquainted with the Army's timber requirements. Mr. W. R. Crow, of practical experience as a timber merchant, was a very efficient deputy for the control of purchase and distribution. In dealing with questions of forestry, I was again fortunate in enlisting the assistance and advice of Colonel Sir George Courthope, M.P., and the services of Sir Hugh Murray, who had distinguished himself in the Indian Forestry Department and was at the time employed in the War Office. Three officers who had served with me in India, Messrs. T. C. Wilson, Edmund Blakesley, and G. H. Harriot, came to my assistance. And I was helped in the provision of a clerical staff by a detachment of young women from the multitude of lady assistants that had at that time found a haven in the War Office.

So it came about that, in a couple of weeks, the new department was equipped with an executive and secretarial staff in its four branches, dealing respectively with the extraction of timber, its

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importation, purchase, and distribution, the economizing of its consumption, and questions of forestry. Associated with it were a number of committees representing interests in and expert knowledge of timber growing, extraction, and marketing and its various uses. British timber merchants were, of course, represented. One of these committees was of an international character, since it included French representatives. For France and England were jointly concerned in the distribution to their armies of the stocks of timber that were available.

The timber that was mainly required was "soft wood," yielded by trees of the pine and fir kinds. Except in Scotland, the British out-turn has always been insignificant when compared with the quantities imported from Russia, Scandinavia, and Canada. As the losses of shipping became heavier, endeavours were made to increase the home supply. Pine and fir trees, even when in scattered clumps, were brought under the axe throughout the country. A corps of Canadian lumbermen engaged itself in felling the pine-woods of Berkshire and Surrey. But the yield of timber was of no great account when compared with the unceasing demand for it. In one respect these local fellings relieved the situation very materially. They sufficed to supply with pit props the coal-mines of the northern and midland counties. But the important collieries of South Wales still looked to Bordeaux for their supplies. In Scotland, however, the extraction of home timber was a very important source of replenishment.

Serious difficulties were, however, arising from the insistent calls of the Army for recruits, not merely

OVER ZEALOUS RECRUITMENT

for the fighting line, but for the labour battalions behind it. These constituted an enormous force. There were nearly half a million men employed in road and railway making, and in meeting subsidiary wants of the combatant forces. The Recruiting Department, under Sir Auckland Geddes, became more and more imperious in its demands, and finally orders were issued under which the professional tree-fellers employed in Scotland were to be called up. I protested to Lord Derby, but without result. There was naturally very strong opposition on the part of those in the Scotch timber business, and some representative men came up to town to interview me. I conducted them to Sir Auckland Geddes. He received us with a manner that was distant, to say the least of it, and refused point-blank to make any concession whatever. They asked my advice. I said that there was nothing but to throw stones at No. 10 Downing Street. They looked at me with astonishment that gradually brightened into understanding, and left for Scotland.

Three days later I received an urgent call from Lord Derby. In his ante-room I was met by Mr. Ian Macpherson, who told me that an awkward opposition had arisen in the House to the recruitment of Scotch tree-fellers; he was surprised that I should be sending into the Army men who were so useful to my department. I explained to him that the case was precisely opposite. On entering the Secretary of State's room, we found there a high official of the Recruiting Department. There was some conversation between Lord Derby and Mr. Ian Macpherson, and I could not help hearing that some-

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one of much importance had come up to London in the interests of the timber business. Lord Derby turned to me and asked what was the least I would accept. I replied that I would relinquish men who were under twenty-three, but claimed the services of all tree-fellers who were of that age or over. When asked why I adopted that age limit, I referred to a precedent that had lately been set by the Cabinet in a somewhat parallel case. The officer who represented the interests of recruiting refused to agree to this concession. Lord Derby asked me whether I would "take anything off." I replied that I was under his orders, but that voluntarily I could not lower my demands. He then told me that I could have it as I wished, and that the necessary orders could be issued forthwith.

I may mention here that my relations with Lord Derby left me with a deep sense of gratitude. He supported me in my difficulties to the best of his power. And, in dealing with him, one felt that all the cards were on the table.

The Cabinet realized that trees could not be felled unless there were men to fell them, and, having regard to the urgent need of timber, passed an order that 10,000 men should be placed at my disposal from the military reserves at home, which then stood at a very high figure. I showed this order to Lord Derby very hopefully. He shook his head and told me to try my luck with Lord French at the Horse Guards. Here I met with an uncompromising *non possumus*. I was not even allowed to draw upon the men of defective physique who had been enrolled in the so-called "agricultural battalions."

THE WASTAGE OF LABOUR

On my return empty-handed, Lord Derby stressed the pressing demand there was for labour behind the lines in France. At this time the labour ration strength there was over 400,000. The amount of work turned out was disproportionately small. In some cases there had actually been difficulty in providing employment. I knew of an Indian labour battalion for whom nothing more active was found than the weaving of grass mats. It was notorious that, speaking generally, the men of the Labour Corps worked very slackly indeed, and gave a very poor return for the money expended in feeding and keeping them. I ventured to point this out, and represented that, if more substantial tasks were exacted, there would be men to spare for me. Things would be immensely improved, I submitted, if a bonus system were introduced, so that the men's earnings would bear some relation to their industry.

Lord Derby was struck by the idea and asked the Adjutant-General (General Macready) to join us. He negatived my proposal very decidedly, giving as his chief reason that it was an unauthorized novelty and would have a disturbing effect. I asked him whether he disputed the statement that our men did very little work. He replied, with a laugh, that he quite accepted it; that he had recently received a letter from the Front saying that we were succeeding in demoralizing the German character, for prisoners, who at first did their eight hours a day, soon became slackers with the example of our men before them. He left, and I again ventured to urge the great urgency of the question at issue: it was too important to be summarily shelved. After some discussion he

decided to consult Lord Haig by telegram. Two days later, he summoned me to meet him at No. 10 Downing Street and told me triumphantly that Lord Haig agreed with us and that the Cabinet had passed orders for the introduction of a system of payment in which results should count for reward. I hoped that I should now see my 10,000 men. He smiled enigmatically. I never got them.

As has already been said, the coal-mines of South Wales drew most of their pit props from the forests of the French *landes*. Their importation occupied much shipping, and it was urgently desirable that local supplies should be substituted for foreign produce. To that end it was necessary that some thousands of Welsh miners should be detached for tree-cutting work. A transfer of this kind involved many difficulties, and one of my earliest duties was to attend a conference to which some mining delegates had been summoned. They were addressed at some length by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. His speech may have been effective as a political manifestation. But I noticed that, throughout, he kept a careful eye upon the newspaper shorthand writers; and I gathered from the faces of the delegates that they were not impressed by it—indeed, that some of them were not attending to it. I asked permission to say a few words, putting before them in plain language the real urgency of the situation, and pointing out how the Government would be able to assist in this novel undertaking. Their interest seemed to be awakened. They promised to consider our proposals carefully, and to inform me of the results.

THE USE OF PLAIN-SPEAKING

Our subsequent interview was most satisfactory. Things were put in trim, and I was much struck by the fact that they asked, as a favour, to be permitted to come and see me from time to time, since they felt that personal communication was a solvent of difficulties. In this feeling all men are alike. The mental flowers of persuasive oratory are, no doubt, attractive. But they are not so *convincing* as a downright explanation of the realities that are drawn from experience ; and I am inclined to believe that English agriculture might have been saved from its present deplorable decay had the public been made to realize the risks of starvation which threaten an island that cannot feed itself during more than three months of the year. In the face of this danger, an import duty, which, at the cost of a small rise in the price of bread, would maintain farming profits at a reasonable figure, becomes a very mild alternative.

In the lack of suitable labour, unsuitable labour seemed to offer attractive possibilities. It was gravely proposed that public-school boys should be set to fell trees. This business demands horny hands and well-set muscles, and offers to the inexperienced infinite chances of self-mutilation. The idea was, fortunately, dropped. Mrs. Tennant came to see me in women's interests, desiring a subvention of Government money towards the cost of teaching girls to cut down trees. She put her case more peremptorily than argumentatively, and could not see the objections which led me to doubt the practicability of the scheme. After she left, the Secretary to the War Office rang me up, asking me about the interview, and hinting that she possessed influence

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that could not safely be disregarded. I took the hint and allotted her £500. I heard no more of the use to which it was put.

The shortage of the timber supply drew incidental attention to the question of tree-planting, although this could not, of course, lighten our present difficulties. One of our advisory committees concerned itself with measures of reforestry. It was surprising that so little had been done in England to plant pine and fir forests, in view of the great success that has been attained by systematic forestry in Germany. The impression which I formed from our various discussions was that tree-planting in England is hampered very greatly indeed by the preservation of ground game. Where there are no hares or rabbits, one-year saplings can be planted very cheaply with no great risk of loss. But when planting exposes saplings to the danger of being eaten down, they cannot be put into the ground until they have made three or four years' progress in a nursery, with the trouble and expense of shifting them annually. Moreover, some protective fencing is required. When I pointed this out, my remarks were received in silence. Is the production of timber better than the pleasure of shooting? An Englishman is tempted to set the latter first, and to find some other reason for the resulting dearth of home-grown timber.

The difficulties in providing sea-transport would be lessened could the Army in France draw some supplies from French forests, and the War Office had very wisely arranged with the French Government that certain sources of supply should be thrown

IMPORTED SUPPLIES

open to British troops. Our armies had detached men for the business, and some corps of Canadian lumbermen were setting them an example of energy. But further organization was desirable, and it was decided to appoint a Director of Timber Supplies in France. His duties across the Channel corresponded pretty closely with mine at home, and it was arranged that we should collaborate so far as was possible. Lord Derby selected for this post Lord Lovat, who was specially well equipped for it by a practical knowledge of forestry.

But, in spite of all these efforts, the fact remained that we were mainly dependent upon imported timber, and that, if this failed us, there would be a shortage which would imperil success in the War. We drew much from Canada—in particular the silver spruce that was at that time held by the French and ourselves to be the material essentially required for the construction of aeroplanes. But our principal resource was, as it long had been, Russian timber. Its transport across the front of German submarine attack was, of course, full of danger, and, moreover, occupied vessels that might be employed in bringing foodstuffs.

On the other hand, there were a large number of vessels lying unemployed in Swedish ports: there were no foodstuffs to be drawn from that quarter, and ships laden with timber were protected by their cargo from being sunk outright. There were, accordingly, means for importing Russian timber that did not prejudice the supply of food if we could secure the Russian stock on hand. The Revolution had commenced, but the Government was still in the

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hands of Kerensky and was quite willing to deal with us. Our agent in Russia, Major Procter, obtained an offer at which we could secure, on very favourable terms, a stock which would supply our needs for some time to come. The price was £20,000,000. The opportunity was to be seized, and, thanks to Lord Forster, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, and one of the Army Council, we took it. I explained the situation to him, and he authorized me to go ahead.

In the course of my correspondence with Russia, a chance offered itself which, had it been taken, might have given a different turn to the history of that country. Major Procter sent me a memorandum describing the state of political affairs and the danger of the violent uprising of the proletariat against the "respectable" classes, pointing out that the latter needed a leader whom they could trust, and urging that a British general with some troops should be immediately sent to St. Petersburg, to serve as a rallying-point and a centre of enrolment for the multitudes of better-class citizens who were willing to make a stand for the existing system of civilization. He asked that his representation should be submitted to the Cabinet. I sent it on, but heard no more of it.

Having regard to the course which events took, it is by no means improbable that had the aristocratic and bourgeois communities been given at this juncture a "centre of gravity" round which they could consolidate themselves, and have been inspired with the enthusiasm that is begotten by a trusted leader, they would have successfully combined to

quench the Bolshevik flame that ultimately consumed them. Revolutions spring from seeds that may grow into upas trees, but can easily be sterilized at sowing time. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Was not the success of Fascism due to resentment, by the Italian Army, of the insults which had been put upon it by the Socialists? Pensioners' ribbons were even torn off in the streets. A few machine guns would easily have disposed of Signor Mussolini's "black-shirts." But the guns would not go off.

The French Army drew large quantities of timber from Switzerland. Here there was only a question of land transport. But there was a peculiar difficulty. Italy also drew upon Switzerland, and, although it was within the circle of the Allies, it refused to pool the Swiss produce with France and divide it equitably. In consequence, there was keen competition between the two nations, with much ill feeling and a ruinous effect upon prices.

In the spring of 1917 the Italians ran short of coal, and asked us to lend them a couple of ships wherewith to maintain a supply from South Wales, using words that might be taken to imply that, failing them, they could hardly be expected to carry on the War. Their request was circulated to various departments in London without response, and finally came to me. In view of the urgency of the situation, I thought that I could spare two vessels, and informed the Italian Embassy that I would have them loaded with coal and despatched to Leghorn at once, but that I must make a conditional stipulation—that Italy would agree to pool the Swiss timber

out-turn with France, and not compete with her in purchasing.

I received a grateful assent. Some weeks later a representative of the French Intendance, calling upon me, expressed his thanks for the attempt I had made to compose this long-standing rivalry. I hoped that it was not merely "an attempt," and he replied that, in fact, Italy had made no move towards fulfilling her promise. From the Italian Embassy I received a long excuse, to the purpose that they were considering an arrangement with France and hoped in time to arrive at one. I telegraphed to Leghorn and withdrew the two ships as soon as they had discharged their cargoes.

A little later on, our Government was driven by the shortage of food supplies to withdraw from the French some British vessels that had been placed at their disposal for the conveyance of timber from Canada—in particular of the silver spruce which, at that time, was held to be the only suitable material for aeroplanes. This decision was announced at a meeting of the International Committee, over which I presided, by a delegate from the Admiralty who took no pains to sugar the terms of his message. The French delegates made violent protest, and I adjourned the meeting in hopes that some compromise might be arranged. But the difference widened; and the French, in retaliation for their loss of silver spruce, went so far as to close against the British Army the forests that had been opened to them, so that our timber-felling operations were completely stopped. This *impasse* continued over a fortnight. I shall refer to it again.

ECONOMIES

So far of the efforts that were made to increase the supply of timber. Hardly less to be desired was economy in its consumption. Reference has already been made to wastefulness in France, and the measures that were taken to check it. But there was also extravagance at home. I found that the timber supplies which arrived in the Bristol Channel were being obtained by a monster factory which was being constructed for the manufacture of high explosive (T.N.T.). The estimate of its cost was £10,000,000, and its actual cost would certainly exceed this. It had been begun when Mr. Lloyd George was Minister of Munitions and we could not rely upon obtaining the explosive from America. We were now as assured of receiving it, ready-made, as we were of receiving the materials for making it, and the materials occupied much more space as freight than the finished article. I brought these facts to the knowledge of the War Cabinet. Lord Curzon took a note of them. Three days later I was summoned again, and found the superior staff of the factory assembled before him. They accepted the facts as stated by me; the work was closed down forthwith, and I was invited to take over any machinery or materials that I wanted. This is a striking illustration of Lord Curzon's business promptitude. I cannot help thinking that the War would have ended sooner had his executive talents been utilized more freely in its direction.

The need for economy was so pressing that, acting upon professional advice, I decided to bring under control the home consumption of timber in the construction of civil and private buildings. Timber was

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to be used only under licence from our department. The introduction of this close control involved, of course, an enormous amount of labour. At the outset we were flooded with applications, and it was only through the devotion of my staff that we made head against the current, and managed to overcome it. During most of the first week work was continued throughout the night. This licensing system was, of course, rather perturbing to those who wished to build. But there was surprisingly little friction, since our advisory committee of timber merchants assisted us greatly in smoothing the procedure.

Some comical incidents occurred. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, with some of his Council, came to see me. Timber, they explained, was urgently needed in large quantities for the reconstruction of Sackville Street, which had been partly demolished during the rising of 1916, and was a standing reproach to the City. I enquired whether I was correct in thinking that the object in view was not so much to rebuild the street as to assuage public criticism by seeming to rebuild it. With smiles of intelligence, they accepted this interpretation of their wishes, and were quite content when I allotted them sufficient timber for the purpose of a show. An Irish Member of Parliament came to see me on behalf of a Dublin friend who wished to put up "a small convenience" at the end of his garden. I assured him of some home-grown timber for the purpose. He was very grateful. "No doubt," he said, "you've some lady friends; and if at any time you wish to bring them to tea on the Terrace, remember, I'm your man."

These various undertakings undoubtedly extended

beyond the legitimate duties of a branch of the War Office, and it is not surprising that, at the end of three months or so, it was decided to transfer us to the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade. This change was associated with my dismissal from office. But it seems clear that for this there was another reason in the background, the fact that I had fallen out of the good graces of Mr. Lloyd George. This can be explained by certain incidents that had occurred at two meetings of the whole Cabinet which I had attended. Mr. Lloyd George was, of course, in the chair. There were about twenty other members present, but very few of them took any part in the discussions. I was struck by the absence of method. There seemed to be no regular agenda, and on both occasions much time was spent in wandering discussions that led to nothing. Indeed, when the meeting was over, it was difficult to say what decisions had been arrived at.

Most of the talk was a monologue on the part of the Prime Minister, broken by occasional appeals to his colleagues, to which they generally returned rather hesitating replies. Indeed, there was a general air of restraint, if not of apprehension, and I was astonished to see Lord Curzon schooling himself to silence in the face of rambling statements by Mr. Lloyd George which he well knew to be unjustified. Nor was this apprehension difficult to explain. Nothing is so alarming in one who has authority as the feeling that he is not cramped in the exercise of his powers by a sense of justice. With good reason, the Hebrews thought that they glorified Jehovah in describing him as a "jealous"—that is to say an

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“unjust”—god. No one who was fettered by the scruples of justice would have appointed an Israelite to govern the people of India because he was one of his intimate friends.

At the first of these meetings there came up the question of cutting down the importation of things other than foodstuffs. Various departments had submitted statements of their minima requirements. The Prime Minister picked up my figures and observed very peremptorily that they were impossibly high. I submitted that they represented a most drastic reduction. He asked me why all this timber was wanted. I explained that there were a large number of imperative needs to be met if the War was to be carried on. He asked me to describe them. I took as a first illustration the provision of pit props for coal-mines. He asked very sharply why I was not providing them by local fellings. I replied that all the coal-mines except those in South Wales were being provided by local fellings, that the South Wales pits had always been dependent upon French produce, that difficulties had been experienced in the detachment of miners for tree-cutting, but there was reason to hope that in three months' time the importation of French timber could be stopped. At this allusion to South Wales a covert smile ran round the table.

The Prime Minister then demanded: “What next?” I referred to the large quantity of wood that was needed for the ammunition boxes in which shells were despatched to the Front.

“Why cannot they be put in sacks?” he asked.

I replied that there would be great risk of explosions.

He turned to Admiral Jellicoe and asked whether boxes were necessary. The Admiral moistened his lips before replying, and then said, with some hesitation, that boxes were not used for shells that were supplied to the fleet.

"There now!" exclaimed the Prime Minister, turning to me.

I explained that naval shells were sent out in "slings," but that I was referring to 18-pounders. Admiral Jellicoe received a look of enquiry. He admitted that 18-pounders had to be boxed. Mr. Lloyd George gave a hasty glance in my direction to see whether I was conscious of having "scored." But my only feeling was one of great anxiety. On coming out of the Cabinet room, several Ministers congratulated me on my defence, saying that I was quite right to speak out. But I felt that although I had gained my point I had lost myself. The frog's arguments were convincing, but it was eaten by the stork.

At the second meeting, amongst the questions discussed was a proposal of mine that, for the equitable distribution of our monthly timber resources, an inter-departmental committee should be appointed which would reconcile the various demands with the amount available. The proposal had been willingly accepted by the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Board of Trade. The Prime Minister, after a glance at my note, asked me who was to preside over the committee. I replied that I was to be the man. After a short pause, he said that he did not like the scheme and would not have it. There was a silence. Lord Ashfield, the President of the Board of Trade,

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then observed that the proposal had been drawn up in communication with him, and seemed to him to be a good one. There was silence again. Lord Robert Cecil then said that the scheme appeared to deserve favourable consideration. The Prime Minister made no reply, and the Cabinet passed to the discussion of other matters.

I was, then, not surprised to receive a letter of dismissal. It was, of course, couched in complimentary language. But it was a dismissal all the same. A dramatic contrast occurred on the morning of its receipt. A telegram came from Lord Lovat referring to the closure of the French forests, and telling me that the French authorities had nominated me as umpire in the dispute between the two nations, that a car was waiting for me at Boulogne, and that I should be welcomed by both parties with open arms. My authority had ended, and I could not visit Paris in an official capacity. But there were a few days before I should be relieved, and I could use them to compose this unfortunate quarrel. I was aware that what the French really wanted was a certain quantity of Canadian silver spruce. We could replenish our stocks by import. They could not do so, now that the loaned vessels had been withdrawn. I went to a high controlling authority and asked whether he minded signing his name to a misrepresentation.

"Certainly not," he replied, "if it would be really useful."

He gave me a certificate for the importation on British account of a certain quantity of silver spruce. Armed with this I went to the Air Board and, upon

THE END OF A CHAPTER

the strength of it, obtained a grant of a corresponding quantity that was in stock. This was assigned to the French, and the trouble was over.

To be uprooted at this point was, of course, a great disappointment. But it may have been a blessing in disguise, for unending work and incessant anxiety had weakened me very greatly, and, if continued, might have finished me entirely. It was a curious reflection, that, owing to my frequent changes of function, I came out of War work without a single ribbon or decoration. A rolling stone has many experiences: but it gathers no moss.

CHAPTER IV

SOME HETERODOX SCIENCE

THE last twelve years of my life have been greatly occupied by scientific studies—with endeavours to discover reasons that would explain the courses of life and Nature more successfully than those which we are asked to accept by current science. My conclusions are amongst the most important of my personal experiences, and should certainly be referred to in these pages. But I am on delicate ground. For there is a risk that they will render the pages unreadable. Some of them have already been published in books that must be classed as failures, inasmuch as they have been shunned by critics and left almost untouched by the public. Moreover, it may be suspected that I am taking this occasion to advertise my writings. I must, therefore, go carefully. But this account of my experiences would be very incomplete if it did not at least refer to mental explorations that have been perhaps the most important of my adventures.

Since boyhood, science has always attracted me, and during many years I was the head of a scientific department. I can claim, then, to have some scientific qualifications. Until well past middle life I accepted the doctrines of the text-books implicitly. My confidence was first shaken when, as Chief Commissioner of Assam, I had occasion to go over

some estimates with the head of the Public Works Department. I found that, after completing his calculations, he had multiplied the results by five to provide for the "factor of safety." The use of this safeguard is commonly known. But I had never realized its implications. What a ludicrous contrast to scientific pretensions—to the "precise quantitative correspondence between theory and observation" which science aims at achieving! If calculations are so very untrustworthy, architects and engineers might as well go by bare experience. One could understand how the Romans built so well before arithmetical calculation was rendered possible by the introduction of the cipher, and how Gothic cathedrals were constructed by rule of thumb.

And this reflection led to others. Is it not a fact that the discoveries which have revolutionized modern life have been won, not through the understanding of things, but by patient and ingenious experiment, often set on its course by a mere accident? How casual was Hertz's discovery of "wireless waves," and how inconsistent is their behaviour with the mathematical formulas which describe them! The elaborate mathematical formulation of the laws of sound has not ensured the building of halls with good acoustic properties. The brothers Wright, the pioneers of aviation, have roundly declared that they found mathematical data useless as a guide to their experiments. The predictions of meteorology are, after all, only those of a railway signalman who has been informed that a train is approaching. How often we are amused by the acrobatic versatility of medical science!

SOME HETERODOX SCIENCE

The truth is, of course, that in these cases we are concerned, not merely with material things, but with imperceptible energies that act upon them or through them. Man has always recognized that, behind the material world, there are causal energies that elude his observation. Religion dramatizes them by deifying them; and it is true that they encompass us with a "spiritual" or "ghostly" environment. Science, on the other hand, is disposed to materialize them, by merging them in the measurable material effects that they produce or the measurable material instruments that they use. Gravity, for instance, is confused with its effects in producing weight and movement, and light with its effects upon the eye. But how much can be learnt of a cow by measuring its yield of milk, or of a poppy by the analysis of its opium? Chemical action is identified with "chemicals," and differential plant-growth with the formation of certain chromosomes in plant-cells. It is true, of course, that the immaterial uses the material for the instruments through which it acts and reproduces itself. But an instrument is not a *cause*. It may be changed without affecting a cause's action—as a saw, for instance, may be substituted for an axe in felling a tree. Apart from the man who wields it, the axe is of no account, and the minutest measurements of its shape and size will not account for the tree's downfall. By limiting its scope to the measurable, does not science forbid its students to step beyond the temple vestibule? Is not *Why?* as important a question as *How?* or *How Much?*

Science recognizes, of course, the existence of

"energy." But this is regarded as a "constant" which is capable of being denoted mathematically—a something which "conserves" itself, and is, therefore, without beginning or end. This supposition is, however, glaringly out of accord with experience. For if energy conserves its *kind*, wireless waves are identical with the electric currents which they set up in the receiver. One might as well hold that a son is the same as his father. If the thing conserved is its *quantity*, there is the objection that immaterial energy cannot be measured by quantity—only by intensity. And experience shows that the intensity of energy fluctuates violently: wireless waves fade; the wind blows in gusts; the weather is constantly changing; waking alternates with sleep, and life with death. Nor is this inconsistency explained by conceiving energy to be "latent" or "potential." For it may be this, not because it is conserved, but because it may be regenerated.

These considerations are enough to set one thinking whether mathematical conclusions, based on the measurement of material changes, can throw much light upon the character and action of energetic causes. It is a mistake to regard these forces as impenetrably concealed from us. There are some which we can directly perceive—those of our own conscious life. It is, indeed, by inferring from them that we apprehend the existence of energies in the world outside us.¹ One *infers*, or "reasons," by likening a thing to another thing (or by "identifying" the two), and by concluding that the second possesses

¹ This may, of course, be a "general": an apple on a fruit-stall may "link-up" the "apple a day" that keeps the doctor away.

the same essential quality, cause, or consequence as the first. We are conscious that our own movements, utterances, and expressions proceed from energies, and we conclude that there are energies behind the changes that occur in other persons, and in Nature generally. No wonder that children are ■■■ "animists" !

Clearly, then, the study of energies should begin with the study of oneself. This is a painful process, for it involves some loss of self-esteem. And it must be admitted that consciousness of oneself is very incomplete. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we are insensible to the vital forces of growth, digestion, circulation, and secretion. We are only conscious of our sense-impressions, emotions, motives, actions, and thoughts. It is obvious that these are merely passing eddies on the surface of a deeper current, which flows continuously, while life endures, provided that certain materials are supplied for its use. Its character eludes us. But we can draw some illuminating inferences regarding the methods of its action.

It seems clear, to begin with, that, *in growing*, an animal or plant repeats the experiences of its parents by reproducing them. Each change that occurs has occurred before and leads to a similar successor. Life is, then, essentially a "reproductive" force—using this term in a sense much wider than that of sexual reproduction. It is by reproducing previous changes that the bodily organs work regularly ; and it ■■■ by a rapid series of reproductions that the muscles attain dexterity. The process affects the mind as that of "memory" or "remembering," with

its active development in *habit*. We think of a recollection as of something that is stored in the brain and is brought forward like a lantern slide. This view is, however, plainly untenable. What "record" can there be of a thought? Yet we can recollect one quite clearly. Its recall must assuredly involve its mental reproduction or reconstruction.

This process of reproduction is not merely *repetitive*. It becomes *analogical* when an experience "recalls" (i.e. regenerates) not that which succeeded it in the past, but something else to which it is linked by a resemblance or analogy, in quality, cause, or consequence, or as its negative or contrary. If, for instance, we find that a drawer has stuck, we pull it harder, because in somewhat similar difficulties an increase of strength has helped us: if the salt has run low, we may turn the salt-cellar over, because in somewhat similar cases this expedient has proved useful. In mental life this process is known as "intelligence." It is the foundation of inference, or reasoning, for, in order to compare one thing with another, the latter must first be analogically brought forward. It is the source of metaphor, and the spirit of imagination. For intelligence becomes imaginative when the linking resemblances are not essential, but incidental.

But it undoubtedly affects the body as well as the mind. We cannot suppose that insects have a mind. For they plainly do not feel pain as we know it in our waking hours: a wasp will continue to suck treacle when it has been grievously mutilated. Yet certain insects show great intelligence in adapting themselves analogically to strange circumstances. The stomach adapts itself "intelligently" to strange

foods. We maintain our balance against the force of gravity by a rapid succession of movements suitable to each occasion, of which we are quite unconscious. Golf involves the "intelligent" adaptation of movement to varying difficulties; yet golfers are aware that their play is best when allowed to "run of itself." The process of imitation, which influences our lives far more profoundly than we realize, is analogically reproductive. It reproduces actions, and even "sympathetic" feelings, through analogies between their manifestations in ourselves and manifestations outside us which we perceive by our senses. It may be quite automatic. Is not an audience "infected" with coughing or with applause? Intelligence, as well as memory, is, then, a basic attribute of life. Both extend to the mind, but are not necessarily mental.

Analogical reproduction, it seems clear, may lead to the development of certain physical and mental diseases. In place of repeating its particular course, the body or the mind may analogically reproduce malignant changes. And it explains the occurrence of the variations or mutations which are the first steps in evolutionary development, forward or backward. It enables us to assign the origin of evolution to a definite cause. The varied forms of animal and vegetable life may be compared with the varied products of man's fabricating ingenuity. Both are the fruits of inventive, or creative, intelligence, working through analogies.

In this reproductive activity the body and mind work together. The body may initiate mental, the mind bodily experiences. A physical sense-im-

pression recalls the mental *idea* that renders it a conscious "sensation." When asleep, we may receive sense-impressions and respond to them. But we are unconscious of them because the mind is out of action. And even conscious sight would be of little use to us did not it reproduce ideas of movements which give meaning to perspectives, and convert an "impressionist" blur into a clear-cut picture. Our experiences commonly recall ideas of what followed and preceded them on similar or analogical occasions: from these germs are analogically developed our concepts of future and past time. The sound or sight of a word recalls its *meaning*—that is to say, the idea which it represents. On the other hand, the mind acts upon the body when an idea reproduces the utterance of the word that expresses it, and when the thought of an experience reproduces the feelings of pleasure or pain that accompanied it. There is between the body and the mind a curious "alternate reversal of parentage," which is abundantly illustrated in the inanimate world.

Repetitive and analogical reproduction is therefore the essential function of life. This generalization, it must be admitted, does not "explain" the process. But it unifies a vast number of most diverse experiences, and so fulfils one of the declared purposes of science.

The motives and emotions of which we are conscious are initiated by particular stimuli—that is to say, stimulation is the instrument by which they are set in action. They are of great variety, and appear to be as independent in origin as are the animals of a menagerie. They are obviously *energies*. The spirit

of revenge, for instance, is as real and as dangerous as violent heat. It may be hampered by lack of instruments. But, like love, it will generally "find a way." We figure these energies as the servants of our personality—speaking, for instance, of "my ambition." But actually our personality is in their service, the instrument through which they act or upon which they play. The will is the most peculiar of them. For its exercise involves the existence of self-control—that is to say, of a contest between two opposites. Personality must, therefore, be dual, and the explanation is not far to seek. For we have within us elements that have been contributed by two parents. We are compounds of the feminine and masculine, and sex is merely determined by a preponderance of one or the other.

This may at first strike one as incredible, for the process of consciousness is *reciprocal*, and this gives duality the appearance of unity. But have not men rudimentary mammary glands and their accessories? In deciding upon the particular character of each of these elements, we must rely upon some rather vague inferences. But there are reasons to believe that we owe to the feminine our practical responsiveness to the things around us, our capacity for *assimilating* them, or impressions of them; while the masculine element is the source of the *animative* energy which gives vigour to our movements, inspires us with pleasurable or painful emotion, and is the ultimate source of thought. We owe to the assimilative element the *practical* point of view which is content to be guided by experience; the animative renders us *emotional*. These two different

outlooks give a twofold aspect to business, art, science, politics, and morality, so that their pursuit varies in character according as one or other element predominates in the individual or the community.

Each of these elements may act in two fashions. Responsive assimilation may be an urge to recoil as well as to approach : we are attracted in love and repelled in fear. And animative energy may uplift us with the expansiveness of joy, or depress us with the contractiveness of sorrow. Further, a third *reactive* energy of cardinal importance comes into play. There may be a clash between the two, such as automatically converts fear into courage, or into the contractive emotion of anger, and occurs when we are consciously tempted to be self-indulgent and are prompted to restrain ourselves. If the discord is physical, the result is an effort : if it is mental, this becomes an effort of will. A deliberate effort of will is always preceded by the conflict of hesitation. When the reaction is purely emotional—from a “contractive” to an “expansive” condition—it may be distinctively termed a “revulsion.” This is illustrated by the glow that follows a sudden relief from apprehension or confusion, and, still more strikingly, by the triumph of successful effort.

It is obvious that these five energetic tendencies, variously combined, will afford materials for a large number of motives and emotions (or “feelings”). They may act upon us automatically as well as consciously : courage may be spontaneous as well as willed or “moral” : the automatic audacity of a fly is proverbial. They may be infused with reactive effort or effortless. Desire and ambition are effortful

because a reaction is provoked by a want. Admiration, on the other hand, involves no effort. And their character is affected by the nature of the stimuli which are the instruments for initiating them. Fear and doubt, for instance, are both repulsions. But the stimulus of the one is the harmful, that of the other, the strange. So desire becomes ambition when it is, not for a thing, but for the *success* of gaining a thing.

The experiences that stimulate us are exceedingly numerous and diverse. But their results can all be described as the effect of either harmony or discord. The appreciation of harmony and discord is one of life's most fundamental, instinctive susceptibilities, to be discovered in its humblest as well as in its highest forms. It is the ultimate source of intelligence—the appreciation of analogies. For resemblances are harmonious and differences are discordant. Accordingly, it affects us through the mind as well as the senses. Blame irritates, a compliment delights us, because they are, respectively, discordant and harmonious with our self-esteem. Our ideals of gratitude and justice are harmonies between what precedes and what follows; our ideal of truth a harmony between the mental and the real.

It is true that a harmony may be conventional; the taste which it satisfies may have been acquired, as is a taste for bird's-nest soup or for modern music. But there is a harmony when this taste is satisfied. Harmonious stimuli are pleasing, discordant displeasing. Hence the lessons of experience count for nothing when they conflict with "pieties," predilections, or prejudices with which we have been

MENTAL EVOLUTION OF IDEAS

inoculated by education. Yet the fact remains that discord—even pain—is energetically stimulating. In the form of a want, or a conflict between wants, it is the initiating instrument of desire and the will. History shows that hardship is the guardian angel of the race. But it is the *bête noire* of the individual.

Stimuli are further to be distinguished according as they are actual experiences, whether undergone by the body or reproduced memorially by the mind, or are ideas of qualities that have been mentally abstracted from experience. Mental reproductions of actual experiences may be, as we have seen, as stimulating as were the experiences: thought is the *avant coureur* of the body, exciting it, but rarely satisfying it, constantly urging it to seek satisfaction in reality. But the mind goes beyond this. It isolates from experiences their qualities (*i.e.* attributes) or their causal or consequential accompaniments, and these become mental stimuli of even greater power than the realities from which they are drawn. For they are the “quintessences” of experiences that in real life please or displease us. The stimulating idea of *liberty* is, for instance, abstracted from the very occasional experiences of being able to do what one pleases. It is, then, the idea of a particular harmony, as is also the idea of *peace*.

Still more influential are ideas that are derived from harmonious experiences of success, with the thrill of triumph that accompanies it. Success may be gained by overcoming oneself: this is idealized as the virtue of self-repressive duty—of “taking up one’s cross.” For, to borrow from Marcus Aurelius, life may be a dance to some people, but is a wrestling-

match to others. From experiences of objective victories, their causes and their consequences, including the triumph which they give (either directly as a revulsive glow, or associatively, through the attitude of others towards us), there has sprung a legion of stimulating ideas, as of power, might, majesty, strength, skill, size, excellence, superiority, progress, pride, dignity, honour, prestige, glory, fame, esteem, nobility, respectability, and popularity. These are all causal, emotional, or consequential attributes of success. The influence of these ideas (and of their contraries) upon us is extraordinarily far-reaching and profound. They are commonly the deciding factors in an effort of will. The trend of willing depends, therefore, upon the relative influences of various phases, or qualities, of success, and can be modified by education that accentuates particular phases, or qualities—popularity, self-expression, or self-control, for example.

We are, accordingly, flattered or complimented when any phase of success is ascribed to us, and are so much enchanted by the process as to find uncomplimentary truth uninteresting, if not positively distasteful. A newspaper, if it is to sell, must cuddle the self-esteem of its readers. Indeed, the main object of civilized society is to gain a delightful thrill of self-importance without irritating others, or even while pleasing them. Nor is the influence of these suggestions unaccountable. For to man success is almost everything. He stands alone in the animal kingdom in lacking any directory instincts—promptings to tell him not only of life's necessities, but of the methods of satisfying them. Hence a child can be brought up to any language, manners,

or religion. Man has to discover his methods by efforts of trial. And these efforts must be successful to be illuminating.

The influence of abstract, or purely mental, stimuli is immense. The energetic feelings that they arouse are commonly called "spiritual": they differ from those aroused through the senses as love differs from lust, or "ought" from "must." An idea of benevolence begets a feeling of attachment; and the appreciation of affinity that leads to the mental identification of another with oneself is the origin of man's social comradeships and unions, whether national, professional, or religious. Success is primarily the *instrument* for satisfying a desire; ideas of it become the inspiring *objects* of ambition. This is the main-spring of civilized progress; a society stagnates if ambition is checked by the restrictive rules upon which the Indian castes and British trade unions rely for their protection. It is qualities of success again, attributed to another, that kindle the feeling of admiration—the emotion that transfigures sexual love, binds mankind to its leaders, and beatifies our ideals, whether of harmonies or attributes of success. Admiration becomes faith when the admired power is protective, respect when the feeling is infused with a shade of apprehension.

Appreciation of these qualities as one's own is the origin of our self-esteem or *amour propre*. This can, moreover, be excited by the *correlative* character of certain ideas, for one's own superiority can be inferred from another's inferiority. Self-esteem may therefore arise from contempt for others. And the malicious satisfaction of contempt is softened into

pity if sympathy ■ imitatively aroused by the perception of a uniting affinity. That pity is the transfigured consequence of a mental correlation is proved by the experience that it is stifled ■ its object denies our superiority by self-assertion, or even by aping our manners.

We owe to mental stimuli our hopes and fears, and the revulsions which put life into our amusements. Our games and dramas involve a continuous conflict between ideas of failure and of success. A gambler backs the mental against the real. The chances of winning or losing may be even. But he has still two to one in his favour. Whatever may be the issue, he has enjoyed the hopeful pleasure of success. The charm of wit lies in the sudden comprehension of what was momentarily baffling; and the commonest form of humour is the descent from the high-brow complexities of the mental to the homely simplicity of the real or commonplace.

We have been constantly referring to "the mind." What can we say of this mystery? We can certainly clear some approaches to its understanding. There is no mind without thought of some kind, and no thought without ideas. For ideas are the "materials" of thought. And there is no consciousness without ideas, if we except the irregular and spasmodic visions of our dreams. Ideas are, therefore, essential to both mind and consciousness. If we possess an internal sense by which ideas are apprehended, we should perceive something that was part of ourselves, and should, so far, be conscious of ourselves. There is no reason to suppose that ideas cannot be sensorily caught by the brain. As the mental offspring of

sensation they are exceedingly subtle or etheric. But so is the radiant light of the sun, which affects the senses nevertheless.

There would be a strikingly close analogy between conscious thought and wireless reception, for "idea-waves," which commonly reproduce speech, would be caught by the brain, just as a stream of "carrier-waves"—variously "figured" by sounds—is caught by a receiver, and sets up electrical action that can be made to reproduce the sounds. There would, of course, be the important difference that the current of ideas is caught by the same agency as that which produces it, whereas in wireless transmission the receiver is distinct from the oscillator. But if this agency is dual, the difficulty disappears. It would be dual if ideas belong to the animative element, and are received by the assimilative.

Of what is this stream of ideas composed? There are reasons for inferring that it is a current of "momentum." It will be objected that there is no momentum without material movement. How, then, do undulations pass forward along a water surface unaccompanied by any forward movement of the water? How is it that we feel the *strength* of a movement, apart from the movement itself? Must it not be a current of immaterial momentum, generated by sensation, which moves our muscles? And there are three rather striking reasons for holding that thought and movement are of connected origin. In the first place, thought takes the place of movement as we ascend the animal kingdom, and commonly takes the place of action in ourselves. Secondly, movement and thought resemble one another in that

they can both be swayed by an effort of will. In this they stand apart from all our other energies. And, thirdly, the essential consequences of movement and thought are identical. Every movement establishes a new relationship between one thing and another; every thought establishes a similar relationship between one idea and another, between a subject and a conjunctive or comparative condition or attribute, of some sort, that is ascribed to it. The condition or attribute that is ascribed may be of very various kinds, such as are expressed by nouns, adjectives, or verbs. The subject and the attribute may be elaborately defined or expanded by being descriptively connected with things or attributes, either directly or through ancillary sentences. The ascription may be inverted or contorted in various fashions for the purpose of emphasis, euphony, or rhythm. But it remains the fundamental product of thought, and by searching for it we can reduce to elements of simplicity such an elaborate piece of phraseology as a leading article in *The Times*.

We are no more conscious of the process by which ideas are formed than we are of the influence of the microphone upon wireless waves. But we can gather some light from the less subtle process of sensation. We know that if two sensations—those of two flowers, for instance—are generally alike, their samenesses are mentally unified so as to produce a general idea of a *class*, as of “roses,” which has only a mental existence. This general idea is used with an article to indicate one of a class—“a rose,” for example. Also that their differences are isolated as their distinctive *qualities*, which are individualized as

MENTAL INDIVIDUALIZATION

separate existences—the rose's "redness," for instance. These qualities are not merely those of appearance. They may be activities, external or internal, which are also individualized ("love," for instance), but may be expressed by verbs for the purpose of being ascribed to a subject *in time*. For qualities of this kind are transient.

That qualities should be mentally transformed into individuals seems to be very anomalous. But it will seem less anomalous when it is realized that our senses give us no perception of individuality apart from our own, and that the individuals that surround us present themselves to our senses merely as assemblages of qualities, which are mentally individualized because they seem, like ourselves, to possess a separate existence. We can, accordingly, conceive of such abstractions as number, quantity, and ratio, as existing individually, apart from the particular things which they qualify.

Mental stimuli of the abstract, ideal, or "spiritual" kind are creative as well as stimulative, and present to us imaginary mental worlds which may be quite out of accord with experience—the domains of the fictitious personalities, the simulated harmonies and discords of Art, or of the transcendental flights of philosophy, psychology, idealistic politics, and the higher mathematics. They are impressive but illusory "Cloud-Cuckoo-Lands." There is even a mental world in so practical a matter as economics. The thought of "invested money" has an implication of *possession*; but the wealth exists only as a "mental realization" of the future, and may very easily be lost. The Christian virtues are inspiring; but they

do not "pay," and one is, therefore, tempted to make the best of both worlds—to profess idealism, while keeping an eye on the "main chance." The mind is, indeed, constantly subjecting us to influences which, from a practical or empirical point of view, are visionary or "make-believe," so that mental life becomes, in great measure, one of pretence. It distinguishes man from the brutes. But we can understand why the progress which it stimulates is halting and irregular, and is liable to be thrown back by reactions from reality. Man's face may be "heaven-erected" by his ideals. But he must keep his feet on the ground.

This requires self-control—what is called "character." For the mind not only offers man an enchanting range of magic peaks to climb; it adds joys of a "spiritual" kind to his other pleasures. But, by doing so, it steepens the slopes down which he so often rolls to disaster. For he is incessantly tempted to sacrifice welfare to enjoyment, and this may be "spiritual" as well as sensuous. His "stability" is that of an elastic rod, set at the meeting of two conflicting torrents—swayed on one side by sensations and their memorial counterparts, and on the other side by ideals that may be as intoxicating as alcohol. An excess on either side may overthrow it. But it is, in a measure, protected by its own resistant elasticity—by the force which becomes mental in the will. This is, in fact, the natural outcome of man's duality. But it can be strengthened by exercise. The original meaning of "asceticism" is merely "practice."

Let us now turn to the energies which we know,

inferentially, to activate the inanimate world around us. The first point to be noticed is that certain of them must exist quite independently of matter, since they can cross a vacuum. To this class belong "radiant" heat and light, electro-magnetic (or wireless) "waves," and the force of gravity. Also to be included, as we have seen, is immaterial momentum, the "spirit" of movement. Other energies only act in association with matter. There must be a material something to become heated, illuminated, or electrified, or to be "weighted" by the action of gravity. These "material" energies must not be confused with matter itself. For they come and go and affect matter without changing its peculiar constitution. A thing is not chemically altered by being heated or electrified. A distinction of importance must then be drawn between¹ immaterial and material energies.

It is a striking fact that the material gives rise to the immaterial and the immaterial to the material. Material heat generates and is generated by "radiant" heat; material coloration is generated by radiant light and generates the radiant colour-rays that strike the eyes; electricity generates and is generated by electro-magnetic energy; and material movement generates immaterial momentum and is generated by it. There is an "alternate reversal of parentage," such as, we have seen, occurs between the body and the mind. This cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy. But it is patently true, nevertheless. Its truth has been

¹ "Etheric" and "materio-etheric" would be convenient distinctive terms for one and the other.

obscured by current phraseology. For this uses the same word—"heat"—for the radiant energy of the sun and the material condition of a warming-pan, and styles indifferently as "light" the rays which strike our eyes and the sensation of light which is their product. The etheric waves of wireless transmission are confusedly termed "electro-magnetic." Thought is so greatly influenced by words that clear phraseology is essential to clear thinking. It is, then, most desirable that immaterial energies should have distinguishing names of their own. Radiant heat can, very appropriately, be termed "thermogen," radiant light "chromogen" (for it is the begetter of colour), and the word "electrogen" can usefully be substituted for "electro-magnetism."

Living energy can, as we have seen, be stimulated either harmoniously or discordantly. The case is similar with inanimate energies. The material energies which give rise to the immaterial all appear to be of a discordant character. Heat is so discordant that it converts solids into liquids, and liquids into gases. Incandescence is destructive. Colour fades—burns itself out. However obscure be the nature of electrification, it is clearly a condition of energetic inequilibrium. Chemical combination manifests discord by heat or explosion. We may infer, on the other hand, that immaterial energy acts upon matter harmoniously in energizing it materially. We can say little of the methods in which radiant heat and light act upon matter. But we know that electro-magnetic (electrogenic) energy will only generate electrical conditions when a receiver sympathetically "attuned" to it.

THE VORTICAL THEORY

The character of an unperceived energy may be inferred from the material traces that it leaves, and from the nature of the material upon which it acts. If a screw has been loosened, we know that someone has been at it with a screw-driver. A cork could not be drawn unless it could be pierced by a cork-screw. In determining the character of the forces which act upon it, the constitution of matter is, therefore, of great importance. The hypothesis that is now generally accepted is that the ultimate elements of matter are molecular "systems," comparable in miniature to the solar system, in which rotating electrons revolve round rotating protons (or "nuclei"), as planets round the sun, but with immense rapidity. The strength of this assumption rests upon its analogy with the solar system. For in Nature size is of no account. But the theory leaves unexplained the rotary movements of the protons and electrons, and the revolving of the electrons round the protons. These remain as mysterious as the movements of the solar system. They would be explained if they were attributed to the action of immaterial—or etheric—whirls, or vortices, of great velocity, developing a centripetal indraught such as that which draws things to the centre of a whirlpool. Chemical distinctions would in this case be of *movement* rather than of *substance*.

The simplest of systems would then consist of a central (or proton) vortex and an encircling (or "ring") vortex in which the electrons were carried round. The influence of these vortices might well overlap the adjacent systems. This would account for the *coherence* of matter, which the current theory

leaves unexplained. For if the central (or proton) vortex rotated clockwise, and the encircling (electron-bearing) vortices counter-clockwise, they would respectively attract adjacent encircling and central vortices. For clockwise and counter-clockwise whirls spirally unite, while two similar whirls repel one another. This interaction would give matter coherence if the velocities of the two vortices were in a certain relationship to one another.

It is, of course, out of the question to pursue in detail here the changes that matter undergoes under the influence of the various material energies that affect its condition. My last book¹ endeavours to explain them at some length. In this chapter there is room for only the barest summary. This puts my conclusions at a great disadvantage. For when stated in this bald fashion many of them, I feel, appear very startling, if not repellent or absurd.

The expansive effect of material heat is readily intelligible if the effect of the heat is to alter the relative velocity of the central and encircling vortices, since their consolidating vortical interaction would be upset. This material expansion is, of course, what is registered by a thermometer, not the heat which causes it. As the disturbance increases, its effect becomes transformative instead of merely expansive: it transforms solids into liquids and liquids into gases. This process eludes the thermometer, and the heat that causes it is therefore said to be "latent." In fact, it must remain exceedingly active. It liquefies, we may infer, because it throws the elemental vortical systems into a state of

¹ *Etheric Energies* (published by Williams & Norgate, 1929).

"wobbling," axial oscillation in which their inter-connexion is loosened. This idea is not so wild as it may appear. The "Brownian" movement, visible under the microscope, of minute particles that are immersed in liquid, seems to show that they are affected by a surrounding turmoil. And the various inclined axes of the planets, and the changes in the seasonal temperature of the earth to which geology testifies, render it probable that there is a slow axial oscillation in progress. The crystalline form, which matter can take, would be explained if solidification occurred suddenly, before the axes of the elemental systems straightened themselves and settled down.

A liquid would become a gas, if the axial oscillation of the elemental systems became so strong as to throw them over. They would then rotate in somersaults and would violently repel one another. This seems to be a more reasonable and complete explanation of the expansiveness of a gas than the doctrine which attributes it to clashes between material molecules. For this does not account for the movement which throws the molecules into collision.

If material heat is an internal disturbance of this character, we can understand why its intensity is so greatly increased and diminished by the contraction and expansion of the material which it is energizing. By the sudden pressure of a piston warm air can develop such concentrated heat as to set tinder on fire. The freezing effect of evaporation, and of gaseous expansion, results from a contrary process of deconcentration.

Chromogen is of the same order as thermogen, and analogy would suggest that things are coloured

by something resembling the process by which they are heated. The various colours of things—living and lifeless—are currently attributed to a process of "diffused selective reflection" in which certain of the rays of the spectrum are absorbed, and the rest thrown back off the surface. This explanation, on the face of it, is unsatisfactory, since colours lack some of the peculiarities of reflected chromogen, and phosphorescence in darkness is left unaccounted for. It would be logical to assume that coloration is the product of internal disturbances—very possibly of variations in the rotary velocity of electrons—which generates the rays that strike the eyes as colours. This process might quite conceivably continue in some things—as phosphorescence—after the stimulating chromogen had been withdrawn. A corroborating fact is that colours tend to "burn themselves out."

Under our theory of the constitution of matter (which is substantially similar to that accepted by science), the particular chemical composition of different things would result from peculiarities, not merely in the number and arrangement of protons and electrons, but in a complicated congeries of vortical velocities. These, if sufficiently high, could produce the *resistant* property that we associate with tangible substances. The vortical systems can become almost infinitely complicated by including other whole systems as their protons or their electrons. The vortical indraughts, which bind adjacent systems together, are weakened in the liquid and annihilated in the gaseous condition, and we can understand the curious fact that a liquid, or a gas, may receive another material in "occlusive" solution

ELECTRIFICATION

or interfusion, with no increase in the space that it occupies. In the chemical combination of different things there would be vast possibilities of harmony or discord, and it is easily intelligible that unions should be assisted by the disturbing effects of heat, electricity, or pressure, and even by the influence of a flux (or catalyst) in assisting the combination of two things, whilst itself remaining unchanged.

What is the material condition of a thing which is *electrified*? Let us suppose that the frictional or chemical discord, by which electricity is originated, has the effect of ejecting a central (proton) vortex from its encircling (electron-bearing) vortex. Each of the two would then repel and eject the adjacent vortex of its own kind. There would be a stream of minute displacements, running in contrary directions, and terminating at each end of the conductor in a group of dislodged proton-vortices or electron-carrying vortices. That is to say, matter would be disintegrated, but so slightly and so rapidly that its character would suffer no apparent change. In radio-activity disintegration is carried much further. The encircling vortices are seemingly dissolved into a dark form of radiant light (chromogen), the *gamma*-rays of the radium discharge,—the *alpha*- and *beta*-rays being, respectively, the protons and electrons that are set free by this catastrophic dissolution.

Passing now to the nature of *immaterial* energies; if, as seems to be true, these act harmoniously upon matter, and the constitution of matter is fundamentally vortical, it may be argued that immaterial energies are themselves of a vortical

character. Since they advance through space, their vortices would take the form of spirals or helices. They would, in fact, advance in corkscrew fashion. Vortical movement is directly perceived by us in the forms of whirlpools and whirlwinds, and, if it be objected that we cannot apply material experiences to the immaterial, it may be replied that movement manifests the energy of "momentum," and that it is therefore possible to draw inferences from it in respect to immaterial activities.

Vortices are capable of great variety. They may differ almost indefinitely in size. Their circular shape may change into that of a very elongated oval, as does that of a drop of oil, suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water, under the effect of a slight shock. It seems probable that chromogen (radiant light) is polarized when its vortices are narrowed in this fashion; they lose breadth, and, when cross-polarized, lose length also, and are consequently extinguished.¹ Vortices may oscillate very rapidly by alternate lengthways and crossways constrictions. Undulations of various depths may run along their margins.

Some illuminating facts may be gathered from phenomena that are ordinarily called "electric," but are actually electrogenic (or "electro-magnetic"). An electric charge or current invariably generates electrogen, which may remain associated with it, or be "broadcast" into space by a sparking dis-

¹ It seems clear that units of immaterial energy possess no thickness. For, although they radiate spherically, they lose intensity in inverse proportion to the square, and not to the cube, of the sphere radius. The immaterial is therefore a "world" of two dimensions."

CONFIRMATORY EXPERIENCES

charge, or by oscillations in the electric current. When electrified amber attracts a scrap of paper, the attractive (or "inductive") force is not of the electricity, but of the electrogen that issues from it, for the pull will be exercised in a vacuum. It can be explained if we assume that the electrogen issues in the form of spirals or helices, that are thrown off by electrically displaced vortices of the amber, and, rotating either clockwise or counter-clockwise, displace vortices in the paper by attracting their contraries. For clockwise rotations would harmonize with counter-clockwise when they meet them: the two would connect up, and there would be a mutual pulling force—as, for instance, between a corkscrew and a cork which rotated against it. Between rotations of similar direction there would be a repulsion. Thus can be explained attractions and repulsions which are now amongst the mysteries of science.

There are other facts which throw light upon the nature of electrogen. It is reasonably certain that the alternating series of displacements that constitutes an electric current generates a spiral of electrogen which turns round the wire that carries the current. For a magnetic needle always places itself across the wire—at right angles to it—and it is into this position that a spiral stream would throw a longitudinal stream, such as the needle's, that clashed with it. When broadcasted by oscillation, the spiral stream would be thrown off as a succession of broken spirals, rotating in different directions, and advancing, not "face forwards," but in sidelong fashion as a succession of loops or festoons. They would be inter-

cepted by a grid of horizontal wires, but would pass through one in which the wires were vertical. This ■ precisely what occurs.

It is to be added that the vortex theory is in explanatory accord with the reflection and refraction of light. For vortices would possess a resilient elasticity which would carry them back off a reflecting surface without affecting it—as occurs in Crookes's radiometer. And if, when advancing "face forwards," they penetrated a resistant material—glass, for instance—they would, so to speak, first "catch their feet" in it and fall forwards. On emerging, their lower edges would be freed first and they would take an upward inclination. They would be refracted first downwards and then upwards.

According to current theory, these immaterial energies advance in undulatory fashion, as ■ succession of "waves" of different lengths. This idea is ultimately traceable to experiences of the advance of ripples in water. But the undulations that we can perceive are inseparably connected with a *surface*. And of recent years science has been troubled by doubts as to whether "corpuscles" should not be substituted for "waves." The vortex hypothesis lies midway between these alternatives and offers a convenient escape from the dilemma. It is obvious that the curves of an advancing spiral are "waves" of a sort.

If a beam of radiant light (chromogen) is composed of vortices, it must certainly include a number of different kinds of them, which are refracted at different angles, and are therefore "sorted out" by a prism into homogeneous groups. These we perceive

as the six different colours of the spectrum. It seems pretty clear that this "sorting" process also occurs in various degrees when chromogen traverses at a certain angle a cross lattice-work of reflected beams. A beam that is reflected from the concave centre of a spoon shows the leading prismatic colours of red and green; and the prismatic effect of the "gratings" used in spectroscopy work may with some reason be ascribed to the complicated network of reflected beams that they throw off. It is, indeed, only on this supposition that the colours of sunrise and sunset can be explained. It seems, moreover, that vortical streams, whilst ordinarily crossing one another without interference, collide, or "jostle," when their paths converge at a flat angle. Against a dull background, a reflected beam of light yields a complete colour-spectrum. But half this spectrum vanishes if it is viewed against the sky. Similar interferences probably account for some of the irregularities of wireless transmission and the bad acoustic qualities with which some buildings are plagued.

Finally, a few words concerning gravity and movement. A change of opinion has come about since Newton connected gravity with terrestrial attraction, for he inferred that there was an immaterial energy in the background, whereas gravitational attraction is now regarded as purely material. By drawing things to the earth (the air included) it endows them with the property of weight. The consequence of weight is pressure.¹ This is normally

¹ Very confusingly, this word is also used in science to denote an entirely different thing, the force exercised by gaseous expansion.

in a downwards direction, but may be deflected sideways or upwards by differences of density, or in inclination of surface, amongst the things that are affected by it.

This material hypothesis is altogether out of accord with the recent discovery that light is deflected by gravity. It is open to other grave objections. A siphon will act in a vacuum where there is no atmospheric pressure. ■ the atmosphere was only bound to the earth by the earth's attraction, it would certainly not rotate with the earth at so high a rate as fifteen miles a minute. Electric conditions apart, it is contrary to experience that one thing should attract another. And the theory leaves the origin of the earth's attracting power quite unexplained.

A far more logical theory is that gravity is a torrent of immaterial momentum—the indraught of a system of enormous vortices with which the earth is surrounded. Let us suppose that, within the equatorial vortices of the sun and planets, there are other vortices formed by the curling over of gigantic revolving spirals within themselves. They would form spherical “cages,” with an all-round indraught towards their centres. Their centripetal energy would account for the creation of the solar system through the consolidation of matter in spherical shape. The immaterial nature of gravity is confirmed by the fact that other momentums can conflict with it and may overcome it. This is illustrated very completely by the gyroscope, but not less clearly by the changes that occur in the *weight* of things when they are moved across or against

M O M E N T U M

the perpendicular. One can, for instance, pull a lawn roller which it would be impossible to lift. On the other hand, gravitational momentum may co-operate with momentums of other kinds. It seems evident, for instance, that the propeller of a steamship or aeroplane acts by creating an incipient forward vacuum into which the vessel is immediately forced by gravity. It is, in fact, "sucked" onwards like water in a pump.

The movements that occur around us are similarly attributable to immaterial momentum, generated by heat, electricity, material elasticity, or living energy. The existence of momentum of an immaterial kind can be inferred from its transmission through things that are not themselves moved. The advance of undulations, with no forward movement of the water through which they pass, is a familiar illustration of this. A blow on the end of a tube will disturb a flame at its further end, if the tube tapers towards the flame (and consequently concentrates the momentum), although it can be proved that no air leaves the tube. It is only by the conversion of immaterial into material momentum that we can explain the action of a lever, or a pulley, in transforming a given amount of energy from velocity into power. In accordance with the law of alternate reversals of parentage, immaterial momentum may be generated by material movement. The elasticity of a surface would, of itself, only bring it back to the line which it occupied before distortion. It springs out beyond this line under the influence of the immaterial momentum that its recoil has generated.

Immaterial momentum, thus generated by elastic

recoil, is the origin of material vibration, which, again, is the origin of sound. Vibration may be that of mass oscillation or surface undulation, and the latter contributes far more to sound than is generally supposed. The vibrations of a gramophone diaphragm, for example, are wholly undulatory; it can produce different notes simultaneously because it can undulate simultaneously to various depths. In the transmission of sound there are many analogies with material heat. Its velocity in traversing different materials varies very greatly, with no change in its tone; and it is more probable that it spreads as a peculiar disturbance of the vortical constituents of matter than in material "waves," consisting of alternate congestions and rarifications of molecular density. For this leaves the transmission of "polytonic" sound quite incomprehensible.

I owe my readers an apology for thrusting this dissertation into a book of gossipy recollections. But a lover cannot help talking of his mistress.

CHAPTER XVI

INDIA REVISITED

THE winter before last we made a trip to India, visiting a number of my old resorts in the Central and United Provinces, Bengal, and Assam. We did not confine ourselves to the beaten tourist track, and saw something of the people in their villages and bazaars. It was a great experience to revisit, after so many years, a country in which I had spent the best part of my life ; and my impressions are, perhaps, worth recording. Amidst much that was delightful, I could not shake off feelings of disappointment. The difficulty is to decide how far they were justified, and were not merely suggested by the natural tendency, in one of declining years, to think that things generally are declining with him. But I will set down my impressions as fairly as I can.

In material prosperity I could see no signs of advance amongst the common people. Villages and bazaars were still overhung by a cloud of poverty and squalor. At Delhi there was an extraordinary contrast between the extravagant magnificence of the new Government buildings and the untidy meanness of the slums through which one passed to them. Parts of the country were still haunted by the spectre of famine. In the Central Provinces we saw a ballast train, of great length, loaded with broken stone for road mending, and also with hundreds of famine-

stricken families who were employed in spreading and consolidating it in various places. The train was halted at a station, and we had time to look closely at it. Night was approaching, and it was very cold. There were a few covered waggons in which groups had settled themselves in comparative comfort. But most of the people sat perched upon the loads of broken stone, unsheltered except, here and there, by little tents improvised out of cloth and some sticks. They were emaciated by past hardship and in rags—a large number of them were, indeed, almost naked—and one would have thought that misery had reached its limits. Yet, extraordinary as it seemed, there was an air of contentment, even of cheerfulness. Women, sitting upon the mounds of broken stone, were grinding corn, a pair to each hand-mill, laughing, and even singing, as they turned the grindstone. Some families had a few fowls with them, tethered by the leg. There were groups that were solacing themselves with some childish gambling in cowrie shells.

The relief operations were in charge of an Indian Superintending Engineer, Diwan Bahadur B. C. Dube, who in energy and efficiency compared very well indeed with the British Famine Relief officers of my days. But he was inspired by the administrative zeal that is born of a consciousness of responsibility, and of a feeling that he was working for an authority that understood and appreciated his efforts. Famine relief work is still left to the executive officers of Government. Can we hope for such a spirit of self-denial when one's object is, not to accomplish, but to conciliate the uninformed sentiments of public opinion?

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS

In the northern districts of the Central Provinces rust is as great a danger as drought. Their black soil is retentive of moisture, and the wheat is blighted if the winter rain is excessive. The growing crops we saw were short but healthy and the people were hopeful, provided that a long period of wet did not occur. It did occur, and the last news we had was that the crops were ruined. But the future has some hope for the people. At the Nagpur Experimental Farm, the provincial Director of Agriculture, Dr. Plymen, had succeeded in producing by hybridization a cross-bred wheat that was rust-proof. A considerable area had been sown with this variety and had escaped, and, before many years, its use will have spread throughout the district. For the people are taking to it eagerly. Further north, in the United Provinces, the summer rains had been very short, and those crops that were not irrigated were starvelings. Fortunately, a very large proportion of the land could be watered from wells or canals. But the scarcity of cattle fodder was very evident, for the acacia trees that were dotted about the fields had all been stripped of their leaves and young branches, and viewed from the train, the landscape was a procession of arboreal scarecrows.

The mercantile community, beyond doubt, is richer than it was. But the wealth that struck me most forcibly was that of the Indian lawyers. A large proportion of them are barristers, educated in England. They live in European fashion in bungalows, outside the native towns, and their example is followed by Indian advocates of lesser qualifications. Their numbers had grown extraordinarily, and their

residences showed a comfort—indeed, a luxury—which was new to me. One of the lawyers of Jabalpur had built himself a house of white marble, in classical Greek style, with frontal columns and pediment, recalling, however distantly, the Parthenon. In one of the most fashionable avenues of Allahabad twenty-eight out of thirty houses were owned by Indian members of the Bar or advocates. These men are, naturally enough, the leaders in the movement for India's emancipation. One of them, Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, had built a mansion, facing Government House, which rivalled Government House in size and impressiveness. On emerging from the mean untidy streets of Allahabad town, one is astonished to be confronted with Law Courts which in extent and style of architecture would be a credit to any capital of Europe. What a striking illustration of the old Indian proverb, "It fell from heaven, but stuck in a palm tree" !

Indians who have become "Europeanized" are, of course, far more numerous than they were, and their tastes approach in sophistication those of Europe. But amongst the people generally there were no signs of a rise in the standard of comfort and development of "wants." Even in the main streets of Calcutta city, the shops were as dirty and unkempt as ever. Some changes had come about in food. Tea, which in my days was regarded as a medicine, was now taken as a comfort: at all the principal railway stations there were refreshment stalls for Indian travellers, selling cups of tea in numbers. But the most notable change was the cult of athletics. Football, hockey, and cricket were played vigorously

in all places where there were high schools and colleges,—not only under discipline, but as an enjoyable relaxation. Of evenings, the great open space between the houses of Calcutta and the river was crowded with men and boys playing cricket, often with the most rudimentary appliances. And, of mornings, along the sea-front in Bombay, one sees numbers of Indian young ladies playing tennis in Indian dress, apparently unfettered by their Oriental draperies. Another novelty was the use of motor-cars. Taxis abound in the large towns, and Indians make excellent chauffeurs. Motor omnibuses—shabby and dusty it may be—ply in numbers along the main roads. One comes across lines of them parked on the outskirts of quite small places.

I was told that religious feeling was not as strong as it was: the attendants at the Great Mosque of Delhi spoke regretfully of smaller congregations. But, Europeanized Indians apart, there were no evident signs of a relaxation of the isolating prejudices of caste, of a tendency to merge the fellowship in the nation. In one respect, indeed, social antipathy had hardened very greatly: the gulf that separates the Hindus from the Muhammadans had ominously widened. I heard of this from all sides. My old Muhammadan friends and acquaintances insisted upon it with much bitterness. Perhaps, however, the most convincing proof was gathered by me in the course of a talk with a Muhammadan whom I met casually at the Taj Mahal. He was a petty landholder from Bihar who had come to see Agra with his wife and a child. When asked how things were going in his village, he replied that they were

as bad as they could be: "the Hindus are now telling us to go away to Afghanistan or Mecca, since this country belongs to them."

In my days class riots between Hindus and Muhammadans were insignificant compared to those that now supply the newspapers with "copy." They were practically unknown in the Central Provinces. Yet a short time before my visit a violent clash had occurred in these provinces at Nagpur, when several Muhammadans were driven into a house and deliberately burnt alive. The Bombay riots lasted over six months. They are sometimes attributed to Communistic propaganda. But, in fact, they were between Hindus and Muhammadans, and popular feeling was excited against the latter by the lying charge that they were kidnapping Hindu children. At Bombay, on the night before we left India homewards, thirty-seven people were killed in the streets. That evening it happened, as a violent contrast, that a "gala dinner and *danse espagnole*" were amusing the people at our hotel.

Towards the British Government and its officers there was a complete change of feeling. In my days they were vilified by a few lawyers and journalists, drawing an inconsiderable number of young men in their train. But by the mass of the people the "Sarkar" was regarded with superstitious reverence and even with a touch of affection. Government officials were commonly addressed as "my mother and father." This feeling had entirely disappeared. The treatment accorded to the Simon Commission is sufficiently good evidence of the attitude of the

HUMILIATION OF THE EXECUTIVE

Hindus. It was necessary to fence off the railway-station approaches with barbed wire in order to protect its members from disorderly crowds on their arrival at Lahore, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Calcutta: they passed along within the barrier to a salute of derisive shouts and even missiles.

The Muhammadans showed as much bitterness as the Hindus contempt. They felt that the Government had broken faith with them, as, indeed, it had. I was amazed to be told by two old Muhammadan friends—men of high rank—that “we hate the British officers now and they hate us.” What an extraordinary revulsion! It may be argued that it was only natural—the result of an evolutionary disillusionment that was bound to come about in a people that was subject to alien rule. But from the Mutiny onwards to the time of my retirement—close upon half a century—there were no signs of it. The disillusionment can be termed evolutionary only in that it resulted from a decay of visible authority in the Government itself, a loss of *reality* caused by the usurpation by others of the authority of the “man on the spot.” It was this, in the opinion of acute observers, that led to the Mutiny. The lesson was learnt, and, during the rule of the Indian Civil Service which followed, it was the policy to maintain the influence of the District Magistrates,—the officers who correspond, speaking generally, to the *préfets* of France. But gradually this ceased to be the keynote of administration. Secretariats grew and encroached, and the people came to realize that the officials whom they saw were becoming puppets, acting at the

dictation of distant authorities, who made no appeal to their feelings.

And these authorities have lost power in their turn. Under the Morley-Minto reforms, popular predilections and prejudices were given an official standing from which to criticize and obstruct the Government. The Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of "diarchy" endowed them with powers of decision as well as of argument, and severely curtailed the Civil Service's controlling authority. We complain that Indian opinion has not responded helpfully or gratefully to these concessions. But we should realize, in the first place, that Indians cannot be expected to feel any sentimental regard for a Parliament which represents, not the wisdom of experience, but the passing opinions of the British public. Why should they accept the commonalty of an alien people as the arbiters of their destiny? And, secondly, the circumstances under which the concessions of 1917 were announced seemed to show that they were dictated by nervous apprehensions caused by anti-British demonstrations and disturbances. Indeed, since that year, the Nationalist party has openly adopted threats as its most promising weapons, and at the present moment a menace of general non-co-operation is outstanding against us. They have the example of Ireland before them. In these circumstances, gratitude can hardly be expected. Whatever be the merits of our reforms, their reception was bound to be ungracious.

From being the driving force, British officials have become merely the wheels of the State coach. They have lost not only the power, but the patronage which was one of the mainstays of their influence.

GROWING EXPENDITURE

For in India, as in France, the dearest hope of a student is to enter Government service. Men cannot look to them for assistance to their sons, any more than for the summary redress of grievances or the relief of hardships, and are consequently inclined to regard with some jealousy their salaries and allowances. These have risen as their authority has declined : power has been exchanged for its trappings. It is true that living in India is more expensive than it was, and I am far from implying that the British officer, with his home charges, lives care-free. But it is a fact that the cost of administration has increased by leaps that in my days would have been considered preposterous. Provincial Governors, with their Executive Councillors, are far more dignified and at least five times more expensive than the Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners of the past, quite apart from the cost of their swollen secretariat and clerical establishments.

And those who maintain that British executive officers are no longer needed can point to the fact that large tracts of British India are now completely "Indianized" through the displacement of British by Indian officials. It may be urged that their work is supported by traditions, inherited from British administration, and will degenerate as the traditions fade away. But this is an argument that few will appreciate. And, if the work of administration is to involve no originality and is merely to follow public opinion, there is, undoubtedly, less need for initiative in the executive staff. Official morality remains essential. But who will admit that this is a British monopoly ?

Economy is no longer the watchword of Indian administration. There has been a large increase of taxation, and the Indians do not, like the English, meet the demands of the State with a merely grumbling acquiescence. The new Government buildings at Delhi are monstrosously out of accord with the capacities of a poor country. The Indians are realists, and look for practical results. To us Parliamentary debates are good in themselves. In the Legislative Chamber at Delhi I asked an attendant what he thought of it. "A lot of soda-water let loose," he said. Appropriately enough, one of the avenues leading to the building happens to be named "Talkatora." Another remark that was made to me at this time is worth recording, since it shows the intelligence of the "untutored" Indian mind. I asked one of the workmen engaged upon the building where the money came from for all this magnificence. "Don't you know," he replied, "that they can make a thousand-rupee note for less than two annas (twopence)?"

In the East fine words still butter no parsnips. We are impressed by the high-minded eloquence of Lord Irwin's speeches. The Indian Press refers to them as "the Viceroy's platitudes." The public was struck far more forcibly by the news that, on the day of his arrival at Delhi from Calcutta, he called upon Mr. Patel, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and took tea with him. Mr. Patel is one of the most strenuous opponents of British authority. A few weeks later he used his power to block anti-Communist legislation which was held by the Viceroy to be of urgent importance.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR

There have been other instrumental causes of estrangement. The War had far-reaching effects. During its first two years there was much cordial feeling : subscriptions for war services and charities flowed in abundantly. There came a reaction, when its operations dragged on with but shadowy prospects of victory. And, beyond doubt, great irritation was aroused by measures that were taken to procure recruits. The village " quota " system in the Punjab was bitterly resented. Our troubles in Egypt can similarly be traced to the conscription of labourers for the Palestine railway and front. Compulsion may have been veiled, but it was used.

Most unfortunate consequences ensued from the " successes " of the Indian troops with the women of France, Belgium—and Brighton. According to Oriental ideas, the greatest triumph that can be gained over another is to seduce one of the women of his family. To Indians, in former days, the English lady was an Egeria : this image has become confused with that of Aphrodite, and a wealthy Indian can now dream, not impossibly, of an English mistress. Rebellious disorders which arose in the Punjab were quelled by General Dyer's severity at Amritsar. There was a surge of indignation. But for the more influential classes, the principal cause of irritation was, not this incident, but the long term of martial law which followed it. The indignities to which this subjected them touched them far more keenly than any sympathy with men who had drawn their fate upon them by vaingloriously defying it.

Since my days, philanthropic " welfare " work has extended very considerably : at Nagpur we were

much impressed by the arrangements, initiated by Lady (Montagu) Butler, the Governor's wife, for the instruction and assistance of mothers in the care of young children. But it is doubtful whether the process of "uplifting" suffices to bring about very much sympathy between the parties to it. And it was quite clear that, speaking generally, British officers had lost their old intimate touch with the people. Several men, in different parts of the country, ended a talk by remarking that "English officers never speak to us like this nowadays." They ranged from a jungle wood-cutter to a Peshawar carpet-merchant. This alienation must be attributed very largely to the use of the motor-car. No one keeps horses, and camping with tents is a thing of the past. Tours are rapid excursions from one revenue or police office to another. And it follows, naturally enough, that British officers generally no longer speak the vernaculars with the facility of past days.

There is, however, another side to the picture. It would be quite wrong to conclude that English people are disliked, as such. My wife and I wandered about in bazaars and villages where we were quite unknown. Nowhere did we meet with the slightest annoyance or incivility. Everyone whom I addressed responded with cheerful alacrity; and, if I got into conversation, a little crowd would collect round me, wishing to take part in it. At Allahabad we stopped in front of a newly constructed mosque, and I was interpreting some texts that were inscribed on its outside wall, when a number of Muhammadans came round, and insisted upon taking us inside. At the temple of Kalighat in Calcutta the crowds

of worshippers blocked the entrance to the shrine. I asked them to let the English lady see the goddess. They made way at once and left a lane for our approach. This, too, at the centre of what seems to be most repellent in Hinduism—on a pavement smeared with the blood of freshly sacrificed goats, in an air, one might think, of religious fanaticism. We were received most courteously by the priests at the Calcutta burning ghat, who spared no pains to explain to us the rites attending cremation. The English always have one point in their favour. The Indians admire the European complexion—they are always proud of a child that is fairer than the ordinary; and, with this to their credit, English people have only to be courteous in order to be well received. And I cannot write too gratefully of the welcome that was given me everywhere by my old friends and acquaintances, and even by their sons. Nothing seemed to be too good for me. Nearly thirty years had passed since I served as Commissioner ■ Jabalpur. Yet during the days of my stay there I had a constant stream of callers, and the leading Muhammadans accorded me a formal reception, at which my praises were chanted in Persian, and after which they insisted, in spite of my protestations, in presenting my wife with a silver tea service.

It was half a century ago that I was an Assistant at Aligarh. Two men who then had been closely connected with me were still living, and I was urgently requested to pay the place at least a passing visit. A crowd welcomed us on the railway-station platform. As I stepped down from the carriage I was aware of three little boys, lined up before the step and gazing up

at me. A man stepped forward and presented them : "Your Honour's great-grandchildren." My wife would have been not a little astonished had she not heard the story of Ram Dayal Fuller, the baby who had been named after me for luck. These were his grandchildren, introduced by his son. The father was laid up. We were taken off to his bungalow. He rose from his bed to meet us and introduce us to his family. I was surprised to be greeted with hearty hand-shakes by the ladies, although in Indian dress and certainly not "Europeanized." They offered my wife gold coins, to be touched and returned. The youngest daughter-in-law had a surprise for me : she offered me her newly-born baby lying naked on a napkin. I luckily remembered what was expected, and, laying my hand on its forehead, blessed it solemnly amidst a hush of appreciation. After some refreshments, a photograph was taken of us all as a keepsake.

My other old friend, and former clerk, had lost his sight. But he had sent a number of his relations to meet us, and to escort us to his house. It was in the Indian town of Aligarh. The street was packed with people : a red carpet had been laid down, and we were received and garlanded with Oriental formality. After a talk about old times, the photographer appeared again, and when he had finished with us, my friend stepped back, opened a recess in the wall, and displayed, for reverent salutation, the image of Mother Ganges. When, that evening, we reached Agra, the manager of the hotel said that he seemed to know us already, for our visit to Aligarh had been broadcasted. It had, seemingly, been utilized for the purpose of conciliatory propaganda.



Both my old friends had prospered. My namesake owned a factory and much landed property, and had been appointed by the Government an Honorary Magistrate of Aligarh. The other, before blindness fell upon him, had seen sons and grandsons holding responsible posts in the Government service. And, by a successful operation, he has since regained his sight.

I had similar experiences in Assam. Indians are, as a rule, short-lived, and there seemed to be few of my contemporaries who had not passed away. But their sons remembered my name, and, ■ I was recognized in the streets, I was surrounded by people anxious to recall the occasions in which they met me in their schoolboy days. It seems egotistical to relate these sentimental experiences. But they have a moral. They point to a fundamental difference between the West and the East. With us calculation has tended to blunt emotion: an obligation created by a contract or a treaty is of more importance than feelings of personal loyalty. The East is still magnetized by the personal. It reveres, for instance, the saintship of an ascetic. Consequently, it accepts without question the opinions of Mahatma Gandhi, however unreasonable they may appear in the cold light of experience.

We are now grafting upon India a democratic¹ system of government. Are we not anticipating the course of evolution? Is a nation fit for democracy before it has become inoculated with the multifarious "wants" of material civilization—wants which tend to smother the jealous sentiments that set man

¹ It is amazing that Lord Curzon should have assented to this idea. Ambition must have beguiled him from realities.

against man and class against class? In India there ■ at present very little more solidarity of interest than there is in a zoological garden. In these circumstances, will the grant of electoral power suffice to create such a general uniformity of views and objects as constitutes a "public opinion" ?

With its diversities of race, religion, and caste, India seems to need, above all things, an "umpire" government ; and it is not so long ago that Indians commonly accepted the idea that British rule was "God-sent." The instrument of Providence was the British Parliament, which intervened to check the licence of our pioneers, and to establish an Indian Civil Service on a basis which, with whatever defects, set a premium on industry and intelligence, and closed the door upon favouritism. During half a century, this Service, strong in the prestige of its continuity, administered the country with a success which was the envy of foreign observers. It was, not unnaturally, jealous of its authority, and moved too slowly in the admitting of Indians to its preserve of high and responsible office. It was, of course, subject to Parliamentary control. But in those days, Parliament represented the governing, not the governed, classes, and was not inclined towards petulant interference with a constituted authority.

The character of Parliament has changed. It now represents in the main the British working classes. The representative assemblies that have been set up in India are its daughters. They are still unemancipated from its control, but are pressing for independence. They have been gifted with very

substantial powers. They elect Executive Ministers who take controlling charge of certain administrative departments. But so jealous are the rivalries that, in two provinces, it has been impossible to maintain Ministers in office: if elected, they have speedily been dismissed by a hostile vote. And, under sectarian feeling and the desire for office, there seems to have been a general decline in the executive efficiency of the State. Violent riots are of frequent occurrence. Administration has become clogged with intrigue, and government, from being an art, ■ becoming a game.

Cynics might, however, bring similar charges against our own parliamentary system, and there is clearly a general desire amongst educated Hindus that democracy should be pushed further, that the All-India Assembly should be as independent of control as the Parliaments of Australia and Canada—if not, indeed, freed altogether from the *nexus* which binds the British Empire together. The first of these demands is only natural. For, when admitted into the vestibule of modern democracy, it is vexatious to find that one is excluded from the sanctuary. The British Parliament has lost much of its prestige as an imperial authority. It has no control over Colonial Governments. And Indians can hardly be expected to accept the British working classes as their “over-lords.”

But the demand is faced by difficulties that appear to be insurmountable. If the All-India Assembly is paramount, under what control will be the British Army in India? There are ardent Indian patriots who would see it withdrawn. But sober men would

have grave misgivings. What if the feud between Hindus and 'Muhammadans infected the Indian troops? And there is a risk ■ the spread of Bolshevism, or Communism, of which many thoughtful Indians are well aware. Long-continued and angry strikes have, indeed, forced it upon attention. It ■ a significant fact that at the National Congress of the Christmas before last, in Calcutta, a band ■ several thousands of factory hands, flying the red flag, invaded the Congress pavilions and took possession of them for several hours. If police control be relaxed, and there is no disinterested military force in the background, the Indian *intelligentsia* must contemplate the possibility of being devoured by the proletariat, as were the Girondins of France, and Kerensky and his adherents in Russia.

Then, again, what sovereignty is to be acknowledged by the Indian Feudatory States? They will, obviously, not accept that of an Assembly which represents Indians living outside their dominions. What security will there be against the natural ambitions of these Indian princes? They have armies of their own.

A possible solution of the problem would be to transfer the supreme authority over India to the King-Emperor, advised by an India Council that would include Indians as well as Englishmen of rank and experience. But history shows that a parliament will not abdicate its powers except in favour of another parliament. The outlook is therefore obscure. We can draw no encouragement from experience, and can only wish India well and hope for the best.

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